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VOLUME XXII

March, 1900, Through February, 1901

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1901

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THE

HVERFORDIAN



HVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXI, No. 10

MARCH, 1900

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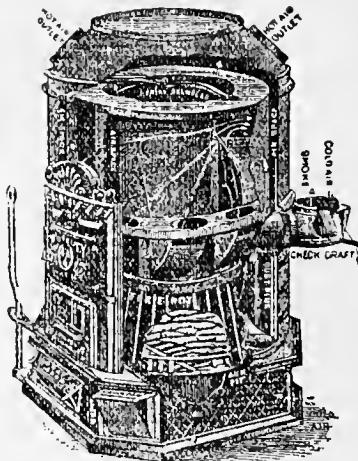
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXI.

HAVERFORD, MARCH, 1900.

NO. 10

The Haverfordian.

EDITORS :

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GEORGE J. VALENTA, 1901.
Managing Editor.

HOWARD V. BULLINGER, 1901.

RICHARD M. GUMMERE, 1902.

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H. V. BULLINGER, '01, . . . *Business Manager.*

E. Y. BROWN, JR., *Asst. Business Manager*

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

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Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

THOSE members of the Board who have risen a peg in the editorial scale by the customary resigning of the Senior Editors, with this number of THE HAVERFORDIAN take their new positions on the staff. The past year in many respects has been the most successful in the history of the magazine and we feel that it has maintained the standard of preceding volumes. A step in the right direction, however, will be to reduce as much as possible the space allotted to merely collegiate happenings, which are generally stale news to many of our

readers. We are aware that the Alumni are interested in all that pertains to Haverford, but inasmuch as THE HAVERFORDIAN can be used only as a handbook of reference in these particulars we propose to make reports of local matters more concise and to spare the casual reader a forest of such leaves. Owing to circumstances THE HAVERFORDIAN can never be such a paper as are some college periodicals, but it seems right that it should reflect the general literary ability of the students as far as is consistent with the performance of its other duties.

WE are glad to hear that it has at last been decided that Haverford will send a cricket team across the water this coming summer. Such a trip undoubtedly will be a benefit to Haverford cricket, to intercollegiate cricket, and, indirectly, to Philadelphia cricket. It is extremely gratifying to feel that our little college stands high from an athletic standpoint, as well as from an intellectual one, at least in the estimate of our English cousins. That the trip should be made this year is certainly wise, since the prospects for a strong team are brighter than for some years past, and probably for some years to come. No schedule has as yet been arranged, but Harrow, Rugby, Clifton, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Repton, and Malvern will certainly be played. It is to be hoped that Eton and Winchester will be added to this list, for two more representative schools cannot be found. The war has made great inroads on English social customs, and we should con-

gratulate ourselves that we are so heartily welcomed by such schools and colleges as already mentioned. Let our wish be that, under Lord Roberts, the tide of war has changed for good, and that this summer will see England rejoicing instead of mourning.

There will probably be a great many comparisons made between this year's team and the successful team of '96, but accurate cricket comparisons are difficult, and it is not our purpose now to expand upon them. It suffices to say that, if the eleven of 1900 has as hearty a reception and as royal a time as that of '96, they will be very fortunate. Fielding and "esprit de corps" can be worked up by any team; while, if they are inherent in each man's character, we have every reason to believe that the present team possesses its full share.

The success of our men abroad will depend largely on their performances in the Spring matches, and their performances, in turn, will depend on the support of the students and Alumni of the college. The University of Pennsylvania has a strong eleven and must be beaten; while Harvard will prove no unworthy opponent. Therefore, we would urge every man who has Haverford interests at heart, to make it a personal matter, and lay part of the blame to himself, if an unsuccessful team should be turned out.

The game is the thing, however, and, win or lose, if we have comported ourselves as gentlemen, we shall have strengthened the bond of fellowship with our English brethren; and we shall have brought glory to our alma mater, if we play the game for all its worth, as true cricketers and good Haverfordians.

DEBATING societies at small colleges have come to be looked upon by most undergraduates as a necessary evil. We have been informed, confidentially, of course, by several of our sister-colleges that their debating

societies are barely able to eke out a precarious existence and their thread of life is always in danger of being snapped by the too-ready shears of Miss Atropos. The average college student is averse to undertaking any "extra work," and fearing lest the debating societies may inveigle him into a little work he is willing to forego the valuable training and experience which public speaking brings, in order that his comfortable laziness may not be disturbed. Realizing this the Loganian Society in recent years has endeavored to arouse increased interest in debating at Haverford. For this purpose the annual inter-class debates for the Triangle Cup were instituted. Last year a more important step was taken when for the first time Haverford men met representatives of another college on the debating platform. Arrangements are now almost completed for a debate on the thirtieth of the present month, between the Loganian Society and the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania. Yet in spite of all these efforts the Loganian has failed to receive the support it deserves. There is a manifest indifference toward debates, particularly apparent among the members of the upper classes, which is inimical to the interests of Haverford debating. It ought not to be necessary to remind Haverfordians that the secret of whatever success they have had in the past has been the result of united consistent effort and **THE HAVERFORDIAN** feels sure that the thoughtful men in college will join in giving their support to this department of the college activities.

THE HAVERFORDIAN desires to announce that the following prizes are offered to all students of the college, excepting members of the Editorial Board:

1st.—A prize of five dollars for the most work accepted and published by **THE HAVERFORDIAN** before April 11th, 1900.

2nd.—A prize of five dollars for the best short story handed in to THE HAVERFORDIAN before April 11th, 1900.

3rd.—A prize of three dollars for the second best short story under the above conditions.

THE HAVERFORDIAN reserves full right to withhold all or part of the above prizes if the quality or amount of work does not justify an award.

These offers are made to stimulate literary endeavors among the students and it is hoped that they will bear fruit.

THE gymnasium exhibition which Haverford gave together with Columbia on the seventeenth of last month was extremely gratifying,

both to the management and the onlookers, though it is to be regretted that the unfavorable weather reduced the attendance so largely. We trust, however, that the inauspicious conditions may not augur ill for our future mutual relations begun on such pleasant terms.

THE HAVERFORDIAN Board recently passed a resolution that each editor be entitled to purchase annually at THE HAVERFORDIAN'S expense a book of a certain value, as a gift, token, or souvenir of editorial days. It is little things like this that give one an interest in the magazine and reward him for the dull work of making "copy" when inclination beckons elsewhere.

THE MESSAGE OF KIPLING.

IN stating a theory a man must have substantiating facts, if he thinks his opinion is to carry weight. If a man has a message to deliver, no one will have faith in it, unless it seems logical and supported by facts. This is indeed an age of realism and practical hardwork, and vague idealistic tendencies are in the minority. Carlyle would call it an iron age—"an age of machinery"—and abhor it. Therefore, whether it be a philosophical treatise or a newspaper article, before faith, must come incontrovertible facts.

And this is why Kipling is so well qualified to deliver a message that holds the public mind. He has facts. He has seen most of the world, is unprovincial, and consequently has broad and easily accepted views. There may be the objection that his views are broad on one side only, but isn't that always the case with a positive theory? Besides this, Mr. Kipling is observant—nothing escapes his eye or memory. He is well

educated. Coupled with a delightful style, this gives the full quota of popular literary virtues.

We come now to the message that he has spoken so earnestly to all men, and which has spread like fire among the English-speaking people. First, we must give a little account of his message, and then of its relation to his philosophy. He feels, with all the ardor that characterizes his work, the intellectual, physical, and moral superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race; and it is to them, his own kin, that he speaks. He exalts the rugged, practical, hard-working Englishman, and prophecies his supremacy throughout the world. Kipling is an Englishman to the marrow. The Latin races are indolent, over-passionate, and lust after gain. The English must not be;—and it seems Kipling's desire that England and America, both of the same mother, should join hands for mutual protection against these fickle, hot-blooded Latins. The Anglo-Saxons are the progressive,

enterprising race, and they should set up their unrestricted kingdom on earth, so that all men may be governed wisely, and lifted from the lower to the higher. In this lies the kernel of his message. He tells them to work for the good the work will do, for their own development; not to stop for an "instant dole of praise." He treats them as the chosen of God, and in many a ringing verse points out the future greatness and glory of the Anglo-Saxon:

"To the last and the largest empire—
To the map that is half unrolled."

In the song of the English, his reiteration of his everlasting "work" is perhaps as strong as anywhere; while he couples it with a splendid eulogy of the Englishman's virtues. Thus:

"Not in the dark do we fight, haggle, flout,
and gibe;
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts
for a bribe."

And England answers:—

"Truly ye come of the blood; slower to bless
than to ban,
Little used to lie down at the bidding of any
man * * *
Go to your work and be strong, halting not
in your ways,
Balking the end half won for an instant dole
of praise."

England is all-holy, and the true patriot should worship it under any circumstances. Never did a son of American freedom, nor a clan-bound Macgregor, nor a Walter Scott, feel more proudly, "This is my own, my native land." And it is Kipling's realistic touches that drive the thought and feeling home. Every line hits you right between the eyes. There is no vagueness or dreaminess to be found. Witness the patriotic expressions made strong by a humanistic realness in the following:

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild fowl
wake,
But a soul goes out on the east wind that died
for England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride
or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the Eng-
lish flag is stayed."

It would be difficult to assign Kipling a place in a philosophical treatise.

Some one puts a finger on the line "each for the joy of the working" and calls him a transcendentalist. That, however, is upset by his clear, cold-drawn realism; and by his satirization of transcendentalism in the "Three-decker," where he speaks of it as a ship that is manned by "truth" and "science," and steams for steaming's sake. He cries, "Get something done!" Is he a utilitarian? This comes nearer the truth, but is too broad—he is a utilitarian only as far as England is concerned. For the same reason he is not an evolutionist. He does not necessarily believe in the enlargement of mankind—but of the Anglo-Saxon.

Kipling has an utter disregard for all conventionalities, which has shocked a great many of our "latter-day saints." It is not that he is immoral,—it is this reckless disregard that throws out in striking boldness his philosophy, which is, "Get something done." A man who accomplishes something is, in his mind, a thousand times better than one who indolently observes with punctilious strictness the proprieties set down by his fathers. Results and immorality are better than no results and morality; which doesn't prove that a man must be immoral.

Kipling gives us this message mostly in an objective way, but it loses none of its force by objectivity. It is work for work's sake, and yet that work worthless when stripped of its practicality—a curious blending of idealism and realism. Kipling is too strongly influenced and impressed by nineteenth century science to be unpractical. He would consider it better that a few men should be damned and advance the race, than that it should stand still in meek and holy propriety. The "race" to him is the Anglo-Saxon, and they alone, and he tells them to consecrate themselves to everlasting work on an everlasting road. All his poetry and prose are filled with life and action,—he does not dream—and this is why his message of toil and fight and glory has appealed to thousands of people all over the world.

THE DOG.

“**C**HOLLY, old man, I'm glad we're going to call on the Cranstons this afternoon. It's a long time since we've been there.

They had jumped over a fence, and were walking across a long green stretch of lawn, toward a handsome old-fashioned house. On both sides of them were fine old trees, which formed a vista about a quarter of a mile long, at the end of which the house stood.

“Yes, it is a long time, Fred; but the place looks about the same, and I guess they'll meet us in the same hearty manner.”

“Of course they will,” said Fred. Then, after a pause, he said, “I hope we don't meet their dog before we get to the house. They have a very cross one here. I found it out to my cost when I was here last time. I'd gone about half the distance between where we are now and the house, when all of a sudden I saw the brute coming around the corner, falling all over himself, he was in such a hurry. I made for that side fence as fast as I could, and didn't much more than get over it, when I heard his nose go 'biff' against the palings. It must have been almost broken.”

“Poor little fellow!” said Charley sympathetically. “I wonder if it hurt him. Was he small?”

“No, he was the largest dog I ever saw.”

“Fred, I don't believe it was a dog at all. It was probably a chicken.”

“No, it was a very large dog, and—by George, they've still got him. Do you see those places where he's been digging? He's been all around here after a mole or something of the kind.”

“The place is certainly horribly cut up,” Charley acknowledged.

“Yes, and he's a big dog too. I told you so. Look at the length and breadth of those scratches. And look at these flower-beds here;—the flowers knocked

off right and left. Why, I'm a regular Sherlock Holmes. Noticing every landmark, I see here a small white thing, hard, like a bone, and most horribly chewed up;—proves undoubtedly the presence of a large dog with strong teeth. Yonder I note—; why he must have revelled in this lawn digging places to hide his bones in! And there where he has chewed the cover off the posts in that fence, I perceive that his bite is worse than his bark.”

“Well, Fred, to please you, we'll get over the fence, and walk up to the house by the road.”

“Well,” replied his companion; “you're more scared than I am. Don't go so fast! He's not coming yet.”

They both climbed over the fence and walked along the road. To reach the house from the direction in which they were now going they would have to approach it from behind. To be truthful about the matter they were both rather scared, but Charley pretended that he was not.

“Fred,” he said; “I think you were fooled about that dog. I don't believe there was any, and I don't believe that it was a large one any how. You made up your mind there was a big dog before you came here, and you based your reasoning on your fears, and not your fears on your reasoning.”

“That's where you're wrong,” answered Fred. “At any rate, I reasoned you into my opinion.”

They reached the gate and, leaving the road, approached the house. But soon they stopped, and Fred asked nervously, what that noise was.

Charley, who had also heard the noise, remarked, “It's the dog in front of the house, and he's making some one use extremely bad language.”

It was not a brave action, but they both ran behind a tree and stood looking cautiously out for about ten minutes.

"There are those same confounded holes in the ground, where he's been digging and burying his bones," growled Charley.

"Well, it's all quiet now, let's go on, or we'll be the laughing stock of the country."

When they were quite near the house old Mr. Carston came out to meet them, with his same hearty, jovial manner.

"I'm very glad to see you," he said. "I was just going to walk down to the greenhouse; won't you come with me? The boys have just gone down that way ten minutes ago. And, by the way, you must excuse the appearance of my lawn and flower-beds and trees. The boys have taken to playing golf lately."

"Yes," said Fred; "as we were coming we saw a golf ball lying down there."

THE OPPOSITION'S LAST CARD.

THE "machine" personified by Patrick Donovan, select councilman of the fourth ward, proprietor of a thriving saloon in that district, and leader of the State forces, smiled genially on election night.

A constant line of men passed up and down the stairs that led to the rooms of the general committee on returns. Outside in the streets the dull hum of voices and the tramping of impatient feet told that the faithful were gathering, under orders to stand by and cheer for the regular nominee of the "parthy," as Donovan put it, whenever the total of votes on the ghostly transparency across the street should reach high water mark.

Donovan was holding court by the box of the distance telephone; his face flushed with the pride of a successful gladiator, and perhaps something still more potent. He fidgeted visibly at every peal of the whirring call bell in the box and his fat, ring-circled fingers waved impatient silence until the operator had made his announcement, then he relaxed into jovial familiarity with his followers. Where did he get his power to sway the henchmen in the State? You must ask John Deemer, the Gubernatorial nominee, that silent, hard-featured man who sits apart in the bay window and checks off with his secretary the counties as their vote comes in.

Water works, railroads, canal and gas stocks—what line of campaign bribery had there been that Deemer had failed to use? For the year past the reform movement had filled the daily papers with revelations of his cunning schemes. They had told every act against him that might bear weight. To-night Deemer stood to lose or win all. Stocks, bonds, money, loans—every dollar he owned in the world, or could borrow, had gone into the campaign. Donovan held his note for thousands; the Consolidated Overhead, though no open negotiation would ever be known, would be poorer by one-third its funds if the cause failed; police, firemen, every follower, to the lowest of the low, had scraped together his share and cast his vote.

Nor were the opposition idle. Shrewd masters of the art of gerrymander and silent canvass, schooled with Deemer in the open field, they had put their bodies and brains in the breach. They too had money and knew its use. One card they lacked which might turn the scale—offices. Donovan, in the hollow of his puffy hands, carried the fortune, the honor, and the very life of his devoted lieutenants, and he wielded a sceptre as powerful in his State as a Cræsus.

"They're merry to-night," said the secretary leaning across the desk to his superior.

Deemer played with his watch charm a moment or two while he eyed the group in silence, then he began to whistle softly between his teeth. He ran his pencil down the list of counties. Suddenly it stopped. "Where's Carden?" he asked sharply; "Lucerne, Wyoming, Patondale—they ought to answer. He covered them. If we don't carry them we're cooked!"

The secretary rose hastily and hurried among the groups seeking his man. Donovan, at the touch of his hand, stopped talking—at the question he looked blankly. "Carden? Blamed if I know. Ain't he here yet?" He turned towards the window and, leaving the group, stood beside Deemer. His manner was changed, the genial leader became the servant. Deemer did not speak, only his accusing pencil touched the crosses marked against the delinquent districts.

"He had enough and to spare, your honor, I gave him half I got!" stammered Donovan with a frightened look.

"Be quiet," answered Deemer sharply. "Don't show the white feather—go back to the boys. Keep them busy talking. I'll call the line."

The operator rang once—then again and again. "Hello, Lucerne! Lucerne!" Finally he got an answering ring.

"I have them now—what is it?" said he to Deemer.

"Votes," was the curt reply.

"Not all in yet. There's been a fight of the factions; we are counting now—but the show is in favor of—of—of——" A sharp click met the operator's ear; the voice ceased.

"There must be trouble, sir!" the operator said, trying to get the circuit. Deemer chewed his fingers impatiently.

"That last word. Whom—favor of whom?" he snarled. "Didn't you hear?" As if in answer the bell rang again. "Hello," said a voice; "sorry to stop you off—had a little trouble with the wire. What did you want? Oh, yes! Yes! The votes are all in. Counties? Lu-

cerne—" Deemer bent down and shoved the operator away. "Went reform by fifteen thousand." The receiver dropped. "Lucerne!" Deemer groaned and bit his fingers until they bled. "Go on," he said, impatiently, catching up the receiver and thrusting it at the operator. "Get the worst!"

The men outside the box had a feeling of something wrong from the angry tone of Deemer's voice. Conversation ceased. Through the open door of the box they heard the operator repeat the message. "Carden has confessed to fraud. A warrant will be issued at once for Deemer on charge of embezzlement." Deemer laughed cynically. "Let them prove it," he said under his breath.

"Wyoming goes reform," went on the report, "by twenty odd thousand. Patondale carried by the league overwhelming. Will send particulars later." The silence in the room was deathly. Donovan's asthmatic breathing was a hoarse roar. Outside the crowd in the street were awaiting the returns. A band blared nearby and the flash of the red lights glared on the window panes and walls. Old Jerry Sims broke the spell. "Gone—all gone—house, lot, and—there ain't no use to live. Damn it—I trusted you, Donovan—take that!" he launched himself madly against the astonished Donovan, but the others interposed and calmed him. Deemer heard the commotion, for a second his face twisted in pain, then he clenched his hands and walked from the box with a steady step.

"Stop this nonsense," said he in his dry metallic tone. "Don't be fools. We're not beaten yet. They can't touch you." His secretary moved to his side and together they went to the window to look down upon a sea of heads. A yell of greeting met his appearance. He smiled grimly. "Fools! They don't know. What will I be to-morrow?" his voice caught. To-morrow! He had never dreamed of failure. The bleak walls of the prison fronted him. Disgraced, dishonored, a criminal—he be-

During that long ride in the night flyer Deemer never spoke a word. He began to drum on the pane. "Is there a train to-night for the West?" he whispered.

"Yes," answered the secretary; "at 1.30 a. m."

"Make an excuse—get out—pack my grip!" hurried Deemer in an undertone.

"What shall I tell your wife?" asked the secretary.

"Oh—tell her anything, nothing, only get a carriage, quick. They will not guess. Say I am called suddenly to Lucerne, anywhere, go!" Deemer blurted out aloud—he cared nothing now for the onlookers. He saw them through a mist of baffled ambitions. The hate and contempt on their faces did not move him. As he passed, erect and defiant, to the door, the men drew back. He was a social plague. Only Donovan moved towards him and held the door open. Between the two there had risen an understanding, and in the eyes of the faithful follower there was the look of a dog that yet licked the hand which beat him.

Deemer saw it. The curl of scorn on his lip faded. "Good-bye, Pat," said he with more than usual kindness. "I'll make it straight." Suddenly a thought struck him. He drew Donovan into the entry. "Hold the crowd awhile, Patrick, tell them anything. I'm going West. Wire me what they say. You know the place." He was gone.

Donovan closed the door and put his back against it. The throng crowded him with execrations and abuse, but he stood firm. "Don't, byes. I can't bear it. You won't suffer."

"No, we won't!" they yelled in derision. Outside the crowd was cheering and a carriage rattled off into the distance until its echoes died away. "Come, byes, let's keep it up till he gets clear. Ye know me. Do that for me," pleaded Donovan. He ruled still, for they answered. Reluctantly they set to work to cover their shattered idol's retreat.

sat with his hands on his knees staring at the seat ahead—a broken, despairing man. At his side the secretary sat watching the flying lights of the towns flit past. Mile after mile they spun. So much time gained, but soon they must stop. What move would the opposition make? Arrest? They knew his plans, his schemes, but dared not strike before their chance. More than one had helped him in his deals, but love of power made him sacrifice friend and foe. Their time for revenge had come. The train was slowing up. With every turn of the wheels his head throbbed madly. Outwardly he tried to be calm—the secretary wondered at his control.

With a rattle of brakes the car stopped. The door was flung open by a messenger boy. "Deemer! Deemer!" he shouted. "A message for Deemer!" The politician never moved.

"Here," said the secretary. The boy hurried down the aisle and thrust the yellow envelope into his hand. The secretary tore it open—read—stared—read again. Then he fairly leaped upon Deemer and dragged him erect. "Read! Read!" he shouted in excitement.

Deemer shook himself and read a few lines—with a groan he staggered and fell into the arms of the secretary.

"Overworked!" explained that careful diplomat to the conductor as they laid him in the seat. The yellow paper fluttered to the floor where the boy picked it up and, waiting for further orders, read:

"Return at once; the wire was cut at 11 p. m. News false. You have won.

"DONOVAN."

"John," said the Governor-elect to his secretary, when he opened his eyes half an hour later. "John, wire that I must rest a day or two before I return. I will meet the committee next week. Tell Donovan I thank him."

Then he smiled grimly and went to sleep. The secretary took the yellow paper from the boy and twisted it into

a fuse to light his cigar. When the last black scrap fluttered on the floor of the car, he lay back calmly and followed his superior's lead.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

Edited by President Sharpless.

The cards signed by many subscribers to the Gymnasium Fund stated: "It is proposed to expend \$50,000 on the building and the subscription is conditional upon the sum of \$40,000 being subscribed by March 1st, 1900."

The morning of the last day to complete this task opened with \$37,500 promised, but closed with the whole amount guaranteed. It is doubtful whether any other college of the size of Haverford, or near to it, could have raised by popular subscription, without any very large contributions, such a sum of money in one year. It is due to the unflinching efforts and generosity of a relatively large number of alumni and undergraduates.

The plans are about completed and by the time this reaches the readers will be in the hands of the contractors. It is proposed to ask for separate estimates for the building itself, and for the plumbing, heating and lighting, and nothing will be contracted for in excess of the

money provided. The whole \$50,000 will probably be needed before the gymnasium is built and furnished.

The basement includes a swimming pool 23x30 feet, about 140 lockers for the use of the students, five shower baths and other conveniences—these all arranged along the west side. There is also a room for the use of the Faculty and visiting teams. The rest of the basement will be left vacant pending a decision as to its use.

The main hall is 90x60 feet, with a suspended running track above, which also serves for a visitors' gallery. In front are two rooms for the use of the director, as many for the alumni, a reading room and a trophy room.

The building will be colonial in architecture, of gray stone with white paint, and the committee has decided to place it facing Founders' Hall, across the road leading to the foot ball field, east of the broad path extending southwards from the front of Founders'. I. S.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'90. Dr. Henry L. Gilbert is rector of an Episcopal church at Caldwell, near the head of Lake George, N. Y.

Ex-'91. J. Howard Rhoads has been appointed an assistant District Attorney for the county of Philadelphia, filling a vacancy caused by the resignation of George S. Patterson, ex-'88, who

has been appointed one of the assistant counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

'91. George Thomas, 3rd, has resigned as treasurer of the Parkesburg Iron Co., at Parkesburg, Pa., and is expecting to make a journey around the world.

'92. I. Harvey Brumbaugh has announced his engagement to Miss Amelia H. Johnson, of Cambridge, Mass.

'92. William E. Shipley has announced his engagement to Miss Caroline W. Cadbury, of Germantown, Philadelphia.

'93. Arthur V. Morton has been

elected treasurer of the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, 517 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

'99. F. Algernon Evans has entered the employment of the Girard Trust Company, Broad and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

PEN PICTURES.

Thomas Atkins.

Now be it known that Thomas Atkins in peace and Thomas Atkins in war are two separate and distinct individuals. When the sword is sheathed and the black throat of the cannon silent, Thomas assumes an air of haughty indifference to all about him, gazing on the world in general with eyes of rather bored toleration. It is then that he walks the street with his helmet thrown jauntily on the side of his head, an easy swagger in his walk, a huge pipe at an imposing angle in the corner of his mouth and a supercilious, though good-natured smile playing over his face. He is, as a rule, a pleasant individual, bearing the knocks and blows of every-day life and passing them off with a laugh, seeming to have no especial care or desire but to preserve the prestige of his regiment and to eat, drink and be merry. "Can this rollicking fellow," we think, "be a part of that great, splendidly regulated machine, the British army?" But we have only to look at him when the dark cloud of war hangs threateningly over his native land, when the summoning trumpet calls from one end of the great empire to the other, to see what he really is. It is then that the look of merriment passes from his eyes and, with his shining rifle at the "carry," he marches in the ranks of his regiment; on his face a look

of set determination and in his whole bearing a swing of conscious pride that he is one of the stones with which the bulwarks of the empire are built. So he passes, with his line, down toward the transport vessel while the air rings with cheers and the people, some weeping, some smiling, stand with bared heads as the nation's guard sweeps past. The merry sport is over now and the grim reality of war begins. And Tommy sails away beyond our ken, down to the great wind-swept veldts which are already dotted with the graves of many who have gone before, always ready to give up his life for the sake of the nation he loves so well.

A. C. W., '02.

A Study in Black.

Fifty years ago, in the good old slave times of Virginia when the quality lived high and the negro was happy, there sat on a bench outside his shanty door, amid a cloud of smoke, an old negro, a regular landmark who had forgotten his age thirty years before, and who could describe George Washington.

"Yaas, Marster, my days is agettin' short, an' the good Lawd needs one more niggah to serve Him up dah an' I'se ready to go."

Though with a skin as black as coal, his soul is as pure as a baby's, and he en-

joys his corn-cob with the pleasure born of contentment. In his younger days he had been a cotton-picker, tall and muscular. He had courted and married the belle of the plantation, but she, poor Mammy, had left him many a day since. "Well dis here is maughty fine, but I mus' see dem hoe-cakes don't burn agin dat gal ob mine come home." So his bow-legs, aided by a more bow-legged stick, shuffle into the cabin, and the click of the door leaves us with our minds elevated and our hearts warm.

S. M. W., '02.

The Captain.

He did not glory in this title as an enrolled servant of Uncle Sam, but as the former master of a small sloop which used to convey passengers across the lake. He was a character, an oddity of the first water, as is usually the case with the village Noah. His chief delight was to recline in the bar of the hotel, with his feet on the stove, like a typical Yankee, who is never satisfied until his feet are higher than his head, and puff the villainously-smelling tobacco smoke toward the ceiling in mellow rings. From the top of his battered straw Panama to the soles of his rawhide boots, there was something about him at once old and new. A few gray hairs, sparsely scattered about his bald pate foretold his few remaining years. His hooked nose curled down over his mouth to meet his chin and caused his worthy lady much inconvenience when the crucial moment came. A flannel shirt that had weathered the storms and gales of many a winter lay open at the throat. A pair of old blue jeans were tucked into his boots, and like Oedipus' three-legged patriarch, he hobbled on a stout oak cane. If you wish a game of "soft end quoits," and a torrent of eloquence when the ring does not settle within reasonable proximity of the peg, go to the Captain; if you wish for the next week's prognostics, or to know whether Bill Larrabee's young hopeful

has passed the Rubicon and taken the bull by the horns, inquire within; for the Delphic Oracle is at the bar, wetting his clay, and lecturing the assembled rustics on corn-cutting; but, kind stranger, if you salute the Captain, remember that he has no use whatever for teetotalers.

R. M. G., '02.

A Battle in the Slums.

Last Saturday I was riding on the rear platform of a car through one of the poorer sections of the city. The car was detained for a minute or so and I had the opportunity of witnessing a remarkable fight in which no blows were struck and no words were spoken. It came about in this way. There were five or six little street Arabs standing on the sidewalk; no one of them was more than seven years old. They were not making any noise; in fact, I do not remember hearing a sound from them. I noticed that two of them were looking very hard at each other and the rest were looking now at one of these and now at the other. What was the trouble? Suddenly one of them—let us call him Jake, for he had a peculiarly shaped nose,—straightening himself up, threw back his heavy coat from his shoulders, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on the other,—literally looking daggers. Seeing no motion on the part of his silent antagonist he slowly slipped his coat over his shoulder again, his lips sticking out as far as his nose. The other little fellow seeing the warlike intentions of Jakey abating, ran to the gutter and picked up an old battered tin can. He then crept slowly up behind his antagonist who suddenly noticed the action. His first thought was to save himself. This he did by means of putting one of the other little Arabs between himself and the tin can, whereupon the attacking party, wheeling to the right, marched off with its nose in the air, just as if saying, "Well, I'll be blessed if I'll fight a coward like that other fellow." The silent fight was off.

G. H. T., '02.

"Time!"

How often you've heard one of the players on a foot ball field shout out to the referee to know how much time there is left to play. And when the answer comes, "Only two minutes more," how much more briskly the game goes on: the team with the heavier score stands like a great oak beam to keep the other side from scoring—while the quarterback over the line hurls his 'backs more fiercely against his opponent's assailable points—for there's only a little time left.

Well, there was one point brought out in a talk which I heard last night which made me realize how little time was left to me. "After your thirty-sixth year your mind ceases to grow—your time for preparation is then over." Not very far away that—only a little time—and then the last chance is gone—the dice are still. I thought if I'd keep that thought before me that there'd be a marked difference in my work: there'd be more enthusiasm when I had an easy day of few lessons—more pluck when I saw the programme point at a sturdy pile of books. I'd concentrate my attention on the book and wring from his unfriendly hand what he owed me. Yes, let me once realize what that sentence means and I'd throw more energy into my work. Fifteen years—and I'm as fully prepared for my life's work as ever I will be.

The Whistler.

When I started to walk to the post office this evening I was in the blues—in deep, you know, with the lead-line straight as an iron rod and no bottom reached! Well, as I paused by a gas-light on Montgomery avenue a butcher's wagon drove along with a tired boy on the seat and a worried horse in the shafts. But that boy! I saw merely a glimpse of him as he shot past in that rattling old wagon, with the rain-beaten air choking everybody and the time too

close to six o'clock for work. And yet he was whistling: just as cheery as though he were being driven from the station in his five hundred dollar station wagon! Vacations? He saw mighty few of them. Work? He had that in lavish quantities. And what had he to look forward to if he should lose his job? Why, then the little fellow would have to call on Good Father Public to help him out. So I thought if he could whistle to that accompaniment I might puff away the blues.

Mammy.

"Mam" Annie was not a beauty. She was as black as Erebus, a deity of night; her face was strewn with huge moles, while her cheeks hung down almost to her shoulders, as if they were making a vain effort to touch her neck. To say she was fat is to speak too mildly; indeed, she was so fat that she was forced to ascend sidewise a staircase of ordinary width. Yet the libellous assertions made by certain irreverent fellows that she was "a feather bed tied up with white apron-strings," I must vigorously deny, for nowhere did there beat a warmer heart than that which this ungainly exterior enclosed. Ah, me! How many a happy hour I spent teaching her her lessons, for she was withal something of a scholar, and obtained under my efficient tutelage, before she died, a firm friendship for arithmetic, and a passing acquaintance with spelling. But no amount of persuasion could make her take any notice of grammar. And then those beautiful stories of ghosts and fairies, all of which would end up with the advice, "Now honey, doan yo' go believin' none of these yuh lies Mam Annie tells yo'; fur hits de Lawd's truf dat when a man dies he eithuh gwine to go to heaben aw he gwine to go down to de pit; now ef he go up to glory he doan' want to come back hyuh an' ef he go tod de uddah place he won' come back, 'case he

kean't!" Dear "Mani" Annie, you have gone long ago and I trust that the reason you don't haunt this world is because you "doan' want to come back hyuh."

C. R. C., '02.

The President's Blotter.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the railroad president sat working in his office. Soon the president reached for his check-book. One page left. After filling out this page to the order of a wealthy business friend, the president reached for his blotter.

It lay right at his hand—silent—obedient—faithful. That old blotter had been on duty for a whole year, now; he had come the last of December, ninety-seven, and it was now the last of December, ninety-eight. When he first came he was a regular "sandwich man" with an advertisement on both sides of him. But long, long ago the advertisements had faded from view under the composite photograph of "Dear Sir," "Yours truly," and the other business forms. Now the old blotter always flinched at a freshly written page—the smell of ink sickened him—he was growing bald-headed. Once in his younger days he had wiped up the bulging blot of a safety ink-well at one blow; but now a stub-pen was a terror to him.

But he was plucky; and once more responded to duty's call, as he hovered over the wealthy check. Down went the end with the huge blot stain—then the other end—a mass of hieroglyphics. This was the way he had fixed that million dollar check for the president's son. But old age makes a difference; for when the blotter was lifted up, there met the horrified gaze of the president, a blurred, illegible, tough-looking check that even Boss Tweed would not have identified.

"What's the matter with old whiskers? Now I'll have to wait till Monday before making out that check. Well, that's the end of you!"

And the president tore the old blotter down the middle of the back and hurled the remains into the waste-basket.

Moral: "Ingratitude is the reward of the world."

The Widow's Son.

The corpse lay on the bed, thin, cold, and white. Never again would it speak, or see, or hear. Her son was dead,—dead forever, and the frail woman kneeling by the bedside stretched out her hands over the thing lying there so still, and bowed her head under the great load of woe. He had been her only means of support until that last illness had laid him out for death. How lovingly she had waited on his every whim, smoothing his coarse pillow and cooling his heated brow with dabs of water. When life was gone at last she kneeled down by him and stroked the stiffening fingers, calling him softly,—hoping he might yet get well and live. When the truth came home to her, she bowed her head, and the great tears ran fast down the deep furrows in her face, onto the coverlet.

She saw him in his childhood climbing to her knee and patting her cheeks with his baby hands; she saw him running to her with his newest plaything, a pretty stone or painted board; she saw him when he first set out to work for her; she saw him as she had seen him for the last ten years; she saw him now as he lay forever dead. She could not live without him, there was no one else to live for,—no one else to live for her. She was alone. The morning sun fell on the gray-touched head bent over all she could call her own. She had not moved when night fell.

HAVERFORD-COLUMBIA GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

HAVERFORD'S gymnasium exhibition with Columbia was a success in every way but in attendance. The conditions of weather which have seemed wedded to this affair in the past proved their allegiance on February 17th to a striking degree. But for all that the exhibition itself was brought to a close without a hitch of any kind and proved extremely enjoyable to the small but enthusiastic audience. All exceptionally meritorious performances received liberal applause, the Columbia men in particular attracting attention by the difficult feats which they performed. The programme was a long one, but by the massing of the novel and interesting features toward the end the spectators were interested and held to the last event. We are glad to record the fact that this, the most pretentious exhibition of her gymnastic talent Haverford has attempted, by no means fell short of expectations, but proved successful from every standpoint. We append a summary of the program:

PART I.

Music.

- "Salome"Lorraine.
Haverford College Mandolin Club.
- 1. Parallel Bars.....Haverford College.
H. H. Jenks, '00 E. C. Rossmassler, '01
S. Brown, '02 G. S. Garret, '02
- 2. Horizontal Bar.....Columbia University
J. de la Fuente, '00 S O. Pullich, Jr., '02 C
F.C. Mathews, '02 M C. W. Ward, '01 L

- 3. JugglingHaverford College
A. L. Dewees, '01
- 4. Fancy Club Swinging..Haverford College
A. G. Tatnall, '00 A. S. Cookman, '02
J. W. Cadbury, '01 G. E. Newlin, '02
A. L. Dewees, '01 N. A. Scott, '02
J. J. Barclay, '02 W. P. Phillips, '03
- 5. Side Horse.....Columbia University
O. Pullich, Jr., '02, C J. de la Fuente, '00 S
E. Ward, '01, C
- 6. Tumbling.....Haverford Gymnastic Team

PART II.

Music.

- "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp".....Sousa
Haverford College Mandolin Club
 - 1. Parallel Bars.....Columbia University
F.C. Mathews, '02 M C. Eastmond, '01 C
H. S. Osborne, '03S
 - 2. Horizontal Bar.....Haverford College
H. H. Jenks, '00 C. J. Allen, '00
W. L. Neilson, '01 E. C. Rossmassler, '01
 - 3. Fencing.....Haverford College
H. S. Drinker, Jr., '00 J. B. Drinker, '03
 - 4. Pyramids.....Columbia Gymnastic Team
 - 5. Wrestling.....Haverford College
W. L. Neilson, '01 W. H. Grant, '02
Alternate, H. Sensenig, '00
 - 6. Electric Club Swinging, Haverford College
F. E. Lutz, '00
 - 7. Tumbling.....Columbia Gymnastic Team
- Music.
- "The Man Behind the Gun"....Sousa
Haverford College Mandolin Club

LECTURES.

ON February 13 Mr. S. Edgar Nicholson gave an interesting lecture on the "Anti-saloon League." Mr. Nicholson has been long connected with the League and was well qualified to give the comprehensive account of it, which he did. Mr. Nicholson briefly

outlined its growth to the present time and showed the manner of its working, giving many instances from his experience of cases in which the League had much improved the condition of towns and counties in Indiana and other States. The evils of alcohol have been more

adequately coped with by this organization than by any other such bands, and Mr. Nicholson expressed his firm belief in the absolute banishment of liquor from our country through this agency.

ON Monday evening, February 19, Dr. J. T. Rothrock, Commissioner of Forestry of Pennsylvania, delivered a lecture upon the "Importance of Forestry to our Country."

Dr. Rothrock opened with a short history of forestry in this country. Twenty-three years ago dictionaries did not contain the word "forestry." People thought so little of the forests that in a single night hundreds of thousands of feet of white oak were burnt up. Now everything is changed. Every State north of Mason-Dixon's line is interested, especially Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, New York,—which has established a forestry school, New Jersey—to a certain extent—Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Indiana, the Dakotas—which have made it one of the studies in their State Universities—California, Washington and Oregon. And President Hadley believes the time is near at hand when there will be a forestry school at Yale.

Dr. Rothrock then gave some of his personal experiences, and said he had seen one-sixth of the State of Pennsylvania pass from a productive to an unproductive State. History has shown that fifteen years of thoughtless waste will see forests disappear from a State.

And as for loss of revenue, Dr. Rothrock said that lumbering used to mean twenty-seven millions of dollars a year to Pennsylvania. Not only does the loss of the forests result in the loss of industries, and of revenue, but in climatic changes. Forest lands act as reservoirs; thus preventing the disastrous spring freshets. When cleared off, we notice the crops diminishing, the streams drying up, and the springs failing. Besides the above results, clearing off the timber

endangers animal life, and in some cases, as in western Pennsylvania, results in diminishing the population of a State.

The German empire has eight million acres more than all Pennsylvania devoted to forestry, and in return receives forty millions of dollars a year. Saxony gets twelve millions a year from the same industry. In Germany, moreover, the forestry officer ranks as an officer in the army in every respect. There are two ways for us to restore the forests—one is to encourage the individual to plant trees—and the other is for the State to take charge and let them grow. Attention was called to the great industry which is growing up—in which a man of middle age can plant poplar trees and then gather two crops. Two years ago the cost of forest fires to the State was reduced from a million dollars to five hundred thousand: the result of having constables act as fire-wardens with absolute power.

This is our State; one of the richest in the Union. But with this heritage comes the great responsibility of handing it on in as good a condition as we found it and in as much better condition than we found it, as we possibly can.

ON Monday evening, February 26th, Dr. Lindsay, of the University of Pennsylvania, lectured on "The Industrial Outlook for the American Negro." The speaker said that the industrial problem meant a man's command over the ordinary things of life, and the first question is that of a living. The ratio of the rural negro population has always remained the same, but in the cities the increase of ratio is marked.

Before the emancipation the negro was a dependent, but received an industrial training. When emancipated, the older generation of negroes soon adapted themselves to the new ways, but the present occupations are those of service, and not of trade. The negro in the Southern mills, for instance, does not

take to labor organizations and to a definite marking down of rules which are to be observed. He is often lazy and intermittent in his work. In short, the situation in the South is such that the white man is anxious to know how to utilize negro labor. One mill owner gives a prosperous idea of the negro's working power, that he can be employed with profit in cotton mills, and soon will have the chance of rising from a simple mill hand to an over-seer, or some more responsible position. Another Southerner says that the negro is not a success as a mill operator. In one mill he says that the experiment of using colored labor alone did not succeed, and that the negroes were inefficient.

The negro is not yet equal to the test. The whole industrial problem narrows itself down to an educational problem, which is the same throughout the United States; for the negro is not at present wanted in labor organizations. Their range of occupation is narrow, and this means that competition becomes more severe. Color prejudice is not the obstacle, but lack of labor efficiency. Manual training shows an increase of their knowledge in general, and the present industrial prosperity will enable the South to spend more money in education; and thus to uplift the American negro with regard to the labor question.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A meeting of the Scientific Club took place on the 14th of February, in the chemical lecture room. Dr. Babbitt addressed the club on the Bubonic plague, and W. H. Wood, '01, presented three original geometrical propositions.

In view of the trip to England next summer thirteen men practice bowling at a "spot" every afternoon in the cricket shed, and then after fifteen minutes work take a short cross-country run.

The annual Freshman-Sophomore debate took place in Alumni Hall on February 23d, under the auspices of the Loganian Society. The question for the evening was, "Resolved, That strikes are productive of more harm than good." The Sophomores, Dennis, Fox and Newlin, supported the affirmative; while Hoffman, Phillips (W. P.), and Schrag spoke for the negative. The judges, Mr. Hoxie, Prof. Barrett, and Bell, '00, awarded victory to the Sophomores.

Wood and Cookman have been

elected captain and manager, respectively, of the Sophomore class cricket team for this season.

On Tuesday, February 20th, Mr. Gilbert, Yale, '98, addressed the students on the openings and opportunities that mission work afford for young men, especially college men, and the benefits to civilization resultant from it.

The following Thursday evening Dr. Charles Wood, Haverford, '70, addressed the students on college life and work. Both meetings were well attended.

The candidates for the Loganian debating team, which is to contest with the Philomathean Society, of the University of Pennsylvania, are hard at work. The debate takes place at the University Chapel on March 30th, at 8 p. m.

The officers of the Junior Class for the ensuing half year are as follows: President, E. Y. Brown, Jr.; Vice President, A. R. Yearsley; Secretary, W. H. Wood; Treasurer, W. W. Woodward.

That Haverford should be represented among the officers of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association is an honor which has never before been placed upon our little college. It is with a due appreciation of the honor that we record the election, at the regular I. A. A. A. meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, February

24, of F. M. Eshleman, 1900, to the office of Vice President.

A chess tournament has been in progress for the past few weeks and drew forth twelve competitors. As the championship has not yet been decided, we will announce the winner in our next issue.

BOOK REVIEW.

The Life of Dwight L. Moody.*

FOUR men have been named by a sent forth by God with His mess-well known divine as having been sage to the English-speaking men of the half century past,—Spurgeon, Beecher, Brooks and Moody. Very different are the associations which these names call up, but in Moody's case least of all do we think of the dress of human speech in which the message appeared,—of the aid of rhetoric or of scholarly grace. In him pre-eminently we feel the impulse of a simple personality, great through the greatness of his theme and the holiness of his devotion to it, a personality whose very limitations (for he was but human) as well as its sterling native excellencies aid to intensify his influence upon myriads of his fellow men.

It is fitting,—and so it seemed to Moody himself,—that such a life should be simply and straight-forwardly portrayed by one of the home circle who knew him best. He named his son as his biographer, and the latter has finally undertaken the task for which he is so well fitted. The result forms a volume of some 600 pages, copiously illustrated, and showing in many ways,—in family portraits, material derived from private papers, etc.,—the intimacy of its authorship. Here we have the story of early privations, of boyish pranks, of his conversion, his first efforts in Sunday school work,—the vagaries of the "crazy Moody" as they seemed to the unsympathetic onlooker,—of the gradual im-

provement and enlargement of his methods, the results of the Chicago fire, the "campaigns" in Great Britain and America, and, most interesting of all to college students, of the growth and results of that clear perception with which he saw in the education of the youth the best and most hopeful means of evangelization. To students of Mt. Hermon or visitors at Northfield this volume will bring back many a familiar scene by the numerous excellent illustrations, while all will be glad to trace again the familiar story of the small beginnings and mighty issues of the Northfield schools.

If any one thinks he is able to determine by analysis the secret of Moody's power with men, probably the materials are in this book. We shall not attempt to forestall such an inquiry. Here is the history of his inquiry room, his question drawer, and a chapter showing by examples how he prepared his sermons. But here especially we see the man himself under the most varied circumstances from the dearly loved companionship of children and grand-children at home, to the scene of terror on a sinking ship in mid-Atlantic. As we look at the face and stalwart form we think of Henry Drummond's estimate, "the biggest human I ever knew," or of the words of Talmage, "He has done the work of five hundred men." His schools are his monuments, and to them the author of this work, with Mr. Sankey who co-operates in it, contribute the profits accruing to them from its sale.

*"The Life of Dwight L. Moody," by Wm. R. Moody; copyright, 1900, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

WITH the present issue a new department is entered upon by THE HAVERFORDIAN in inaugurating a department which will endeavor to give some idea of what is being produced by our contemporary college magazines. Hitherto the policy has been to keep a reserved silence in this regard but we trust that we have profited by the mistakes and criticisms of others and that others may profit in the same manner from our example.

The February issue of the "Red and Blue" contains a short, though very timely article headed "University Life," which treats the Sophomore-Freshman question. The author shows how the prevalent false idea in regard to class disputes has been brought about by over-zealous reporters, and after pointing out the good that results therefrom aptly sums up the situation when he says, "Class spirit is college spirit in miniature."

The best essay which has come to our notice—and there has been a woeful lack of them—is on "The Requisite of Poetry in the College Student." The author not only shows thorough study

of his subject but shows the distinguished qualities of poetry in a most interesting manner. The entire magazine is full of good material and is certainly to be commended.

The "Free Lance" still continues its broad and pointless articles on "The Editor" and "The Critic." An otherwise readable magazine is almost spoiled by the common-place remarks and faulty grammar of these articles. It contains, however, some creditable productions, of which the most noteworthy is a poem on "The Weaver."

We clip the following from the Harvard "Lampoon:"

Her voice is one of command,
Her power is in full swing;
Her jewels, though scarce, are pure,
She has but a single ring.

The fellows all jump at her call,
To obey her they hasten pell-mell;
But I dread the sound of her voice,
For she is the college bell.

We are pleased to add to the list of our exchanges the "Irwinian" and the "Juniata Echo."



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HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXII, No. 2

APRIL, 1900

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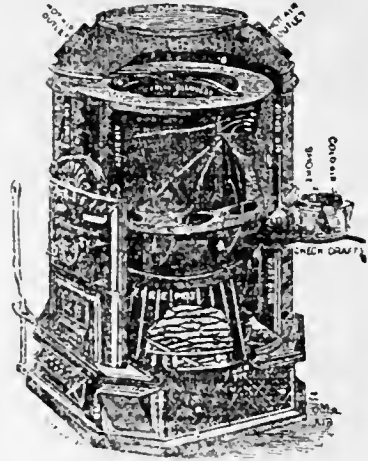
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXII.

HAVERFORD, APRIL, 1900.

NO. 2

The Haverfordian.

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WE take pleasure in announcing that the competition for the two vacancies on the Board of Editors has resulted in the election of Henry J. Cadbury, 1903, and William P. Philips, 1903.

THE question of specialization in college course is one demanding at present a large amount of attention. The practice of half a century ago

was to drill the student thoroughly in the classics and Euclid and send him forth to a long apprenticeship at some mechanical or commercial trade. Bygone essays and books are full of remarks derogatory to Horace and his compeers, making it evident that our grandfathers neither enjoyed their schooling to any great extent, nor found it profitable in professional life. And no wonder; was a lawyer to stake his future judicial honors on an intimate knowledge of Virgil, or an embryonic engineer to rest content with Euclid? The studies were not applicable to the needs of the pupil. But this condition of things is greatly changed. The average modern college curriculum seems admirably adapted to fit men for their life work. During Freshman and Sophomore years the student is held more or less closely to a line of study which may be called general; in his last two years, however, he is allowed full range of choice, and may choose what lies in the line of his future career. Modern experience goes to prove that specialization is becoming more and more essential to success in the world, and it is probably much better for the student to follow one well-defined trend of study than to pursue a more general desultory course of education.

IT is rather early as yet to make predictions in regard to the track sports for the coming spring, but the indications for a successful season are rather promising than otherwise. The loss of Hall will seriously affect the relay team, and Conklin's place will be hard to fill, but the candidates who have so far responded to Captain Lloyd's summons

give every promise of sustaining the college's reputation. Of last year's team three are still in the ranks and the several men who are striving for the other positions are all fast and able.

Haverford's defeat by Rutgers in this event on March 17th cannot be taken as a criterion, for on their own indoor track the Rutgers men had a decided advantage. We must strain every muscle to win the relay race this year and persistent training is the prime necessity for this end.

THE official name of Haverford's athletic ground is henceforth "Walton Field." The Class of '90 was chiefly instrumental in building the track and grading the present site of college games, and of this class—E. H. Walton took the foremost part in the work. Although the right of naming the field has lain in abeyance for some years, it was recently decided by the class to propose the name of Walton. The proposition was accepted by the Board of Managers and stands as authoritative.

RECENT discoveries of extensive fraud in the medical schools led the legislature to adopt drastic measures, which threatened to annul the value of one of our important courses,—the medical preparatory. A number of students each year at Haverford pursue special work in biology and anatomy,

which admits them to the second year of a medical school. The committee who dealt with the cases above mentioned were with difficulty turned from abolishing this privilege and finally left it open to graduates of a college only, and not also to those of preparatory medical schools, as heretofore had been the case.

WE are glad to hear that, early as it is, a coach has been chosen for next fall's foot ball team in the person of John H. Minds. Minds played four years on the University of Pennsylvania's team in various positions and captained the team in 1897. He is one of the best players of recent years, and under his instruction all loyal Haverfordians hope the team will achieve victory.

WE regret that one of our editorials in the March issue has been misinterpreted by some of our readers. It is not, nor has it been, our intention to reduce the actual news of college events, but to constrain, within reasonable limits, their tendency to expand and not to let them overrun the magazine when the same news could be told more briefly. As foretold last year in these columns, the advanced class in English composition furnishes us with a certain amount of literature, happily removing the temptation to fill up space with diluted college news.

ROUSSEAU AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Alumni Prize Oration)

PROBABLY no one event in modern history has had a deeper or more nearly universal influence upon the life of the nineteenth century than that remarkable cataclysm which we call the French Revolution. It was an

attempt to free mankind from the bondage of despots; to restore the inalienable rights of the individual, to establish freedom and equality for all men, and once for all to overthrow the doctrine of the divine right of kings by showing that

kings could rule only with the consent of the governed.

The French Revolution was the result of centuries of tyrannical misgovernment. The condition of the French peasant during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was one of abject misery and degradation. Bound to the land by harsh, inflexible laws; burdened with interminable taxes; his family insulted by nobles; his hard-earned substance devoured by a corrupt priesthood; absolutely without hope of improving his condition, he lived in a hovel on food unfit for dogs, while the tables of the nobility were loaded with the produce of his land, and their palaces gleamed with the gold for which he had toiled. Deeper and deeper into despair and hopeless penury he sank, while the revels of courtiers and the orgies of priests grew more and more wanton and extravagant. One-fourth of the national revenue was required to maintain the palace at Versailles. King Louis XV had one thousand horses in his stables, and in his halls ten thousand liveried servants. Proportionate luxury existed among his nobles. There were one hundred and forty thousand noblemen, besides one hundred and thirty thousand priests, each of whom received princely incomes from the labors of the peasant, paid no taxes, produced no wealth, consumed all things and decreased steadily the resources of France. These buckled and powdered parasites from their luxurious heights looked down on their plodding servitors and spurned them. Cardinal Richelieu, being asked if the peasants were overworked, replied, "Ah, the peasant is a mule accustomed to his load; he is spoiled more by a long rest than by hard work." The sufferings of these poor people were almost incredible. I doubt not, there is some truth in the story that Marie Antoinette, when she was told that the Parisians were starving for lack of bread, turned to her companion and said, with satanic scorn, "Why don't they eat cake?" Such was the indiffer-

ence of the nobles to their oppressed peasants, and such was the spirit that was to bring retribution terrible and sure upon the land of France.

For not all were suffering patiently. While the sin and luxury of the nobles was filling to the brim a cup of wrath that was one day to be poured out in blood upon the land there were silent sullen men at work trying to arouse in the sufferers a sense of their power to resist; philosophers wrote books and smuggled them into the hands of the peasants. Holback and Helvetius devised schemes of government where all men would receive justice, and cast their schemes before the people. But the stupor of despair seemed upon them and the cold, passionless logic of Holback and Helvetius fell idly on ears that were only roused by the curses of the nobles and the summons of the tax-gatherer. For the peasant hope was dead, life was one long agony and death was hailed as a release from pain.

When the night of sorrow was darkest, when the chains of custom and tyrannical power were heaviest and hardest to bear, when no help seemed possible, no relief within reach, far up in the wild mountains, away from Paris, away from the hated nobles, in the little town of Geneva a spirit first drew "the breath that made him wretched." Here in the midst of untamed, unfettered nature Jean Jacques Rousseau began to think, to suffer, to resolve, to act. The rushing mountain torrents of his native hills imparted to the growing boy their own impetuous strength. The soaring mountain summits gave him a part of their yearning for high and splendid achievements. The live thunders that leaped at night from crag to crag taught him their own depth of passion and freedom from restraint. Nurtured in such a spot and with such companions this child of nature became an embodied soul of fire and will of iron. No man, perhaps, has ever lived who possessed so strong a personality linked to so deep an emotional

nature. With such a spirit of conscious power it was inevitable that he should revolt against the tyranny and oppression which reached even to his native hills. "Man was born free," said Rousseau with pride, but, as he looked about him and saw suffering, misery, degradation on all sides he was forced to cry, "But everywhere he is in chains."

His mission was plain. Scarcely had he reached years of manhood before he began to write passionate denunciations of the existing powers, condemning the corrupt priesthood and the luxurious kings. Kings, said he, do not rule by divine right; they rule by the consent of the governed. In the will of the people is the sovereign law. Kings have disregarded the common will, they have trampled upon the inalienable rights of the individual. Kings, therefore, must be removed, and we are justified in wresting their unlawful power from them.

In these views Rousseau was not alone, nor was he the first who had shown them to the people. We have already mentioned two philosophers who held practically the same opinions, but to Holbach the people had nodded a sleepy assent and Helvetius got scarcely more recognition. Up to the time of Rousseau no man had appeared who was an effective force in arousing the people, but when Rousseau came all this was changed. The passion and the enthusiasm of the man compelled attention and won admiration. To the wonder and terror of the thrones and sceptres of Europe the voice of this madman became to the peasants the voice of a god. They had long been suffering in silence and without retaliation but now the "overwhelming eloquence" of Rousseau had awakened the sleeping dragon of the people's wrath and had flung wide the doors of a decade of bloodshed and horror. Even Rousseau did not know what a fury was concealed behind the gaunt, stolid faces of his hear-

ers. When he wrote and talked of freedom he little knew that the passion which burned in his heart was only waiting in theirs to be kindled by the spark of his personality, and when once kindled would consume the half of France and set all Europe ablaze with its heat. It would perhaps be untrue to say that without Rousseau there would have been no revolution. Yet this statement is defensible: that of all the writers of the revolution Rousseau was the most effective force. He was the man gifted with imagination and eloquence who had the power and the tact of expressing the ideas which had little force in the mouths of cold-blooded thinkers, but which, clothed in his vitalized phrases, became the text of the thinker and the war-cry of the belligerent rebels.

Then when his work was done, when hearts had been stirred and hope was beating high, when the people had at last learned that their wills were supreme, and that all men are created equal; when returning manhood nerved their hearts and raised their heads from the dust—then their counsellor and inspired prophet left them and passed away forever from the scene of his sorrows and struggles. In 1778 Rousseau died, but the spirit of liberty had been implanted in the hearts of men and never again would tyrants sit secure in the seats of oppression.

"Though the Revolution failed and the experiment of France by reason of the forces of evil, both external and internal, degenerated into the reign of terror, the despotism of Napoleon and the reactionary policy of Metternich and the Holy Alliance;" though the blood of innocent men was shed and the hearts of innocent women were broken; yet the wound so deep began to heal, and out of the horror and agony of the reign of terror men saw arising the new age of individualism, the dawn of our modern era of liberty, equality and fraternity.

MY GRANDFATHER.

(A Sketch of a Bygone Generation)

“COME hither, Edward Lawrence, and
 sit upon my knee,
 And I will tell
 What me befell
 Down in the low cowntree.”

So runs the old family ballad, so it ran in the old baronial days, and so it will be sung as long as the old family hangs together, by Heaven's grace. I know not how many scampering young Tarletons it may have piped to the ancient grandfather's knee to listen breathlessly to tales of former times, nor how many Edwards venerable with years (for there has been many an Edward in the family) may have hummed over this olden lay to their younger generations of Edwards still in their frocks. But they are not few in number and I myself have been of the select many and have heard the time-honored story.

I think I can still see my grandfather sitting quietly in his arm-chair by the ruddy grate, his stern, yet kindly face, the whitened locks on each cheek, his blue-veined hands, his great watch-seal that turned so easily in its setting; and I can still hear the deep feeble voice, now so many years unheard, calling me to his side to ask my full name in solemn tones and then to pat gently my small head hung round with curls.

Few men have come to a ripe old age with such a spotless character as his, such a reputation for honesty and for business ability. Many a man has stooped to petty meanness to compass the end of gain, to outdo a rival, but my grandfather, never. He was of the old school, from Sheffield, home of cutlery, in the broad-dialect county of York. In the latter half of that epoch known as the Industrial Revolution my grandfather first saw the green fields. "Spare the rod and spoil the boy" was the rule then. Harsh times they were for the youngster when everyday in the year but Sunday

was a school-day and the boy once sent away to boarding school returned not thence for six or eight years. Then came apprenticeship, a dreary seven-year-drudgery, and the youth was cast upon the world to swim or sink. Those were times calculated to make men, not patrimonial parasites;—men were wanted to boom the great march of progress and our forefathers were men,—strong and self-reliant. Slender were their allowances, stern the hand of authority, and, though the boy spent no very cheerful childhood in comparison with our modern luxurious infancy, yet he was the better able to care for himself when thrown into the breakers of life.

My grandfather, on his way to the day-school, used to pass the windows of a pastry-shop each morning and saw there exhibited a little pastry duck with currants for eyes. So tempting, so inviting! So little Edward slipped into the shop and asked Mrs. Brown to save it for him. Would she save it? It might be a long time before he could buy it, but would she save it? The little face looked up so wistfully to the counter that she could not refuse. Of course she would keep it; it was only six-pence. Little Edward ran on to school happy, and began to save his coppers diligently. Every morning he saw the duck with the currant eyes staring out of the shop window and every night as he came home, passed it with a yearning that longed to be appeased. For three long weeks he spent nothing and then marched proudly in, laid down his six-pence and carried off the duck in triumph. How long he may have feasted his eyes upon his prize before he ventured to strip it of its plumage we may leave to the imagination, but when he did bite off the head we will never picture his disappointment in finding it too stale to eat. Cruel reality! The

duck really was old. His tear-stained pillow told its tale next morning and we may hope that the little fellow was comforted with some other goody and made to forget his sorrow.

What wonder then, that, beginning to feel the deceptions of the world so early, we should find him at twenty-six embarked for America to take charge of the firm's entire cutlery business in this country. It was a great field; the United States was not then as far advanced as it is now; its steel manufactures in particular were in a crude state and England supplied the world. Here then was Mr. Tarleton at twenty-six leaving home and friends for a portion of the world absolutely unknown. Not a person did he know in America except the partner in New York, whom he was to displace. He had with him a few samples of knives designed by himself. Would they sell? They were rather elaborate, and it was not without a tremor that he thought of entering an unknown market. Mr.

Downing said, "You will never sell those here; they're too fine for this market."

"John Downing," said my grandfather, turning the door-knob as he prepared to leave the office, "John Downing, I will not return till I have sold these goods." That was a determined speech for a young stranger to make to one who knew the market, but my grandfather took the risk and in an hour was back at his desk making entries in his order book.

That was his first business in New York, and what characterized all his life-work was his determination to do. But I never knew him until long after he had retired from business life, respected and honored by all who knew him. To me he was ever the kind old gentleman dressed in black who called little boys to sit upon his knee and stroked their long curls with a gentle hand and asked them their full names and let them play with his great watch charm.

The Auk.

A fear-ful les-son here we see
Of wil-ful in-ac-tiv-i-ty.
The auk, my child, to be suc-cinct,
Thro' peu d'es-pirit is now ex-tinct.
He would not run, he would not fly,
But smiled in self-suf-fic-i-en-cy,
Till sail-ors stole with muf-fled tread
And rapped him gen-tly on the head.
All thus who fol-low Idle-ness
Will be en-gulfed by Nem-e-sis.

THE HUNT.

ANNIE and Bess and little Willie were already dutifully seated at the breakfast table, when there came the usual belated clatter on the stairs, and Jack appeared. Now Annie had planned a little scheme, and when Jack's water-plastered hair was visible from around the corner, she greeted him with a startling volley.

"Not 'it' for hide-and-whoop, kick-the-wicket, duck-on-davy, and Indian-wig-wam, if we play!"

"Not 'it!'" screamed Bess and Willie in chorus. Jack looked worried; in the various games for the day, unwritten law declared that he, John Black, must be "it." Now it is quite clear to the average male understanding of nine

years, that it is just for the purpose of being "it," while big boys play all the tricks of the game, that little boys and girls occurred. "I move we count it out by 'inty-minty,'" he said. Annie looked her fine scorn, and Willie imprudently piped up, "He's mad, 'cause he's 'it.'" Next instant he was quenched by a terrible glance.

"Come, children, don't quarrel; eat your breakfast; we'll have apple dumpplings for dinner." Ah! how true it is that the mother knows the way to a boy's heart. Jack's face cleared somewhat, but all the while that his mound of oatmeal was dwindling in his saucer, he seemed preoccupied.

After breakfast, when Annie and Bess had washed the dishes and pared the potatoes for dinner, and Jack had filled the wood-box behind the kitchen stove and gone through the motions of splitting kindlings, the little company met out under the great maple tree to plan the morning campaign.

"Do you know," said Jack with masculine bluntness of approach to his plan, "we're all African hunters." They didn't seem to know. "Yes, we came up the Congo last night and are now in the midst of the co-eval forest." Willie looked a trifle uneasy. Annie winked at Bess to show that she understood the basal motive for Jack's new turn, and said, "Well, what are we going to do there?" "Hunt." "What?" "Rhinoceroses." "We haven't got anything to hunt with," caviled Bess. "Yes, we have—at least I do. Look here at my Gatling gun with its choke-bore and pistol-grip." He drew from out one sagging trouser-pockets a fierce looking bean-shooter. "I know girls can't fire anything, anyway. Willie, I'll lend you my rapier," and he drew from the same pocket his sprung-kneed Barlowe knife. (The pocket looked relieved.) Willie clasped the rapier gallantly. "The timid women, Willie, may watch us from the barracks while we do the hunting."

This taunt had the desired effect, and

Annie forgot Jack's guile to evade the humiliation of being "it," to blaze up in defence of the prowess of "das ewig Weibliche." No votary of Diana could have snatched up her bow in more huntswomanlike manner than did Annie seize on the old croquet mallet, leaning against the porch and whirl it aloft. "There! I'll show you if I can't fire anything!" The head unexpectedly left the handle and hurtled close by Jack's dodging ear. "I guess you'll do," said Jack weakly, "if you spot 'noceroses like that."

When Annie saw that no harm had been done by her unintentional shot, with a gay laugh she chased after the still rolling head. Bess found mother's trowel in the conservatory, and as each warrior was now armed, and all valor vindicated provisionally, they set out to thread the jungle.

They passed through the low gate into the apple orchard. Away swept the labyrinths of the virgin forest with its trailing festoons of moss and vines, and its thick undergrowth of bushes with strange thorns that cut like razors,—that is to say, there were the old apple trees, with rich orchard grass beneath and occasional patches of brambles. Troops of ugly five-handed monkeys swung from the dense boughs and screamed at the intruders,—or, more realistically, a red squirrel coughed and stuttered from the rail-pile.

"Comrades, have you got yer ammunition ready?" said Jack in a semi-whisper. "Powder dry? Priming fresh? We may come upon a 'noceros any time!" Annie gave the rail-pile an indifferent rap with her mallet for answer; Bess flourished her trowel, and Willie looked with awful delight at the rusty saw-like blade of the Barlowe rapier.

"I've got some thirty ounce balls here and they shoot like Towser rifles," said Jack. He pulled from out the despondent pocket before mentioned six wicked looking "slugs," cut from a scrap of lead pipe. One of them he fitted with

precision, born of long experience, in the leather of his bean-shooter; and with renewed caution the hunters proceeded.

"Don't you hear him tramping in the rice-swamp?"

"No," said Annie with conviction, "but there is something scratching in those brambles." A miracle of silent stalking revealed that the ravaging beast was a fat old hen, who chuckled in mild surprise at the sight of four little faces peering into her quiet retreat. One little face looked the following: "If it is a 'noceros I'll give him a slug;" another little face: "I knew it was only an old hen;" another: "I don't think my trowel would do it;" the last and smallest, "Let's run." The second of these thoughts only found expression in words, but Annie said it with such pointed emphasis as to have no uncertain sound. "Hush!" said Jack, "jungle fowl is a sign they're near."

The hunters squeezed through the raspberry rows, crawled under the wire fence, skulked along the strawberry beds without further adventure, and finally looked out upon the sloping pasture field beyond. There at last was the quarry. "I thought the spoor was getting fresh,—there he is!" Jack pointed out between the stout wires of the iron fence. "It's only Beauty's calf," grumbled the practical Bess. "I say it's an ibex. Don't talk or he'll jump down the precipice."

There sure nough, about twenty yards from the fence lay a little yellow cali, with head tucked around to one side,—not just the attitude, most would say, for vaulting chasms. After her forenoon lunch, she was drowsily enjoying her sun-bath. The lunch-counter was just out of sight behind the giant walnut tree, but our hunters knew nothing of it. If they had known, this tale would have been changed.

Here now was the unwary ibex, and there the hunters with their weapons,—what then can be the reason that they do not sally out, surround, slay,

sound the morte? There seems to be a schism in the party. "I say I won't hit the dear little thing with my mallet!" "And I won't either," said Bess. In vain did Jack recall the recent explosion of valor under the big maple tree, and renew his taunts of feminine insufficiency. In vain did he try to explain how "it really wouldn't hurt much anyway;"—that gentler nature that is earth's chief blessing revolted righteously.

Jack's ardor, it must be confessed, was slightly dampened by this determined stand; he had planned that they should all rush out at once. On second thought, however, he saw that after all there would be more chance for individual prowess with smaller numbers. In his heart of hearts he didn't think of doing any actual harm, even if he could, and would have stoutly resented the charge of cruelty, but that spirit was seething within him, which, as the philosopher says, prompts small boys to "squash a hop-toad with a stone when they see it." "Well, Willie, I see we must do it then." They crawled through the wire fence before Annie could quite decide to hold them back. The calf still lay in quiet repose, with eyes shut, and ears periodically flapping to worry the flies.

"She woke to die 'mid flame and smoke,
And shock and shout and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast."

That is, she seemed destined to. Jack aimed the bean-shooter, pulled the jagged charge well up to his ear, and fired. A daisy head fell three feet to the right. Scandalous! What tempest had shattered his nerves? Another slug was adjusted and sped more truly. It struck the poor little yellow ribs with a sudden thud, and rebounded a foot into the air. The effect was electric. The calf sprung from the ground as if in it also dwelt something similar to the "springs eternal in the human breast," and bawled in earnest. Annie screamed something about "horrid boy" from the fence. But

presto! some other wild beast, at least as large as a mastodon, leaped out from the mimosa thicket on the left. A mother's rage and revenge shone from it in livid streams. Heaven help the hunters! It is Beauty.

"Come back!" sounded in Jack's ears as from far away. Illusion fell as scales from his eyes,—no longer did the jungle grass wave or the precipice yawn. The chilling reality of pasture field and wicked cow clutched at his heart. O Nimrod! Nimrod! Peace, thou hast lost a devotee. His repeater hangs limp from one hand; he mechanically fingers his last and largest slug in the other. Then came a rush for the fence. Jack was dimly conscious of the gleam of a blue-checked dress which shot by him from the fence. Suddenly he remembered short-legged Willie. Too late! Beauty was probably already goring his poor little breast. He dived through the wires full into Bess. Then he looked

back. Willie was rolled screaming under the lowest wire, Annie came rolling after, and almost at the same moment Beauty's lowered horns struck the fence. It gave a sickening surge and the wires screeched fearfully as they were pulled through the staples at the posts. Luckily, the fence was strong,—the posts had been set by "Polecat Tom," the fence-setter,—and after a few vicious charges of no avail, Beauty returned to her wounded "ibex" and fell to licking its head most zealously.

The hunters slowly untangled themselves and got up. Willie was still howling. "Annie," faltered Jack, "you might have broke the mallet." "Oh! I love that wire!" she cried, at last casting away her weapon, to which she had been clinging grimly. And down she went on her knees,—that brave little unappreciated heroine—and kissed the bottom wire fervently.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'69. Pendleton King lectured in Alumni Hall, at Haverford, on Thursday evening, March 22d. His topic was the "Duties of the State Department."

'81. William E. Blair, of Winston, N. C., lectured at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in Philadelphia, March 9th, under the auspices of the University Extension Course. His lecture was one of a series of six on "The American Negro." Mr. Blair spoke particularly about the condition of the negro in the State of North Carolina.

'93. Arthur V. Morton has been made Assistant Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, and not Treasurer as stated in our March number.

'95. Erroll B. Hay has announced his engagement to Miss Mary T. Bradley, of Philadelphia.

'98. Walter C. Janney was one of the speakers on Pennsylvania's debating team in the contest with Michigan University.

'98. Alfred G. Scattergood has accepted a position in the Provident Life and Trust Company.

Ex-'99. Kenneth M. Hay is a member of the firm of H. A. Caesar & Co., New York.

Ex-'99. Arthur Haines has entered the employ of the Commercial Trust Company.

New York Alumni of Haverford College Organize.

The New York Alumni of Haverford College met at dinner on Monday night the 26th at the Hotel Manhattan. The meeting was in every way a success and an organization was effected which will bring the New York Alumni in closer touch with each other and must prove of benefit to the college. The organization was honored by having President Sharpless as its guest, who spoke most interestingly of the present condition and future aims of Haverford. He delighted his hearers by stating that Haverford was now one of the most richly endowed of the smaller colleges and announced that ground was to be broken in a few days for the new gymnasium which is to be the gift of the alumni.

The officers chosen for the coming year were: President, James Wood, of Mount Kisco, N. Y.; Secretary and

Treasurer, Minturn Post Collins, 509 Fifth avenue. A committee was appointed to arrange the details of a permanent organization and make the necessary provision for a similar dinner next year.

There were present the following old Haverford boys: James Wood, James Cromwell, David S. Taber, William H. S. Wood, John B. Garrett, Robert T. Murray, Stephen W. Collins, Ernest F. Walton, F. R. Vail, Frederick Neelson Vail, David Shearman Taber, Jr., Henry E. Thomas, George Raymond Allen, Minturn Post Collins, F. E. Briggs, Alfred Busselle, Charles H. Cookman, L. H. Wood, William K. Alsop, Charles Collins, Elliot Field.

The table was ornamented by pictures of the college grounds which were very kindly furnished by William S. Vaux, '93, and Frank R. Cope, Jr., 1900.

SKETCHES.

The Umbrella Mender.

He carried on his back a small box, beneath his arm a bundle of long wires and umbrella sticks and in one hand a small charcoal furnace. He was an umbrella-and-tinware mender. His head was gray; his eyes bleared; and his back was bent with a weight of years.

"Well, where are you going?" I asked.

"Anywhere and nowhere," came a rough, yet not angry answer. Later I found him sitting on a tree stump in the woods, assorting his well-used and rusty wares.

"And where have you been sleeping now?" I asked.

"Just where I can," he replied. "First along side of a tree, next night in a barn, and sometimes I sit up all night with me pards and talk over all the old war times. Pension? Yes, I get a pension! Them's happy days, when pension time come round. I take all the pards to the town

and then we make things happy about the old country tavern. I get a pension all right; don't you worry!

"Now you needn't talk to me about drink. I'll drink much as I want and it's none of your affairs. If I don't eat, I'll starve, and I ain't starved yet, and never intend to, so long as these old tools and hands are left. No, I don't disturb anybody, unless they hurt me first. When I sleep at night I always keep that little knife,—see that knife? I always put it up my sleeve like this—and if anybody wants my pennies, he'll take that knife too. Did I fight? Yes, and killed many a man. Those rebels thought they were right and we thought we were right so we just kept on fighting. Yes, boy, that last battle! Seemed almost lost! But not when our cavalry arrived; not then! They were brave boys! We tumbled down the hill and slashed 'em right and left. We cut 'em! We cut 'em! And

we saved old McClellan that day, boy! Yes, God bless dear old McClellan; I fought beside him!"

I stepped back to avoid a clash from an umbrella stick, as it flew past my head. He thought it was a sword and was remembering the days, when he fought beneath the Union flag. He sat down again on the tree stump and wiped a tear, in a smear of dirt, from each cheek. I left him bending over his work, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

The Bobolink.

Often have I heard people say, "If I were a bird, I would spread my wings and fly beyond the reach of the cares and troubles of this world." How soon they would change their minds, and be convinced of their error, if they spent but one short day in the guise of the feathered songster, whose short span of existence is as full of events as the life of a man. Were Cadmus' dragon's teeth symbolic of the multiplication of dangers in the life of a bird, they would barely answer to represent the multitude of perils attendant on the life of a bird.

In the budding childhood of the year, when the first fragrant blossoms burst their petals on the trees, and the grass and wild flowers waft pure incense in the dew of early morning, there comes a happy call from the meadow-lands: "Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link. Chee, chee, chee. Bob-o-link." Your search for the singer will be rewarded only if you see her alight, and straightway mark the place in the level grass. Hidden cunningly, by reason of its color, the nest blends with the grasses and is well-nigh indistinguishable. Within the simple structure are the precious eggs of the birds. Is the task of hatching the eggs easy after they are laid? One would think so, but see, nosing along in hungry search, a skunk barely passes by the crouching, fearful mother. Then, later in the day, a red-squirrel whirls

along in impetuous flight, while at evening an owl swoops low over the sod, and a winding, sinuous black-snake crawls slowly on his way. All the quartette love eggs, and the escape has been narrow. Every day is merely a repetition of this one, only that the marauders may be increased by mice, or cats, or the threatening whirr of the deadly mower.

The fledglings, however, are finally hatched, and a new difficulty is overcome by the watchful guardian. When the grass becomes browned under the heat of summer, and the deadly rays pour their full force into the exposed nest, the heroic mother stands panting upon its edge and shelters the fledglings from its burning light. Throughout the summer she watches for enemies by night and day, and acts as a covering to the babies, until they are strong enough to spread their wings and fly, then the work of the mother bird is done, for she breeds but once a year.

This is a scant history of the troubles of the brood. Perhaps after they can fly the owl or the hawk will end their days before the limit allowed them by nature, but the bob-o-link of all birds, is singularly free from misfortunes, owing to the fact that she builds in a place where there are no marks to distinguish her nest, and the color of her young is a mixture of brown and gray, similar to the grass, while her own back is brown and blends admirably with the surrounding clover and meadow grass.

Hereward.

Hereward may have been demigod hero, warlock, or simply a bold Saxon warrior. At all events, he was a marvelous person. When we see him in our mind's eye standing face to face with a score of warriors, in a ring of eleven corpses, in consumption's dreaded form, as the Chicago chronicler puts it, and dealing gentle blows that allay all suspicion, we rejoice that the life insurance

system did not prevail until later times; for then speculators' pockets would have decidedly suffered. For a long time I had a disease; it was that of a pleasing delirium brought on by a too voracious gulp of "Water Babies." The physicians pronounced it hopeless. But Hereward tablets, taken in daily doses of forty odd pages, soon restored me to a rational appreciation of life, and I am now a well man. If you suffer under the same complaint, try this sovereign remedy. But remember that it must be taken in moderate doses. For children, two pages a day; for boys up to fifteen, or twenty pages; for college men, not more than fifty pages. Oh, Kingsley, Kingsley, I saw, I tried, I was cured!

There is a lady in the case—Torfrida. When you read the description of her Gorgon-like eyes, that follow you round the room, and keep you on the lookout lest a rolling-pin strike you on the head, the new woman cannot compare with her; and we can well understand how Hereward, in the heat of battle, punctured the face of his opponent with his shield and cried that magic name.

Hereward has a certain sang froid about him that causes a sense of wonder and repulsion at the same time. When we see him calmly dropping the unfortunate invaders over the wall at Ely, we regret that Satan took possession of his

heart to so great an extent. Any man who would do such a heartless thing as that has sunk pretty low in popular estimation: Charles Kingsley made him a hero of heroes. No human being could perform what Hereward did—it is impossible; and yet he is supposed to be an outgrowth of history, for history relates that a certain Hereward did actually give King William some sleepless hours during the siege of Ely.

As a horse thief he is far above the average. The consummate art and tact of the whole affair, the box on the ear that laid low Dick Hammerhand, and the up-to-date slang he used when riding away, would form a very fair pocket manual for any of our Western cow-punchers. And the horse! No bundle of bones that would furnish a meal in a Parisian Latin Quarter restaurant, no sleek, over-fed carriage horse; but the perfection of horses, the snorting charger, capable of record time on race-track, battle-field or tilt-yard. Yes, indeed, our hero had a decided vogue in that line. But Hereward died a noble death. The fair-haired bully, the terror of his mother's household, changed suddenly into an avenging angel, and sent thirteen of William's best warriors south for the winter. Such is Hereward the Wake.

Sonnet.

The world is disenchanting; though we may
 With reverent worship hold a fair ideal,
 And fondly hope it will to us reveal
 The fullness of our yearning, day by day
 The golden statue turns to common clay.
 Our hard won crown, which seemed to us so
 real,
 A priceless jewelled chaplet, now we feel
 A band of dross,—its richness reft away.
 Ah! would to God that all this pomp and
 show
 Might be uplifted, for our searching gaze
 Beneath its mask to wander to and fro;
 But men will e'er be lured by every blaze
 Of Fortune's flame; where'er her fire-flies go
 Her fools will follow and pursue their rays.

LECTURES.

ON March 16th, Hon. Thomas S. Butler, Representative of the Sixth Congressional District, delivered a lecture on "The House of Representatives—Its Methods and Character."

In opening his lecture Mr. Butler said that at present the House of Representatives contains 357 members and 3 delegates—the latter being from the three territories, Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico. He explained that delegates cannot vote, but perform every other duty and function of members, and are elected by electors in the territories. In the present House there are 185 Republicans, 163 Democrats, and 8 silver Republicans.

Men, in order to be worth anything, must remain long in Congress. The Congressmen are picked men, elected every two years and apportioned to a census which is taken every ten years. Not only all the United States, but all nations of the globe are represented at Washington.

As soon as Congress meets they organize, which is often very difficult. The chaplain of the last House and the clerk, are the only members who retain their seats. The chaplain offers prayer and the clerk calls the roll of States alphabetically, beginning in each State with the first district. A quorum is 179 members. After the names are called, candidates for Speaker are introduced with speeches. Two tellers from the majority and two from the minority count the votes. A plurality elects the Speaker. The oath is administered to the successful candidate by the oldest man in continuous service in the House, who is called "The Father of the House," which post was held by Mr. Harmer, of Philadelphia, who recently died. Mr. Butler said that Henderson, the present Speaker of the House, is both brilliant and tactful.

Members are sworn in after the elec-

tion of the Speaker. Then the fifty-five committees of the House are appointed—the latest of which is the Insular. The most important of the committees is the "Ways and Means." All legislation is first considered by the committees. All tax bills originate in the House, since the House is elected by the people directly.

The Sergeant-at-Arms represents the authority of the House. Mr. Butler then eulogized President McKinley, who he justly said was one of the very best in the history of the United States.

ON Thursday, March 22d, Pendleton King, A. M., (Haverford, '69), Chief of the Bureau of Indexes and Archives at Washington, lectured on "The Functions and Organization of the State Department." He began by disclaiming any intention of delivering a formal lecture, and in a conversational way gave the history and stated the duties of the important branch of our government to which he belongs.

From the Revolutionary War to 1789 our foreign affairs were managed by Congressional Committees. After that date there was a regular State Department, which had charge of the census, the Patent Office, the management of territories, copyrights, pardon of criminals, and, after the Civil War, the pardon of former rebels. At present the main duty of the State Department is the charge of correspondence with United States' officials abroad. As an instance of complication, there are many questions arising with Germany about exportation of cattle and meats, the conscription of naturalized citizens, passports, and extradition of criminals. Most of these questions apply to all governments, and the interests of the American missionaries in Japan, China and Turkey must be protected.

The State Department has thirteen

officers—a Secretary of State and three assistant secretaries, with the chiefs of bureaux and clerks, thirteen in all. Seven are in the Civil Service and six are removable. Their work depends mainly on their personal qualities and knowledge. The Secretary of State works on limited questions. There are many demands from foreign countries outside of his regular work. In certain cases he has to consult with the Presidential cabinet. The routine work is divided among the other officers. The Solicitor's chief duty is to attend to the extradition of criminals and to protect maltreated Americans abroad. He is really an Assistant Attorney General detailed for special service in the State Department. The chief clerk is selected to look into matters which the Secretary has not time

to perform. The seven chiefs of bureaux cannot work for promotion, unless they take positions from which they can be removed when a new administration comes in. Mr. King is in charge of the bureau which receives and sends out all the official mail, which is handed over to three skilled clerks on arrival, and of which abstracts are placed in index books.

There is a Bureau of Foreign Commerce, which sends out dispatches. These were formerly issued in consular reports, but now are issued daily. Finally, there is a Bureau of Laws and Libraries, whose business is to record all the laws as soon as they are published. But the State Department is mainly a department for the transaction of foreign business.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Football Treasurer's Report.

DR.

Amount received from former Treasurer	\$ 330 43
Interest on same.....	6 07
Sale of season tickets.....	67 50
Gate receipts	764 60
Class dues	215 00
Guarantees from other colleges.....	35 00
Amount received for coach.....	5 00
Amount received for sweaters.....	5 70
Sundries	4 20
Total	\$1433 50

CR.

Printing and advertising.....	\$ 47 15
Traveling expenses	63 27
Medical supplies	72 95
Guarantees to other colleges.....	305 00
Officials	15 37
Foot ball supplies.....	243 20
Tickets to U. of P.-Harvard game....	34 00
Telegrams	5 57
Repairing shoes and jerseys.....	10 30
Marking foot balls and silk hat.....	2 50
Revenue stamps	60
Sundries	7 00
Total	\$806 91

Total receipts	\$1433 50
Total expenditures	806 91

Balance on hand.....\$ 626 59

Respectfully submitted

ELLIS Y. BROWN, JR., '01.,
Treasurer.

Examined and found correct January 11th, 1900, W. W. Allen, Jr., 1900; James S. Hiatt, 1900.

At the intercollegiate indoor track athletic meet, held at the Academy of Music under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, Haverford was represented in the hop, skip and jump and the goal kicking contests. Reeder, '02, and Stone, '02, took second and third places respectively in the former event.

A meeting of the Scientific Club was held in the lecture room of the chemical laboratory on March 6th, with about thirty present. Wood, '01, President, and Dewees, '01, acted as Secretary. Two

papers were read, one by Dr. Bolles on "Glaciers," and another by Prof. Edwards on "Novel Forms of Motion;" illustrating by several interesting experiments. The Classical Club held a meeting on the same evening in the mathematical room, with Dr. Mustard in the chair and Walenta, '01, Secretary. Sensenig, 1900, presented an interesting paper on "The Greek Olympic Games."

The College Skating Pond has had a successful season, clearing over \$300. At a meeting of the College Association, held on March 13th, it was decided to give \$50 of this to the Gymnasium Team, \$50 to the Track Team, and the remainder to the Cricket Association.

J. H. Minds, captain of the University of Pennsylvania foot ball team for the fall of 1897, has been engaged to coach the foot ball team next fall. Haverfordians look forward to a successful season under his supervision.

The Glee Club has been enlarged to include ten men, namely: Patton, Walenta, Newlin, Pusey, Ross, Seiler, Trout, Phillips (A. J.), Simkins, and Worthington. They are always on hand to furnish singing when required for college events.

Rev. H. L. Duhring, of the Philadelphia Episcopal City Mission, addressed the Y. M. C. A. upon the needs of the poor in that city, on Wednesday, February 28th.

At the last biweekly evening "sociable" in Captain Hinchman's room, in Lloyd Hall, Mr. Cope gave a few words of advice and encouragement to the cricket candidates, and D. H. Adams, '96, a member of the previous team, gave a short talk on the English schools in general.

On March 19th several students met at the residence of Dr. Gummere in the interests of the forestry association. A

committee was named to draw up a constitution for the protection of trees and shrubbery on the college lawn and for engaging the interest of the other students.

The triple athletic contests in the gymnasium resulted as follows: W. V. Dennis, '02, first prize; A. R. Yearsley, '01, second prize; J. W. Reeder, '02, third prize.

On Saturday, March 3d, the gymnasium team and musical clubs gave an exhibition at the New Century Drawing Room, Wilmington, Del.

The officers of the Freshman Class for the present half-year are: President, Simkins; Vice President, Drinker; Secretary, Wilson; Treasurer, Snowden.

In the Intercollegiate Gymnastic Association's annual meet at New York, on Friday, March 23th, Haverford secured one point, W. P. Philips, '03, winning third place in the club swinging.

The Junior entertainment takes place in Alumni Hall on the 11th inst. Guests are invited by special invitation of the class.

Haverford was defeated by Rutgers in their annual gymnastic meet, on the 17th of March, at New Brunswick, by the score of 35-17.

Jenks, of Haverford, won the horizontal bar; Williamson, of Rutgers, captured the parallel bars; while the tumbling resulted in a tie between Williamson and Drinker, Haverford; Philips, Haverford, won the club swinging. Rutgers won the relay race, as also the fence vault and the high kick. Haverford and Rutgers each won a heat of rope climbing, that event remaining a tie. In all events except the fence vault and high kick and where a tie occurred, second places were won by the college which did not win the event making the total score 19-35 in favor of Rutgers.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

By far the best thing which came to our table during the past month was "The Alumni Number of the Nassau Literary Magazine," in which may be found the highest degree of excellence in essay, story and poem, and naturally enough, since among the contributors are some of the most prominent of our younger authors. It is therefore obviously unfair to compare the other productions of the past month with the work of men who have been more thoroughly taught by the school of experience.

But putting all comparison aside there is a sad lack of good material well treated. The short-story is, with possibly two or three exceptions, a dismal failure and as a general thing all too plainly shows a strained effort after the morbidly sensational. The mediocrity of the fiction could easily be tolerated if there was something of a deeper and more substantial nature to counterbalance it, but the pithy and thoughtful essay is also sought for in vain. It is true that

several have addresses or papers by members of the faculty, but although instructive, these are not student productions and cannot fill the place which they attempt.

"The College Student," however, has issued a poetry number containing some creditable work, but the criticism which is generally applicable to college poetry—that it has been forced instead of naturally flowing forth—may be applied here. The magazine is to be commended for the spirit it has shown in issuing such a number and in its honest efforts to stimulate interest in and raise the standard of college verse.

We must turn to the Georgetown College Journal for the best productions of poetry and we might almost say for the most interesting exchange we have thus far received,—and they are, most of them, very late. There is also an excellent sketch which smacks of that all too scarce quality of simplicity and naturalness and which is most welcome.



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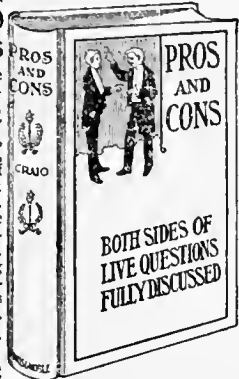
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VOLUME XXII, No. 3

MAY, 1900

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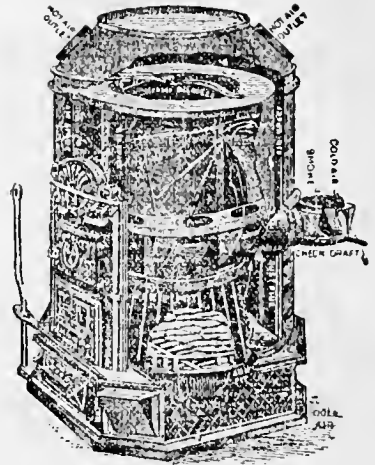
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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IT rather grates upon the editorial optic nerve in turning the pages of the present number to discover what heterogeneous bits of information are bound between its two covers. The perennial attempt at a short story, the sketches,—sparks of the imagination—and some rhyming lines all gladden the heart. At this time come the last gasps of indoor sport in the shape of debates, while open air games are fast budding

with the Spring. Cricket is in the air; it throbs in the blood at Haverford, and its dronings lure us from our musty rooms to more pleasant spots outside, where we forget the hours and all other things, save those that whisper of the open sky. Of a verity the Spring fever has poisoned our veins; at no time more than now do we feel as did the Lotos Eaters on that barren islet when "Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar," when our work lies before us, but seems so far away.

WHY mankind so dearly cherishes all manner of signs may forever be hid from vulgar knowledge, but the manifestations in the flesh of this great love have cropped out in all ranks. The passion seems to be more virulent in the youth than in any other age, and in the college student beyond all other youths. "A sign! A sign!" is the cry and away it goes, mysteriously enough, from its perch on a tree or fence and, like an underground river, dives out of sight to reappear once more on study wall or transom pane. It is supposed to stand as a triumph and indication of cleverness or bravado on the part of the latest possessor and as such the openly-admiring, but secretly-despising spectator passes lightly over the petty theft. And not worded signs only, but any curious or conveniently small article may be spirited away from the house of an acquaintance as a souvenir of love and friendship, to rest as lightly upon the mantel-piece as upon the conscience of the taker. A pleasing reminder, doubtless, of a pleasant visit! How

pleasant such a sight might be to the rightful owner we may infer from a very limited knowledge of human nature.

possible to do good work, until the mood has passed.

AT times the most sanguine student wonders whether he has done well to come to college. The more earnest a man is, the more despondent he is likely to become at such times. The high ideals about which he has studied, the broader views of life and duty he has learned to accept, seem at such times to be a hindrance rather than a help. When he learns what other men have done, sees what other men are doing, and measures by them what he is likely to do, he is almost ready to despair. His aspirations are as high as ever but his opportunities and his ability seem pitifully small. On his book-shelf he sees "The Works of Shakespeare;" he cannot write a respectable daily theme. On another shelf is "A History of the English People;" his own deeds are not known beyond the college campus. On his table lies "The Trial and Death of Socrates;" he is conscious that every day he does things he knows are not for his highest good. The realization of his own insignificance becomes overpowering. He can look back on little that appears worthy to be remembered in his whole college life, and all he seems to have gained is a weakening sense of his own limitations. At such times it is im-

MANY of the freshmen, and perhaps upper classmen, who come to college from preparatory schools or other colleges have no friends among the students to receive, welcome, or make them at home on their arrival. The remembrance of those few first days of lonely friendliness may change the whole college life of some of the more sensitive newcomers. The old students are busy with preparation for the year's work, and their time is precious. Upon whom does the duty of welcoming the future collegians fall? Here at Haverford the Y. M. C. A. has solved the problem by assuming the work. Every prospective student receives a letter during the summer extending him a cordial welcome, and offering to answer all questions and tender every assistance on his arrival at college. The Fall Campaign Committee, composed of nine men, are at the service of any one who desires information on any matters in regard to his future alma mater on the opening day of the Fall term. The Chairman, G. J. Walenta, is ready to give information on points about which the prospective student may be in doubt and until Commencement he may be addressed at the college.

THE MYSTERY OF STONEHENGE.

STONEHENGE, mysterious relic of the past! Night is the time to view those mighty ruins;—night, when all is still, and the moon behind the tallest stone throws out the moss-grown giants in dark relief against the sky. Over the endless downs beyond, the grey night-mist hovers, and then settles into the hol-

lows between the hills, leveling the great Salisbury plain as far as the eye can see. Only here in the foreground loom up distinctly the silent trilithons, dark, huge, fantastic. Thirty-nine stones, three men's height, surround two other rings of smaller slabs, all standing upright, casting long shadows on the close-worn

heather. A confused pile of tumble-down trilithons adds to the sense of a mysterious inner sanctuary or treasure-room as the case may have been. A hundred feet toward the East a conical weather-worn stone stands alone, the Friar's heel; not alone either, for, half buried in the earth at its foot lies the slaughter stone, a rock of dark basalt. For what was this so-called stone of blood used? No one knows, for it is but one of the mysteries connected with the marvelous ruins and these we may not solve. Let us step within the sacred enclosure, and sit upon that fallen monument. Now we appreciate better the size of these monsters that encircle us. Each one six yards long and the entire circumference capped by equally thick, though shorter masses of rock. In but few cases has the stress of wind and storm succeeded in displacing the binding tiles, so securely did the ancient builders fasten them aloft. We are amazed at this in view of their position and try to find the manner of their connection. Ah, here a trilithon, standing alone in the centre of the ring and facing one opposite, has blown over and we see with surprise a perfect mortise and tenon joint, though somewhat worn by the weather. A monstrous task it must have been to carve these huge masses of stone with primitive tools.

But now we approach the very core of the temple, if such it was; the altar stone. In the centre of the enclosure stand two large trilithons facing each other at ten paces distance. Between them lies the altar, a dented, haggled slab three feet thick partly buried now by the accumulations of centuries but still presenting a formidable appearance. The western trilithon, as if to protect the sacred spot, has fallen over and from the pile of stones one of the supporting columns leans upward and points as a finger toward the north as if warning the profane step away. But for all this the vulgar tourists throng thither, walk upon the sacred blocks and hurry away.

For your indifferent traveler these simple stones have nothing of awe or majesty. Expecting to find an intricate plan of building, and then beholding only a circle of stones they drive swiftly homeward, but to me they call up infinite associations of the past. The mystery of their origin and use and their builders leads on to endless speculation. No scientist has yet proved anything but their existence, no historian can tell us anything but jumbled legends, and so their mystery, I hope, will stand unmolested through the ages to come. The building may have been a treasure house, or a fortress, or a Druidical temple. This last is the most probable explanation of its use, but the imagination is in any case free to paint in fanciful colors the old-time appearance of the place. Before our eyes arises a visionary picture of savage hordes, the ignorant worshippers, crowding about the portal, indeed surrounding the temple. Within, the priests, more elegantly arrayed, perhaps, than their people, offer their incantations, prayers, and vows. Then the victim is led forth, a captive youth, perhaps, or maiden with flowing hair, and halted beside the altar. A hush falls on the expectant devotees as the sacrifice begins. The prayer is offered to the sun, the victim is prepared, the golden axe rises slowly, falls with a gleam, and the offering is made. The shadowy forms disperse leaving the spot only a hollow mockery of its by-gone glory and splendor.

Pure fancy this, and yet, why not true? No one can say. But the most puzzling thing of all is where the stones came from. Not from the immediate neighborhood certainly, for there is no such rock in all England as was used in building Stonehenge. No nearer than the southern part of Ireland are there found any similar specimens. Could those early men have transported such huge masses of rock so far? We know of no means that they had for doing such a ponderous work. May it never be known. Would

that never may the mind of man know whence, or why, or by whom Stonehenge was reared. With this place its mystery

is its charm, and to destroy that were sacrilege.

INCURABLE—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

“**S**UCH a headache,” groaned Joe from the lounge.

“Wednesday April Eleventh. At Eight,” read Lew, fingering the dainty card. “What a funny way to write an invitation, regular country fashion. Last night—hello, thought you said,”—he turned quickly on the sufferer,—“that you couldn’t play billiards because you had an appointment with the doctor?”

“Keep off—get out the way,” called Joe with a fierce show of anger as his chum rushed across the room. Lew stopped, calmly returned to the cozy corner, and pulling the Varsity sweater on his lap, he started to stretch the neck wide open.

“Put that down—you’ll ruin the shape,” wailed Joe, vainly trying to rescue it, and being rolled on the floor in the attempt.

“Look at that collar. Oh-h, and my necktie. You big brute.” He bent back and forth before the glass, tying and re-tying the butterfly. Finally he pulled off collar and tie, and rummaged in the drawers among a countless mixture of ties of all hues and shapes, collars large and small, and the pictures of actresses intermingled with lace kerchiefs and ribbons, until he produced a new set that suited him. These he proceeded to adjust with infinite care and painstaking.

Lew had taken a pipe from the rack, and was carefully filling the bowl with tobacco; “Match,” said he, shortly.

“Get it yourself,” snapped Joe, flicking a speck of dust from his vest, and pulling up his trousers at the knees.

“Know you have new stockings—hideous, too,” grunted Lew, who lay stretched out studying the effect of a glaring brown and green poster on the wall opposite. “G’way from that glass, will you.” A well-aimed pillow forced Joe to resort to a hair-brush to smooth over the damage.

“Where’d you go last night?” queried Lew. “The fellows came out to play. Never had a better game—I ran seventy-five—best I ever did.” He blew smoke-rings in the interval, “Was it the variety girl?” with a covert grin of malice.

Joe ran his hand through his curly hair in disdainful silence, then fell to studying the effect of placing his fraternity pin in different positions on his vest.

“If you keep looking in that glass, you’ll break it,” grunted Lew.

“You know after I left you Tuesday,” suddenly began Joe, “well I went out with the crew. Jim lunched us at Kaler’s, and we took in the show. He knew Maud, and we met her afterwards in the green room. Thursday I got that note. Couldn’t make it out at first! Then I remembered. Put down that photograph, will you, you’ll smear it all up!” Lew has risen, and searched the picture racks until he found the new one in question. He was writing on the back, under the fine hand already there—“Number Twenty—Next!”

“Just examining the—” began he, but the returning pillow knocked the fine ashes from his pipe in a glowing shower over the couch. He brushed himself hastily and began scribbling again. “Did

you have a good time?" queried Lew.

"No, I made a fool of myself," and Joe busied himself in nailing up a new poster over the closet door.

"How natural of you," was the sweet retort. "What made you refuse to play billiards with us this morning again? Were you down there before rehearsal?"

"None of your business, stupid," was the ungracious answer, as Joe came down from the chair, and surveyed his work.

"How did you like her. Tell me about it, or I'll—" began Lew, but Joe agreed hurriedly.

"You see I wanted to make a good impression, and so we took in Kugler's with a party. Some of them got hilarious after a while, and well—the person next to me emptied the creamed oysters all over my dress suit." Lew yelled with glee. "I left soon afterwards. They were very sorry. Of course I couldn't do anything. Father met me at the door. I forgot to say it was after two, and we had a talk." The yells subsided into inarticulate gurgling, for Lew was past help.

Joe sat on the edge of the window-ledge moodily. "I am in for it now," said he, "can't go out anywheres. Allowance cut off. Governor threatens to tell the mater if I make a move of any sort.

I have to help entertain some Vassar friends of mater's this afternoon, and meet the governor again to-night."

"It's too bad," mused Lew in an undertone as though to himself, "I had tickets for the opera, and Billy said we could see Katharine alone after the show. He asked me to bring you."

Joe rose and put on his patent leathers. "I saw a great suit on a fellow to-day," he said. "He wore a new style tie, so I bought one." He went to the dress-case and took out the package. "I wonder how it will look with my Prince Albert." It was the work of a moment to slip it on, and study the effect side, front, back, and side again in the glass. Joe appeared well satisfied with the final survey. He sighed drearily, however, as the thought of his punishment came to him.

Lew rose lazily, and shook himself. "You simply can't be cured," said he, "I am going down to the opera now. Coming?"

Joe stood irresolute on the doorstep a moment, as Lew went out, then he called, "Wait a moment, I'll walk with you part way just for exercise," and he closed the door. "Which means," soliloquized Lew, waiting on the corner, "that Number Twenty-one is added to his list to-day; what a boy!"

THE "BIG GAME" OF MY BOYHOOD.

I SUPPOSE that my liking for the craft of Nimrod dates from the times when first I looked at animal pictures, and was the rampant leader of a herd of little human buffaloes who galloped on all fours. I never hunted big game. I'm not sure that I ever really wanted to,—that is, hunt to kill. I am almost sure that there would be much more pleasure in following the tracks of a grub-hunting grizzly on his morning search for lunch than in actually meeting

him at dinner time, to settle the question of which of us should dine on the other.

And so, as to the hunting of my boyhood days, the results have been not in actual pelts, nor in dollars and cents, but they have been in a love of out-door life, and some small knowledge of wild things.

I grew up reading all manner of out-door literature, from Murray's "Adirondack Tales" and Kipling's "Jungle Books," to Audubon's "Birds of North

America." And reading of what these men saw, or pretended to see, always filled me with a desire to go and do likewise, so that I spent more and more time simply rambling through the woods and along the creeks, hunting in my own harmless way.

And what did I hunt? I think the musk-rat received a very large share of my attention. Yes, the little musk-rat, despised by all alike, and bitterly persecuted by every owner of an ice pond or a mill race. I waged war on him myself. I set traps in his runways and at the ends of his toboggan slides, and tried to shoot him at his play on moonlight nights. But I never killed one yet without my conscience squirming just a little, especially when I knew he had spent the long hours of the night with one foot in a steel-trap. So that sometimes I gave up the trapping altogether, and simply went my rounds to see what I could see and learn.

One year after an especially good crop of late apples a certain orchard was much frequented by the rats. A mill race ran along one side, and in a space of one hundred yards there were eight runways up into the orchard. These were well-defined, hard-beaten tracks, up the steep bank and through the long grass, traceable beyond the second row of trees. They made splendid places for steel-traps, hidden with grass and leaves. But we learned here by experience what we had often heard, that a musk-rat will not stay in a trap many hours if away from the water. No, he will gnaw his leg off, crawl back to his den to heal the stump, and then continue his already hard struggle for existence with this fearful handicap.

In my youthful dreaming I used to picture such a returned hero as a patriarch in his tribe, honored and cared for to a ripe old age. But alas, I fear his real fate was often very far from that. One poor fellow I know met his death the same hour that he was freed. For on a bitter cold morning I found in a trap a leg, and scarce two yards away a three-legged musk-rat, frozen stiff.

In the mornings after a light tracking snow I used to sally forth as eagerly as ever did Indian brave. And many were the records written in the snow. The musk-rats always signed their names in unmistakable characters. They are blessed with tails like a two-edged sword, which, when they walk abroad, leave zig-zag marks behind. If they run, the tails still strike at the end of every leap, and leave their scratch.

Once I followed one through a thicket, and presently a smaller one joined, and stepped right in the tracks of the first. But look! The second left no marks of his swinging tail! Oh, ho! perhaps he did not smell of musk, either. On they go, the two tracks looking as one, and getting ever near the creek bank. Yes, here is the end of the story. I can see just how it was done. The musk-rat, careless and unsuspecting, came slowly, nosing here and there, and thundering over obstacles with his lumbering body. And behind him stalked the silent, bright-eyed mink. On the bank he paused an instant, startled, and turned his head only to receive in his throat the deadly fangs of the hunter. They rolled in the death-grapple but once, the tracks in the snow said. And only one track led away from there.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'92. Mr. Ralph Warren Stone was married on the 10th inst. to Miss May Ruland, at Titusville, Pa.

'95. Mr. Edmund Blanchard, at the recent municipal elections, was elected Mayor of Bellefonte.

The foundations of the gymnasium are already laid and work is going on at a rapid rate. The low level of the ground chosen as a site will increase the general convenience, for, with a high

basement ceiling, the main floor will only be a few steps up from the higher land toward Founder's Hall, obviating the necessity of very deep excavation.

LECTURE.

DR. J. Rendel Harris delivered the first of his four lectures in Alumni Hall on Thursday, the 26th of April. This lecture was entitled "The So-called Logia, or Sayings of Jesus." These are the sayings which were found but a year ago in Alexandria on a single page of Papyrus numbered eleven. How many pages originally made up the book we do not know, but it is probable that this sheet is a fragment of some compilation of all the words reported to have fallen from the Master's lips.

"They overlap the New Testament,"

said Dr. Harris, "that is, quotations similar to some of these logia occur in the canonized Scripture while others are entirely new to us."

The apocryphal writings, also, seem to substantiate these new-found words and lend to them a singular importance. It is no new doctrine that they teach; God is in the work, wherever done and whatever its character, but they fill a unique place, and if accepted as authentic, as Dr. Harris doubts not they are, we shall have an important addition to our New Testament.

SKETCHES.

When I Gambled.

I made a promise to a fellow early last June, and I have just got to the point where I can say it's paid. At last the shackles have fallen, the chain is broken, and the handcuffs are filed!

I well remember the time I started this thrilling game. He met me on Lancaster Avenue and asked me if I would kindly—and I said I would—gladly! But from that moment I have felt the promise bending the scale lower and lower as its time of fulfillment drew nearer. The feeling which I had at first of there being a whole summer before the promise would fall due, passed away rapidly as the days shortened. I felt myself steadily disliking that fellow; and though I tried to dispell this ill feeling, yet I found that there was no beating it down. What an absolute fear I had of meeting him—for he was away on a vacation trip, but would soon return. But at last the fatal day—hour—moment ar-

rived when I saw him, when I heard him calling to me, and when I mumbled out "to-morrow." Now I'm free once more; the fellow is really a good friend of mine; but if a promise for a far distant time isn't one of the most nerve-tearing forms of gambling, I hope I may spend another summer worshipping at the shrine of the Goddess Necessity.

The Apparition.

I had been for a long walk one Saturday afternoon, and my trip had consumed more time than I had calculated; so, putting my best foot forward, I hastened to complete the several miles which lay between myself and home. It was already dusk, and the low willows a hundred yards ahead showed that there was a brook to be crossed. I had just stepped on the small foot-bridge, when there appeared before my eyes, about ten yards on the other side of the stream,

a man, with a gun pointed straight for my face. It had grown quite dark, and a thousand thoughts flitted through my brain. "What will mother say if my body is found with a bullet through the heart?" I pictured to myself a brave dash for freedom, and plucking up my courage, which by this time had reached the absolute zero, I made a dash. The man was confronting me, but never fired. I kept straight on, and finally wrested the stick from the hands of the astonished scarecrow.

All Worry Is a Liar.

It's a bothersome thing—a mere nettle perhaps, but still a nettle. You

know two fellows—one of whom is your friend and the other is not. The first liked you right away—the other disliked you, you are sure, from the first. One is a jolly, whole-souled broad-shouldered chap—and your friend; the other is a popular, vivacious, athletic-built fellow—and, you confess to yourself, your enemy. Both the fellows love the dear old college you love; get along well in their classes; are welcomed by all the numerous gatherings of students at shed or study. Yet only this morning one greeted you with a hearty hail; while the other—well, yes, he did look as though he would have spoken if you had. Maybe the philosopher is right when he says, "There is no outside world; it is all in our brain."

THE ROLICKING KNIGHTS.

Now bring the wine-jugs to the board
 And sit at the table round;
 Let every knight unsheath his sword
 And cast it on the ground.
 And you, oh, hotspur, roar a song,
 And let the lute-strings twang;
 We'll rest ourselves, be it right or wrong,
 And king and court may hang.
 May hang,
 And king and court may hang.

Who always would his helmet wear,
 Who always bears the lance?
 To-day a truce to bloody fare,
 Our foes are far as France.
 Up with the cup, my comrades all,
 Let each forget his pang.
 We'll pledge the king whate'er befall;
 But king and court may hang,
 May hang,
 But king and court may hang.

MACSMITHEREEN'S REPUTATION.

THE Dunbury Golf Club is prettily situated on one of those undulating bits of meadowland which are to be found in plenty not many miles from Philadelphia. From the club house piazza the purely ornamental member gazes listlessly out under the low shady eaves and with a pitying contempt watches the tired members drag themselves back to the bar-room, hot and thirsty with a two-pint-thirst. Here in

a shady corner are discussed all interesting matters, club elections, tournaments, players, putters, and drinks,—these last being discussed often and with an interest which would shock any non-golfer. Of course the latest addition to our membership list was always the momentary object of gossip, and as I sauntered over to the "duffers' angle," as the active players irreverently dubbed our hallowed nook, I was in no way surprised to find

that the name of Willie MacSmithereen was wagging on every tongue.

"What d'ye thing o' his patent composition grip?" asked the old fogy who wore a modest golf suit of dark brown, black stocking, and a grey cap above his wizened face. "I maintain his clubs canna' last so long as the old style ones," he defiantly added. He was a Scotchman of Irish descent, and proud of his lineage.

"I'm with you," said the other old timer, whose meagre limbs were padded so they looked like the penny sugar-plums on a stick which are sold in the street; "things are goin' from bad to worse," and he crossed one member over the other.

"But they say he's a Scotchman," ventured the young hero-worshipper.

"Scotchman!" shrieked the old fogy, "he's no more a Scotchman than you are; his third cousins were caddies at Saint Andrew, and all the Scotch blood in him woudna' amount to this," seizing a thimble of whiskey and draining it at a gulp.

"Doesn't he have his caddy-bag made out of the Mac Smithereen tartan?" persisted young hopeful.

"That for his tartan," and the old fogy snapped his fingers, at which all the waiters came running to him. "What? Oh, I didna' wish anything; but ye might bring a bit more o' this," and he turned again to the attack. But the young Englishman had a question upon his lips,—

"Is he the man with the short grey moustache and the blue eyes?"

"The same, sir," replied the second old fogy, "and a marvelous sharp man he appears to be; I doubt he'll lower the record a stroke or two if he keeps on playing in such form as he is in now."

"He'll no keep it up," assented the old fogy; "he canna' make stroke after stroke in sich perfection an' not be the worse for it i' the long run."

As this opinion seemed to be the ultimate conclusion of the argument, al-

though modified by many "Ye canna' tell's" and "Well, well we'll see's," I left the little circle of judges and went out on the links where I was introduced to the much-talked of member in question. He seemed pleasant enough and spoke with a Scotch accent, which, if acquired, was difficult to tell from the genuine. He was short but muscular, and showed a restless, nervous disposition in his movements. A fine player he undoubtedly was, and I watched with admiration his beautiful strokes. He could have broken the record quite easily then, I am sure, but up to this time he had taken pains to give the critics no criterion for judging him and so had not completed any single round of the course.

I returned to the club in three or four weeks on my regular business vacation and found the porch coterie very much agitated. I inquired what was the matter.

"What's the matter?" they asked in astonishment, one after the other, "what's the matter? Why Mac Smithereen, of course!"

"Why! has he broken the record?" I asked eagerly.

"Broken the record? Broken the record? Man! he did that long ago, but don't you know what's happened to him now?" I confessed I did not. "Why he goes and hides one whole day every week; nobody can find trace or trail of him till he comes back," they shouted almost in a voice.

"An' him playin' so pairfect!" cried the old fogy, almost beside himself. He had taken a great fancy to Mac Smithereen, even allowing him now to be a Scotchman. "Its a sin an' a shame that he should lose e'en a single day o' practice," he sobbed, "an' to think he won't tell even me where he goes."

"Perhaps he has friends in the city," suggested the other old timer.

"Not one," this from the old fogy.

"He must go away for some reason or other," the young satellite put in as the conversation began to lag.

"Well, why should he wear his ord'nary golf clothes?" asked the old foggy; "why should he take his sticks wi' him. Why, be all that's outrageous should he go away at sich untimely hours?"

"Why, when does he go?" queried the Englishman, who had lately joined the group.

"We canna' just say that," the old foggy answered, "but Monday night he's visible here and the deil takes him out o' our sight till Tuesday e'en at ten o'clock."

Many conjectures were hazarded with reference to Mac Smithereen's vagaries, but without a final conclusion being reached other than "He should not keep us a' in sech suspense," and with this I left the group dejected and almost consumed with curiosity.

The Pequoit Golf Club course lies about ten miles from the links of the Dunbury Club and is very prettily laid out, with high artificial bunkers; a favorite afternoon course for business men and those who cannot come far out of town to play. I was spending a few days of my vacation with my brother, whose house is situated near the fourth teeing round, and on the Tuesday morning after my visit to Dunbury I got up at five o'clock and, book in hand, went out for a morning's breath of fresh air. I lay down against the fourth bunker, a huge mole hill of earth, and was soon absorbed in my reading. Several minutes passed and then I heard a dull thud against the mound behind me, followed

presently by a series of footfalls. Someone was evidently out for an early round of golf. As the steps ceased a golf bag fell with a clatter and all was silent for a moment. Then there came a sudden whack; and a shower of sand flew over the bunker and landed in front of me. "Twenty-one," mumbled a voice. Presently came more sand and "Twenty-two." I next heard several vicious attempts to move the ball in rapid succession and it soon was elevated to the top of the bunker and came trickling down on my side. "Twenty-five, and she's over," said the voice, almost regretfully, I thought. And now the speaker came over the mound into view; it was no other than Mac Smithereen. "Great goodness!" I cried, "what are you doing here?" He seemed much startled but took my proffered hand.

"I guess I maun' hae it out," he said, after a moment's thought; "ye know its terrible for the nerves to hae a reputation o' any weight lyin' on your shoulders, and sometimes ye hae to set the burden down for a bit where no one 'll see it. So here I am, and ye see, I was so opprest wi' haein' to keep up my pairfect playin' that I couldna' stand the strain o' it an' had to come awa' somewhere to make a few mistakes; an' I'm twenty-five on this hole already," he said, proudly drawing himself up, but the next instant he relaxed and laid his hand on my arm; "But dinna' tell a soul, will ye, laddie, please?" he pleaded.

DEBATE.

AT 8 o'clock on Friday evening, March 30th, in the college chapel of the University of Pennsylvania was held the annual debate between the representatives of the Philomathean So-

ciety, of the University, and the Loganian Society, of Haverford College, in the presence of a rather large audience. President Sharpless, of Haverford, acted as chairman; and the

judges were President Drown, of Lehigh University, Judge William N. Ashman and Mr. John H. Converse. The question of the evening was "Resolved, That the action of Great Britain in the Transvaal since 1884 is justifiable."

The Loganians, represented by Bell, '00; Cope, '00, and Bullinger, '01; upheld the affirmative. The Philomathean took the negative side, represented by Messrs. Tryon, Rice and Kellam. The affirmative said that England had always made reasonable demands, and that she was always backed up by conventions and authorized proceedings. She had not greedily demanded the franchise, but had given reasonable argument to prove that she deserved it.

The war, the affirmative said, had been brought on by Boer obstinacy. The

negative claimed that it was England's fault, since the outrages complained of by England were isolated and not general, besides, the government was not to blame for them. In the second place they said, the Boers, having fewer resources, were entitled to more consideration than they had received at the hands of England. The judges awarded the decision to the negative.

After the debate the Philomathean Society kindly entertained the members of the debating team and their friends. A most worthy and cordial rivalry has sprung up between the two societies, and it is to be hoped that the Loganian can in a measure repay their excellent treatment by the Philomathean in the annual debate at Haverford next year.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Edited by President Sharpless)

AS the result of petition received from the Triangle and Beta Rho Sigma Societies for a modification of the recent rules the following were adopted by the Faculty:—

"We have given careful consideration to the contents of communications received from the Triangle and Beta Rho Sigma Societies. We think it possible that at some future time an arrangement limiting the undergraduate membership to a very few students from each of the two upper classes might be adopted. But inasmuch as this representation will be secured for some time to come we deem it undesirable to take up the subject for at least two years."

The Faculty have had great difficulty in awarding the Fellowship of \$500, annually given to a retiring Senior to enable him to pursue graduate university work. The difficulty resulted from the

presence of two contestants with claims so nearly equal that either might have had it, if the other had not been in the way. The rules of the Faculty require that past record and future promise shall both be taken into account. The award finally went by a majority vote to William B. Bell, who will spend his year at Columbia University engaged in the study of political science.

The question of reducing the number of times when "make-up" examinations may be taken is under discussion by the Faculty.

Dr. J. Rendel Harris is with us, brought over primarily by the Haverford Library Fund to give lectures on Biblical subjects. He is lecturing at a number of other institutions.

A summer school on religious history

is announced to be held at Haverford, beginning a few days after commencement and continuing about ten days. It will be addressed by a number of professors from Haverford, Bryn Mawr, Earlham and Penn Colleges, by Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus; Dr. George F. Moore, of Andover; Dr. Robert W. Rogers, of Drew; Dr. W. N. Clark, of Colgate; Dr. Rendel Harris and John Wilhelm Rountree, of England, and others.

The school will occupy the college halls, and those from a distance will be boarded in student's rooms.

Drs. Gummere and Brown will spend the summer abroad.

Dr. Rufus M. Jones has been granted a year's leave of absence for purpose of study.

Prof. Allen C. Thomas recently pre-

sided over a librarian's convention at Washington.

It has been decided to begin the erection of a central heating and lighting plant in the hollow toward the farm house. The new gymnasium and probably one of the other buildings will be connected with it this summer and the others as money is provided. Ultimately all the power will be generated there, and the coal and ashes concentrated in this unobtrusive locality. William S. Vaux, Jr., '93, is the architect of the improvement.

After many conflicting decisions the gymnasium is placed directly in front of Founder's Hall, at the head of the Serpentine Walk. The boardwalk running south from Founders' leads directly to the front door. Work is rapidly progressing on its construction. Several thousand dollars will still be needed to finish and equip it.

SPORTS.

APRIL the sixth was Preliminary Day of the annual interclass Spring sports. Despite the fact that some of the best men were unable to participate, the contests were for the most part close and exciting. So far the Seniors have captured 13 points, Juniors 29, Sophomores 29, Freshmen 1. The best individual work was done by Reeder, '02; Justice, 1900, and Yearsley, '01. Two college records were broken, throwing the cricket ball, and punting the foot ball. Detailed results are as follows:—

100-yard dash—Trial heats:—

1st, Brown, '01; 2nd, Sensenig, 1900. Time, 11 4-5 seconds.

1st, Winslow, '01; 2nd, Stone, '02. Time, 11 3-5 seconds.

Running high jump—Won by Justice, 1900; height, 5 feet 2 inches; 2nd, Reeder, '02; 3rd, Yearsley, '01.

220-yard dash—Trial heats:—

1st, Reeder, '02; 2nd, White, 1900. Time, 25 4-5 seconds.

1st, Yearsley, '01; 2nd, Sensenig, 1900. Time, 26 3-5 seconds.

One mile bicycle race—Won by Neilson, '01; 2nd, W. E. Cadbury, '01; 3rd, Cookman, '02. Time, 2 minutes 58 seconds.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by Wood, '01, 34 feet 4 inches; 2nd, Yearsley, '01; 3rd, Mifflin, 1900.

220-yard hurdles—Trial heats.

1st, Lloyd, 1900, 2nd, Thomas, '02. Time, 31 seconds.

1st, Reeder, '02; 2nd, Justice, 1900. Time, 31 2-5 seconds.

Throwing cricket ball—Won by Justice, 1900, 355 feet 3 inches (record); 2nd, Yearsley, '01; 3rd, Neilson, '01.

Standing broad jump—Won by Reeder, '02, 9 feet 5 1-2 inches, 2nd, Yearsley, '01; 3rd, Dean, '03.

Running broad jump—Won by Stone, '02, 19 feet 2 inches; 2d, Reeder, '02; 3rd, Justice, 1900.

Kicking foot ball—Won by Yearsley, '01, 179 feet 4 inches, (record); 2nd, Fox, '02; 3rd, Justice, 1900.

Half-mile run—Won by Reeder, '02; 2nd, Ross, '02; 3rd, Trout, '02. Time, 2 minutes 18 seconds.

The following Monday, April the 9th,

a one mile relay race was run. The teams were:—

- 1900—Lloyd, Mifflin, White, Sensenig.
- 1901—Brown, De Armond, Dewees, Yearsley.
- 1902—Trout, Ross, Jones, Reeder.
- 1903—Worthington, Greb, A. J. Phillips, Simkin.

It resulted in a victory for 1902, with

1900 second and 1903 third. Eight more men from each class then continued running, and at the end of three miles 1902 again came in ahead, with 1903 second, and 1900 third.

The remaining track events will be decided on the Final Day, which comes May the 4th.

CRICKET.

Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

On the 25th and 26th of April the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen in their annual cricket game by a score of 58-23. Heavy scoring was not a feature of the game, though several pretty catches saved many runs. Gummere topped the batting list with 15, while Longstreth's 12 was the only other double figure reckoning. For the Freshmen, Snowden won the "Shakespeare Bat" by a well-earned 8, his classmates going at cheaper figures.

SOPHOMORES.

Gummere, l. b. w. Drinker.....	15
Trout, c. Duerr, b. Tilney.....	2
Wood, b. Tilney.....	4
Dennis, b. Tilney.....	2
Cookman, hit w'k't, b. Drinker.....	6
Scott, c. W. P. Philips, b. Tilney.....	0
Nicholson, c. Tilney, b. Drinker.....	1
Longstreth, c. and b. Drinker.....	12
Thomas, b. Tilney.....	0
Spiers, c. and b. W. P. Philips.....	5
Stork, not out.....	7

Wide	1
No balls.....	3
<hr/>	
Total	58

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Drinker	84	5	4	15
Tilney	78	1	5	39
W. P. Philips.....	1	0	1	0

FRESHMEN.

Worthington, b. Wood.....	0
W. P. Philips, b. Wood.....	3
Drinker, c. Gummere, b. Wood.....	4
Garrigues, c. Trout, b. Wood.....	0
Tilney, b. Dennis.....	0
Eshleman, c. Trout, b. Wood.....	1
Duerr, b. Wood.....	0
A. J. Phillips, b. Dennis.....	3
Snowden, b. Wood.....	8
Cadbury, b. Dennis.....	0
Peirce, not out.....	2
Leg by	1
Wide	1

Total	23
-------------	----

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Wood	53	5	7	15
Dennis	48	3	3	6

COLLEGE NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Classical Club was held in the Physics Room, Founder's Hall, on Tuesday, March 27th. R. M. Gummere, '02, spoke on the Roman Forum. Walenta, '01, described the Pantheon, and Scull, '01, gave a talk on the Column of Trajan and the Colosseum. The subjects were illustrated by lantern slides and photographs.

A meeting of the Scientific Club occurred on April 3d in Founder's Hall. Dr. Brown explained a theory which he had lately invented, accounting for the periodicity of the sun spots. Prof. Saunders then described the elements of wireless telegraphy with a few experiments.

The officers of the Y. M. C. A. for the

coming year have been elected as follows: President, W. E. Cadbury, '01; Vice President, R. Patton, '01; Recording Secretary, J. S. Fox, '02; Corresponding Secretary, E. E. Trout, '02; Treasurer, A. J. Phillips, '03.

Outdoor cricket practice in the nets was begun on April 7th. Much interest is taken in the proposed English tour; and present indications bid fair for a very good team. The candidates for the three elevens have been divided into the following sections. First division, Hinchman (captain), C. J. Allen, C. H. Carter, Emlen, Justice, Lloyd, Mifflin, Sharpless, De Motte, Patton, Sharp, Cookman, Gummere and Wood. Second division, W. E. Cadbury (captain), Tatnall, E. Y. Brown, Dewees, Dennis, Garrett, Nicholson, Trout and Drinker. Third division, G. J. Walenta (captain), Scull, Cary, Longstreth, Scott, Spiers, Stork, Duerr, Garrigues, W. P. Philips and A. J. Phillips. Dr. Gummere and Dr. Mustard will play as usual on the second eleven. Each division takes regular fielding practice under its captain every day at 12.30 P. M.

The Freshmen have elected J. B. Drinker captain, and W. P. Philips manager of their class cricket team.

E. Y. Brown, Jr., '01, has been elected secretary of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Gymnasts of America.

The Seniors and the Juniors have elected Tatnall and De Motte, respectively, as captains of their class teams.

The annual Junior reception was given by the Class of 1901 on April 11th. The exercises represented a scene in an old London coffee-house, where the Dr.

Johnson Club entertained a few mysterious friends. After the entertainment the guests were received in Founder's Hall, which had been well furnished and beautifully decorated. The occasion was a great success, despite the inclemency of the weather.

In the Princeton handicap games, held at Princeton on the 21st inst., Haverford was represented by six men, two of whom, Wood and Stone, were not able to compete. In the 220 yard hurdles Lloyd took first place, time, 26 2-5 seconds. Reeder was second in the half-mile run, time, 2 minutes 4 seconds. In the mile run Ross was fifth among 21 entries in a close finish, time, about 4 minutes 48 seconds. In the 440 yards dash Yearsley came in about seventh of 33 entries, the winning time being 48 2-5 seconds.

The following men have been chosen to compose the relay team for the races at the University of Pennsylvania on April 28th; Lloyd, '00; Yearsley, '01; Ross, '02, and Reeder, '02, with Winslow, '01, and Worthington, '03, as substitutes.

On Monday, April 24th, the Sophomore Class cricket team played Friends' Select School. The game was a draw. Score, Haverford, 1902, 46 for 7 wickets; F. S. S., 80.

On Friday, the 27th inst., the Freshman cricket team met the Germantown Juniors and were taken into camp. The feature of the game was the appalling amount of energy wasted. Germantown batted first for two hours and secured 104 runs; the Freshmen were then dismissed for a total of 3.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

THE mission of a college magazine is undoubtedly to interest and fill the demands of the students who support it, but in this effort it is most carefully watched by other colleges and often the general tenor and tone of an institution may be accurately gauged by the paper sent out to represent it.

But there is one department which as long as it is continued by some of the editors in the present manner will give their colleges the reputation of sponsors for that chaff and banter which is generally supposed to belong to days of preparatory school and kindergarten. That department is the Personal Column. We do not know the reason, but it is almost always found in the papers sent out by co-educational colleges, and whether it is to inform the student body in general as to the status of certain person's relations

with each other or whether it is a sample of the general course of conversation and interest, we have been unable to discover. At any rate it does not materially add to the intellectual standing of an institution to read such things as these in its representative paper: "Ask Mr. J— how Miss H— lost the train," "We wonder why J—n M—g—e can't stay away from the East Walk at 6.30," "It is rumored that L—u S—y—s and C—y J—h—s like moonlight drives," and many more equally as ridiculous and silly.

Perhaps they are amusing and pleasing to the persons mentioned and furnish fun for their companions, but they undoubtedly create a bad impression even among the very best of literary articles, and it is to be hoped that there is some excuse for their presence.

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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXII, No. 4

JUNE, 1900

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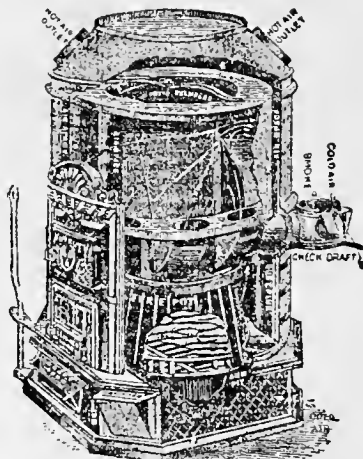
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXII.

HAVERFORD, JUNE, 1900.

No. 4.

The Haverfordian.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

IT gives us pleasure to announce that the prize of five dollars for the most work accepted by the Haverfordian from last fall to April eleventh, has been awarded to Richard H. Patton, 1901. The award of the two other prizes was not justified, either by the quality or the quantity of the articles submitted.

ON the sixteenth of the present month the Haverford College Cricket team will embark on the steamer "Pennland" and leave Philadelphia for the summer's tour in England. We wish them all success in pleasure and in sport; our '96 delegation made a good record of winning half their matches and were royally entertained wherever they went among the historic old schools of England, so that Captain Hinchman's men have not only an "open sesame" to closed quadrangles in the trail of our former players, but they have the weight of a good reputation to sustain—and to raise a few notches if possible. As far as human eye can see, the present year is the most advantageous one for this undertaking; not only does this eleven promise more than any yet on the horizon, but the memory of the trip of four years ago will not have faded from the memories of our hospitable hosts.

We are sending over a very evenly balanced team—almost all are good batters, and the tail-end makes up in fielding what it lacks in willow power. Three or four of Philadelphia's best younger bowlers figure in the list, while the change bowlers mount the total up to six. Hinchman, Justice, Sharpless, DeMotte, Patton and Wood comprise among themselves a large and varied assortment of paces, curves and breaks, to say nothing of styles. A majority of the games so far played have been draws, Haverford's scores being sixty or seventy for one wicket or eighty for two wickets, while the opponents have been retired for about one hundred and forty or so. This augurs well for a successful series of matches abroad when there will be ample

time to bat out on innings; postponements, however, and draws fall more lightly this year than they usually would, because the Philadelphia games are more regarded as preparatory to the real season across the water.

The team is Allen, Carter, Hinchman, Justice, Mifflin, Sharpless, DeMotte, Patton, Sharp, Dennis, Roberts, Wood, Drinker. Mr. Henry Cope, of '69, will accompany the team and we hope his enthusiasm will spur them on to make centuries.

HAVERFORD'S victory over Harvard on the twenty-sixth of May was overwhelming, gratifying, and in some ways, a remarkable performance. In the first place the score was very one-sided, Haverford securing 208 runs for a loss of only six wickets, while Harvard was put out for a total of 42. Not only did Haverford declare her innings with this large score, but her two retiring batsmen were well set before the wickets and there seemed no reason why the entire side might not have put up over three hundred if time had permitted. Haverford was sent to bat by Harvard on a wicket which soon became cut up, and by the fine playing of Sharpless and Hinchman ran up over one hundred before lunch. Patton's hard hitting brought a quick increase in the score and Allen was batting freely with thirty-one to his name when the side took the field. It was expected that Harvard would attempt to bat out time for two hours and draw the match, but Sharpless proved too much for them and runs came slowly while wickets fell fast. Lowry, Captain of Haverford's team last year was the only man to secure double figures.

The batting and bowling of Sharpless were features of the match. By hard, safe hitting he scored seventy runs in his turn at bat, and then took nine of Harvard's stumps for eight runs. It was a remark-

able feat. On the other hand, out of her two hundred and eight runs Haverford batted all but one, while of Harvard's forty-two twelve were extras.

THE Matriculate Catalogue of Haverford College, which has been several years in preparation, has just been published by the Alumni Association. Of every man who has been at Haverford as a student from 1833 until the present day, all interesting facts are chronicled in this book; the offices held by him while at college, the prizes won, together with the important parts of his after-career. Over seventeen hundred names are recorded, and, while some of the biographies are rather meagre in cases where the subject has dropped more or less out of view, all are interesting to Haverfordians. Every man receives a space in proportion to the greatness of his deeds, from the Freshman who has yet to make his mark, to the best known graduate of the college. The volume is the work of Professor Allen C. Thomas, College Librarian. It is bound handsomely and neatly in Haverford colors, scarlet and black, and contains about three hundred octavo pages.

SADDER tidings have never reached our ears than those which bore the news of Roy Wilson White's shocking death on May 19th. To be deprived of life in such a way, and for a young man above all others, so to die, seems the hardest of all imaginable fates. He was one for whom the future opened rare pages of promise, and doubtless his death cut him off from a brilliant career in the world. White came to Haverford from Earlham College, Indiana, in the fall of 1894 and took his degree of A. M. the following spring. He then entered the Law Department of the University

of Pennsylvania, leaving at Haverford a fine record for scholarship and standing. The past winter he was an instructor in law both in the Law Department and the College Department of the University. In him the community has lost a loyal citizen, his family a son and brother, his college one of her brightest minds.

PROF. Morely has been called to take the chair of Senior Mathematics at Johns Hopkins University. We let him leave us with great regret after his fourteen years of faithful devotion to Haverford, but hope he will earn the same regard in his new station as he has left among us.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Everett Society Prize Oration.)

WHEN a man of unusual ability, a man whom destiny has marked as more than ordinarily deserving of the world's interest, is shackled to earth by the fetters which Fate has forged about him; yet, when in spite of this he looks to the heavens in pursuit of a cherished ideal and never flinches and never falters and never ceases in striving after its attainment, the world must needs regard him as a man of heroic mould. If, struggle as he may, he cannot break away from the human limitations which Nature has imposed upon his mortal frame; if he fall a victim to the relentlessness of Fate, our pity and sympathy for him know no bounds. But if he triumph over every obstacle which obstructs his pathway, and finally gains the great goal which is the height of his ambition, humanity will impulsively break forth in an outburst of the most intense enthusiasm and applause.

Seldom in the course of human events is there found anything more pathetic than the persistent upward struggle of a great genius toward a literary career, when all the powers of destiny seem to have conspired to block his determination. Instances of such men in history are not rare. There is John Milton, a man of superb genius and profound intellect, gifted with that poetic inspiration which falls to the lot of but few among men! Yet the best of Milton's work was done while his eyes no longer beheld God's light, while his body was tortured

with an incurable malady and racked with the most excruciating pains. But in spite of his sufferings what a magnificent monument has Milton left to posterity in those literary works of his!

A noble instance of a different type is that indefatigable worker, Sir Walter Scott. We see him in the very infancy of his literary career through no fault of his own plunged into a state of the most abject poverty, and overwhelmed with a burden of debt under which many a man would have given way in despair. But Scott did not despair, and we find him after a few years willingly laying down his life, a victim to overwork, in the magnificent endeavor to refund to others the money which he had not taken from them, and to redeem his honor before the eyes of the world. If we have naught but admiration for a Milton or a Scott, can we too strongly praise a man in whom poverty and bodily affliction were united to thwart a man's will?

On the thirteenth of November, 1850, near the rock-bound coast of Scotland, Robert Louis Stevenson was born. He came of a hardy family of light-house builders and it is doubtless to these adventuresome curbers of the sea that we must ascribe the wild and romantic nature which pervades both his life and his writings. Possessed of a delicate constitution, the whole course of his early life was a succession of ailments, gradual recovery, and almost immediate relapse. On the sick-bed where his childhood was

passed, the vividness of his imagination alone surrounded him with the joy in living which was otherwise denied him. His passion for reading was inordinate. His brain was filled with the thoughts of brave men and women, honest loves and noble deeds such as only the devourer of book-lore can experience. This ardent love of literature soon shaped itself into a resolution to give expression himself to the wild stream of fancy which seemed to pervade his innermost being. His father, a stern old Scotchman with no sympathy for his son's desire, stalwartly opposed it. Friends joined in dissuading him from a career which seemed to them so fatal. They cited his feeble health, his lack of systematic education, his incapability for hard work—all to no avail. Young Stevenson's resolution remains unshaken. A scene ensues between father and son. They part in anger and young Robert goes forth to battle with the world alone. The great drama of his life has begun.

Never before has the terrible struggle for money with the pen as implement of conquest been so forcibly or frankly exhibited; never before more strikingly the inexorability of Fate in her dealings with a man of genius. It is a romance pure and simple, the immitigable romance of the life lived by a sadly-stricken, divinely-gifted man. And what must more than ever intensify our admiration for Stevenson is that fact that by nature he was a man of immense activity. He loved life and tenaciously clung to the little in life that was lovely and beautiful for him. Never once do we hear him give expression to a desire for death, though death was ever near at hand. It is out of his ardent longing to baffle the dire destroyer of mankind and not from a spirit of impiety or rebellion that he echoes the classic utterance: "Tis better to be the humblest among men than a ruler over the dead." Stevenson was compelled to live the life, irksome to him above all men, of a chronic invalid, yet

he bore it with invincible sweetness and patience. It is indeed a pathetic sight—this great heart, so in love with God's bright work, and yet so out of touch with its pleasures, except those which he could create for himself out of the never-idle workshop of his mind.

Let us follow him to the far-away confines of California, whither he has departed in quest of a fortune which would not attend him elsewhere. It is the midst of winter and bitter cold. In a tiny third-story room a feeble flame is flickering and its glimmerings reveal the dim outline of a bed, and on the bed is a man's form, and beside him sits a woman. The man is gaunt and lean; frequent spasms of coughing seem to rack his whole frame. But between the violent coughs his lips are ever moving, and the pale-faced woman is writing down the words he utters. It is Robert Louis Stevenson, in the throes of consumption, and of imaginative creation, exerting every spark of energy in his shattered frame to carry out his work. For his mind is as clear as ever, and his resolution as strong—to earn enough by the pen alone to support himself and the devoted woman by his side.

Only in his recently published letters can we know the miseries through which Stevenson passed, for his literary works bear not the slightest trace of the agony of his mind. Only to his bosom friends did he unlock the flood-gates of his heart and pour forth the agony that was within. To his friend Calvin he writes of the "Emigrant," composed at this time: "God only knows how much courage and suffering is buried in that manuscript. The second part was written in a circle of hell unknown to Dante—that of the penniless and dying author. For dying I was, although now saved. Another week and I should have been beyond salvation." Such words as these, penned as it were with his very life-blood, reveal to us the unswerving fortitude of Stevenson's beautiful character. By conditions he

should have been a pessimist, but by conviction his optimism was of the cheeriest kind. His volumes fairly bubble over with the hardihood and sturdiness in which he could not share. Weak in body, broken in health, he projected his own dauntless spirit into the stout frames of his heroes, and hand in hand with him we tread the slanting quarter-deck and run wild through the heather and sleep beneath the silent stars.

In the far-off isle of Samoa there lies a lonely grave. A single slab of stone on a sloping hillside marks Stevenson's last resting place. Round about bloom modest flowers; the waving palms o'erhead

shade it with their sombre foliage. By day the gentle winds whisper as they pass; by night the glory of the Southern Cross shines down upon that pale, white tomb. That feeble frame no longer knows of mortal cares. They have laid him away in his chosen spot and have fulfilled the desire, to which before death he gave such beautiful expression:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This on the stone ye grave for me:
Home is the Sailor—Home from the Sea,
And the Hunter is home from the Hill."

"PER ARDUA AD ASTRA."

"Per ardua ad astra," yes,—I learned it long ago,—
When life lay all before me bright—her morning skies aglow,
I thought I knew its meaning; ah, how little did I know.

Full many a steep my feet have climbed with weary tread since then—
Full many a wound I have received 'mong jostling throngs of men—
Full many a fall I've had—and yet I rise and strive again.

And some who started out with me have perished in their prime,
And some are loitering by the way, forgetting Death and Time,
But wounded, scarred, and dust-begrimed, still steadily I climb.

O slow the progress that I make—O dark the dreary path—
No rest my struggling feet can find, no rest my spirit hath,
No stars shine through the clouds that hang above me black with wrath.

But somehow in my heart the faith of early years abides,
The truth of those old Latin words my journey cheers and guides,
And one step more may reach the goal that now the darkness hides.

For someday overhead the clouds shall break their leaden bars,
A victor I shall stand erect in spite of all the scars,
And on my sight shall burst the light of God's eternal stars.

—Howell S. England, '88.

HOW SIX CELEBRATED TRAVELERS WERE EATEN BY CANNIBALS.

“AUGUST,” said my wife to me one Sunday, “the cook and the nurse have worried me for some time. They would like to visit their parents in the city, and take the elder children along with them. If you will be satisfied with eggs and potatoes for supper, I will give them permission immediately.”

“Delighted,” I exclaimed. “Give them the money for tickets and send them at once. Their noise and quarreling day after day will eventually ruin my nerves.”

It was done, and sweet peace settled over the house. My wife, the baby and I were sole possessors. She and the little one went to the summer house, and I said to myself: “To-day, although it is Sunday, we will paint the new benches in the garden.”

This was my favorite pastime, laugh if you will, to paint benches green. You have no idea how it quiets the nerves, this wholesale painting. It dispels all worries and troubles, and soothes the mind beyond all belief.

I had worked almost an hour. Nearly all of my benches shone with a brilliant green, when the sound of the door bell broke our peace. Brush in my right hand, paint pot in my left, with a large apron, once white, now principally green, adorning my figure, I hurried around the side yard to the front porch. There stood a gentleman dressed in dark clothes, his chin smooth shaven, and with him a lady in sober gray. A chill ran down my back as I recognized the pastor of our city church. He was a stickler for keeping a quiet and holy Sabbath, and I —

He gave a surprised glance across his spectacles at my painting apparatus, while his wife said in her even soft tone of voice: “My husband has a good memory. He has treasured in his mind your wife’s kind invitation to visit your coun-

try home, and now that his vacation is at hand we have determined to spend a few hours in your rural solitude. We will not disturb you longer than the last train.”

“A rare honor; rest assured,” replied my better self. I do not attempt to account for the mental state of my other nature here.

Then began a skirmish to which the great battles of history were nothing, as my luckless wife and I undertook the precarious entertainment of our guests. Every five minutes one or the other of us would disappear to light a fire, which in our hurry proved almost futile; grind the coffee; quiet the restless baby; try to remove green oil paint from off the coffee pot, napkins or hands; bring raspberry wine from the cellar; scrape turpentine off the floor, and always gaze vainly up and down the street for a neighbors’ boy to run to the grocery—when you need a boy he can never be found.

So we sat, talking aimlessly. Soon the door-bell rang again. Two pretty young ladies in bicycle skirts rushed up the steps with merry shouts. The pastor’s eye wandered out into the entry. His face wore the look of a martyr of the days of Nero. The elder young lady embraced my wife rapturously, and tried to gasp between her hysterical bursts of joy. “O, Tessie, for two whole years I’ve wanted to see you in your country home, and to-day we were in such a hurry that we rode our wheels all the way; we didn’t wait for the extra train.”

A special train—dark foreboding came over me of more trouble. I had forgotten it entirely. I stifled a sigh in a fit of coughing. “Only turpentine,” I exclaimed. “It got into my throat.”

My wife introduced the new arrivals to the pastor as Mrs. Reed, her old school friend, and Miss Ludlow.

We started the belated conversation, but the gravel walk crunched under footsteps. Again the door-bell rang.

"Well, August, old boy! If anybody wishes to enjoy you he must personally intrude on your rural heaven." Something to this effect sounded on my stunned ears from a deep bass voice.

The baby in the inner room howled at the echoes and my wife glanced comically at me. It was the voice of Major Estrat. My old regimental comrade bore a heavy, queer looking packet, a kind of travelling basket covered with wicker. He was always rather original in the technical field and continually dabbled in strange looking inventions, so that I merely thought he had a new scheme to show me.

"Where can I set this," he asked, pointing to his travelling bag, and adding, "Even in time of peace we must try to serve our country. I always combine pleasure with business!" Knowing his ways I did not ask questions, for I felt he would tell me in good time.

My wife relieved him of his bundle. "But please do not set it in the sun; rather some airy place," he added. She nodded and left the room with the package. As she passed she whispered in my ear: "Nothing in the house but eggs and potatoes. Every store closed on account of Sunday."

Moved by the knowledge of our culinary wants, I attempted to ease matters for the coming supper by gently hinting to the pastor about the law of resting on Sunday. Everybody in the country observed it. This reminded me, however, of my painting, at which he had surprised me, and I guiltily added that he might overlook that breaking of the third commandment.

The pastor thought I was referring to my waiter-like activity and frequent visits to the kitchen. He said cheerfully. "My friend, do not excuse yourself. We have put you into a predicament. The deeds of love and charity are admissible

on Sunday. You need not look so woe-begone really." He said this with such a hearty good-natured tone of voice that I, who valued good will over all things, brought out, with real pleasure, some of my best wine.

My wife, in the meantime, confessed to her friend, Mrs. Reed, the fact that she had granted the girls a holiday. "My dear child, why did you not tell this before?" said she. "Quick, Amelia. Tessie has given her girls a holiday. Go into the kitchen and show what you have learned at cooking school."

Miss Ludlow clapped her hands with delight. "Splendid! I will do as I please—as if I were mistress of the house—dare I?"

She pushed my wife, who was sending anxious looks towards me, back into her seat and rushed from the room.

Judge of our astonishment when, after two terrible hours, in which I rehearsed mentally the whole of the Ten Commandments and the rest of my prayers several times, and during which Mrs. Reed had kept my wife in the room by force, Miss Ludlow called us to the table and brought in, first, poached eggs, actually well cooked; then potatoes, in their jackets, of course; then, wonder of wonders, fried pigeons with excellent cucumber salad. My head was in a glorious whirl by this time. I did not know where I stood, in fact, I had the extreme pleasure of trying to sit in the lap of the pastor's wife.

"You are a sorceress," exclaimed my wife, scarcely crediting her eyes, and she embraced the overjoyed girl rapturously.

"Pastor, I begin to believe in miracles," I exclaimed, and not to be outdone by my wife, before anyone could interrupt, I had given the astonished cook a hearty kiss.

"Do you think that Miss Amelia is afraid to kill pigeons when she is hungry?" asked our glorious deliverer. This was Greek to me, but I wisely avoided any embarrassing remarks.

The feast ended with the gayest of good humor, especially on the part of the Major. "I am glad, August," he said, "that you are a pigeon fancier like myself, and every other sensible person. But that I am superior to you, I will show you after dinner." Even the pastor seemed to acknowledge that besides deeds of love and charity, the admiring of pretty table companions through the green reflection of a filled wine glass was no mortal sin. In fact, I, who had his wife seated upon my left, felt her foot drumming upon his more than once, for I know the sensation.

"Where did you put my basket?" finally asked the Major. "I did not come here only to fill with good things. I am a patriot yet, and intend to send a message to town announcing my safe arrival at this delightful spot." I told him that the telegraph office was closed. "We don't need it, August. Self help is the essential thing. I only want the basket which I entrusted to your charming wife a while ago."

"The basket is in the kitchen," said she.

"All right then; come along. The thing is simple—in the kitchen you said?" The whole merry company proceeded to the kitchen. In there it certainly looked queer. Potato and cucumber peelings mixed with pigeon heads and feathers formed an unpleasant mixture.

But what was this. Had the Major such weak nerves that he could not stand the sight of blood? With pale distorted face he gazed at the bloody remains of the butchery, ran to the round wicker basket on which a piece of gray linen still hung and shouted: "Thunder and Mars, where are my carriers?"

A dark suspicion overwhelmed him, but Miss Ludlow, even still paler than he, rushed away and threw herself, covering her face with both small hands, on one of my fresh and bright green painted benches. My shout of horror died in

unison with her's, as she lifted her hands and viewed the havoc that the green paint had wrought.

"One face you may perceive before,
Another visage when the deed is done."

quoted the pastor, as the humor of the scene moved him to grasp the trellis to support himself in his mirth.

Amelia had killed and fried the six carrier pigeons which the Major brought with him from the barracks, to liberate for a trial of their usefulness. We had dined on prize flyers worth five dollars apiece; no wonder they seemed lean.

The Major cast a withering glance at the unfortunate Amelia sitting with bowed head on the glossy bench. But strange to say, the more he eyed the pigeon murderess, the milder became his features. I ended the dangerous situation by forcibly leading the Major within and treating him to my good wine.

"You are cannibals," he roared. "African savages. You have devoured celebrated travellers who have visited half the globe. Murderers!" He refused comfort. I drew his attention to the fact that punishment, as far as the principal culprit was concerned, had been meted terribly with green vengeance.

He finally forgave between the third or fourth bottle, and even mustered grace to ask if benzine would remove green oil paint from a light blue bicycle skirt. Unfortunately for us, during the intermezzo and following explanations, intermingled with the scraping of pocket knives, soap and towels upon the poor sin-stained Amelia, the whistle of the departing home train echoed shrilly in our ears. We had but one spare bed to dispose of, so the elder children, who returned, camped on the porch. The servants took the summer house. Miss Amelia occupied a large cradle, where, broken down with remorse and bowed with sadness, she found ample room. I and the Major went to the hotel in town.

At breakfast we were a jolly, reunited company and parted amid the best of feeling all around. I forgot to add that yesterday Tessie, my wife, received a large square packet in which reposed

the wedding cards of Major Estrat and Miss Amelia Ludlow. This was what recalled the incident to my mind.

—From the German.

EXCHANGE.

IF the college magazines of the past month were taken as a standard we should certainly be compelled to dispute and deny the statements of Mr. Grace's article on "The College Monthly as a Literary Magazine," in which he most admirably points out the real value and place occupied by the college paper. The reason for the weakness of the present issues is probably on account of final graduation and examinations, but although college duties should certainly always precede outside work, yet it seems as if something better might have been sent to press.

The Columbia Literary Monthly contains an exceedingly well-written and closely thought-out essay on Thoreau's Philosophy of Life, in which the author discusses the essential traits of a truly great man, idealism and practical common sense and clearly asserts the value of a higher life. There is also an article on Monsieur Le Grand which deserves mention, but the rest of the magazine is uninteresting both in matter and manner of treatment.

The Gettysburg Mercury contains an article which redeems the entire magazine. It is an essay on "The Love of Nature," as portrayed by Milton's Poetry and is altogether a most delightful article --we might say the best article of the month.

The Williams Literary Monthly falls far short of living up to its title, and besides an article on Dr. Van Dyke and a

rather clever sketch, the literary portion consists of sensational stories of the Black Cat order, which, although interesting to some and at times exciting, are not good literary examples.

Pennsylvania Stories.

What Mr. Flandram has done for Harvard and Mr. Williams for Princeton, namely, the clever and accurate portrayal of college life and college men in their respective colleges, has been most admirably accomplished by Mr. Quinn in his stories of life at Pennsylvania.

Having a distinctive environment and life and producing such a varied impression on the rest of the college world, the field open to Mr. Quinn was a wide one and he has thoroughly reaped it. Besides defending Pennsylvania spirit, which is so often criticized, he clearly shows the different phases of life and their close relations to one another. Although we deplore the character given to Haverfordians, more by reason of contrast probably than any thing else, yet we most heartily commend the author on his signal success. It is difficult to choose the best production, but probably the one of most general interest to those not in close touch with college life and therefore ignorant of the complex relations therein, is the opening story, "The Last Five Yards."

LECTURES.

THURSDAY evening, May 3d, Dr. J. Rendel Harris, of Cambridge University, delivered the first of a course of three lectures on "The Literary Environment of Our Lord and His Apostles." In substance Dr. Harris said:

A French scholar, M. Staptha, who has lately been laboriously studying the Talmud in order to understand more clearly the external circumstances which surrounded the life of our Saviour, sums up his investigations with the sentence: "Jesus is not explained by his environment." This assertion goes too far, for there are many instances in the Bible itself where Christ's teachings are colored by his Jewish nationality. It is the duty of the investigator to discover just what these influences were and to what extent they affected our Lord's teachings. That such literary influences existed there can be no doubt. Every book of the New Testament shows traces of the apocryphal book of Enoch.

From certain passages of the Gospels and from our knowledge of Jewish education we may safely assume that Christ could both read and write. Another more difficult question is whether He ever committed His teachings to writing. Such documents, if they existed, would be priceless. A safe assumption seems to be that He wrote nothing which anybody at the time deemed worthy of preservation. There are many reasons to believe that our Lord was acquainted with Greek as well as with the classic Hebrew and the vulgar Aramaic. This is important because each new language means a new literature. The reasons are that Palestine has been from times immemorial a bi-lingual if not tri-lingual country. Colonies of Greek-speaking people were scattered broadcast throughout the land. Greek learning and literature were introduced. The Jews studied Plato and Homer. In Christ's own society there was a Greek element; Matthew must have known Greek from his

official position, and James' epistle is in that language. There is almost indisputable evidence that St. Paul was a thorough Greek scholar. Though a full-blooded Pharisee and a disciple of Gamaliel, we are prone to believe that Gamaliel was possessed of a Greek library to which he allowed his favorite pupils access in secret. In Paul's writings there are three indisputable quotations from Greek literature. They occur in Acts 17: 28, 1st Cor. 15: 33, and in Titus 1: 12, and are from the poets Aratus, Callimachus, Maenander and Epimenides. Our conclusion is that there was enough literary culture in the early church to make it probable that the early Christian teachers were affected by an important literary environment outside of the Scripture.

On the evening of May 10th Dr. Harris delivered the second lecture of his course. During his remarks he said:

In Christ's time education was entirely confined to the male sex. The chief occupation of woman was to veil her face in public and to realize that she was not burdened with a soul. The Talmud says: "Every time a man converseth with a woman he injureth himself and breaketh the law and inheriteth Gehenna." When a Pharisee prayed he said: "Oh Lord, I thank thee I am not a Gentile, nor a woman, nor a slave." In such respect was woman held. A boy's education began at five with the Scriptures. At ten he was taught the easiest portions of the Talmud; at thirteen the 613 commandments, and at fifteen the Talmud as a whole. It is safe to state that our Lord and His apostles began their schooling at five with the first chapter of Genesis. They probably sat on the floor and swayed their bodies backwards and forwards as they recited the portions of Scripture to be committed to memory.

There were two things connected with

the Temple which undoubtedly exerted a great influence on Christ's teachings—the targum and the midrash. The targum was the interpretation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue, usually made by a scribe who stood beside the reader and translated sentence by sentence. He often took liberties with the text. The midrash was a little sermon to the people in which the Scripture lesson was enlarged upon and explained. It was often committed to writing. In Mark 9: 11 occurs a definite quotation from a midrash, where Christ speaks of a second coming of Elias—a fact which is not foretold anywhere in the Old Testament.

Dr. J. Rendel Harris delivered the last lecture of his course on May 17th. The most important part of the library of our Lord and His disciples are the books of our Old Testament. Their influence may easily be traced in any of the New Testament writings. Many uncanonical books also are quoted or referred to by Christ. Such are the books of Ecclesiasticus and the legend of Shikar, Grand-Vizier of Sennacherib, referred to in the book of Tobit and found in some editions of "The Arabian Nights." Perhaps the most popular form of literature in the time of Christ were the apocalypses. These combinations of history and prophecy took the place of the modern novel. One of the best of these is the book of Enoch, written about 150 B. C., and, except for a few fragments, entirely lost until the discovery of an Ethiopic version by Bruce, in 1773. Its real author is not "the seventh from Adam," but, as was often done, he concealed his name, using as a *nom de plume* a famous

Scriptural character. The Epistle of Jude mentions this book by name and finds the fulfillment of its predictions of a Son of Man in the "glorious appearing" of Jesus Christ.

The first public meeting of the Zeta Chapter for Pennsylvania of the Phi Beta Kappa Society was held in Alumni Hall on Friday, May 11th. Dr. Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, lectured on "Some Unsolved Problems of Chemistry."

In introducing his subject Dr. Remsen showed how comparatively little is known about chemistry. One of the problems which have long puzzled the world's scientists is in regard to the constituent elements of the earth. Even as early as Democritus classification was made. Boyle reduced all matter to a few simple elements. And yet the composition and relation of these elements are still unknown.

Another matter which chemists never have solved is the manufacture of living beings. Parts of animal forms, to be sure, can be made, but protoplasm, the basis of life, is a mystery, and it will be a very distant day when the laboratory turns out a perfect organism.

Again we see our human limitations in our slight control of temperature.

Modern inventions have greatly widened this range, yet the infinite unknown still lies before us. Similarly also the atom, the unit of the infinitesimal is not even known to exist. Nevertheless, it is an encouraging fact that science has ever progressed from speculation to truth and every day we are getting to a nearer knowledge of ourselves and the world about us.

INDUCTION.

A problem; to prove that the stripling named
 Willie,
 Feels tender affinities rising toward Ruth.
 Tho' barred of access to their packet of
 billet—
 Doux, I have collated these gleanings of
 truth.
 At breakfast, her name, upon casual mention,
 Made him solemnly blush to a dull Vulcan
 red,
 And rivet his eyes with a Darwin's attention,
 On the big piece of butter eclipsing his
 bread.
 At noon, that same day, (and note his astute-
 ness.)
 He secretly polished the toes of his shoes;

And before school, had rent into shreds of
 minuteness,
 A third scrawling manuscript teeming with
 "you's."
 That night all alone in his sanctum sanctorum,
 At the mirror he practised some smiles like
 the dawn,
 And next day (O Cæsar et Rex Germanorum!)
 From behind his desk-lid he tried one of
 them on!
 Aristotle, My children, the prince of Induction,
 Would say, that the problem was proved to
 a T.
 So poening for Logic the door of instruction,
 I round out my proof with a neat Q.E.D.

SPORTS.

MAY the fourth was final day of the
 annual inter-class spring sports.

There was considerable excitement because of the close scores of 1901 and 1902. The Sophomores won out with a total of 57 points, the Juniors having 55, Seniors 27 and Freshmen 5. The highest individual scores were made by Reeder and Yearsley with 26 and 23 points respectively. New college records were established in the hurdles. The summary for the day is as follows :

100-yard dash—Won by Brown, '01; 2nd, Sensenig, '00; 3d, Stone, '02. Time, 10 2-5 seconds. (equals record.)

120-yard hurdles—Won by Lloyd, '00; 2nd, Justice, '00; 3rd, Winslow, '01. Time, 17 seconds. (record.)

One-mile run—Won by Ross, '02; 2nd, Phillips, '03; 3rd, Cary, '02. Time, 5 minutes and 5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Won by Reeder, '02; 2nd, Yearsley, '01; 3rd, Sensenig, '00. Time, 23 3-5 seconds.

Throwing hammer—Won by Dennis, '02; 2nd, Wood, '01; 3rd, Balderston, '02. Distance, 83 feet 2 inches.

Pole vault—Won by Patton, '01, and Neilson, '01; 3rd, Rossmassler, '01. Height, 9 feet.

220-yard hurdles—Won by Reeder, '02; 2nd, Lloyd, '00; 3rd, Thomas, '02. Time, 28 seconds.

440-yard dash—Won by Yearsley, '01; 2nd, Reeder, '02; 3rd, Simkin, '03. Time 55 1-5 seconds.

CRICKET.

HAVERFORD'S first eleven has
 lost but one match to date, and
 has generally made good show-
 ings. Sharpless' 70 in the Harvard

game is the best score, while his nine wickets the same day, for 8 runs, stands unequalled in the bowling analyses.

SCHEDULE FOR 1900.

FIRST ELEVEN.

April 28, Haverford vs. Belmont, at Elmwood.
 May 3, Haverford vs. Next Fifteen, at Haverford.
 May 5, Haverford vs. Germantown, at Haverford.
 May 12, Haverford vs. Germantown Zingari, at Haverford.
 May 16, Haverford vs. Philadelphia, at Wissahickon.
 May 19, Haverford vs. Pennsylvania, at Haverford.
 May 24, Haverford vs. Moorestown, at Haverford.
 May 26, Haverford vs. Harvard, at Haverford.
 May 30, Haverford vs. Linden, at Linden.
 June 2, Haverford vs. K. A. C., at Haverford.
 June 9, Haverford vs. Baltimore, at Haverford.
 June 13, Haverford vs. Alumni, at Haverford.

BELMONT vs. HAVERFORD.

BELMONT.

J. B. King, b. Patton.....	23
C. R. Hinchman, b. Sharpless.....	5
E. M. Cregar, b. Patton.....	0
E. B. Watson, b. Sharpless.....	7
F. Morgan, b. Pattou.....	7
Burrows, c. Hinchman, b. Wood.....	28
F. C. Altemus, not out.....	47
T. M. S. Rolls, b. Patton.....	1
W. F. Keenan, l.b.w. Wood.....	1
S. Mack, c. Roberts, b. DeMotte.....	16
H. Statzell, b. DeMotte.....	14
<hr/>	
Extras	149
Total	161

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Patton	108	1	59	4
Sharpless	66	1	30	2
Justice	18	0	11	0
Wood	24	0	22	2
Hinchman	18	0	15	0
DeMotte	17	0	12	2

HAVERFORD.

Sharpless, not out.....	26
Carter, c. Burrows, b. Hinchman.....	23
Justice, not out.....	10
Hinchman, Mifflin, Allen, Wood, Patton, DeMotte, Cookman, Roberts, did not bat. —	
Extras	59
Total	69

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
King	60	4	14	0
Cregar	54	3	25	0
Altemus	6	0	3	0
Hinchman	30	1	12	1
Statzell	6	0	5	0

HAVERFORD vs. GERMANTOWN C. C. HAVERFORD.

Sharpless, b. Clark.....	32
Carter, b. Greene.....	0
Hinchman, c. Brown, b. Greene.....	13
Allen, c. and b. Middleton.....	16
Justice, c. and b. Greene.....	0
Wood, b. Greene.....	1
Mifflin, c. Brockie, b. Greene.....	17
Gummere, l.b.w. b. Clark.....	3
DeMotte, not out.....	4
Dennis, b. Clark.....	0
Roberts, b. Clark.....	8

Extras	94
Total	113

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Clark	138	5	41	4
Greene	102	5	31	5
Middleton	80	7	26	1

GERMANTOWN.

P. H. Clark, c. DeMotte, b. Justice.....	34
R. D. Brown, c. Dennis, b. Sharpless.....	1
F. A. Greene, b. DeMotte.....	4
J. N. Henry, l.b.w. b. Sharpless.....	0
H. W. Middleton, l. b. Roberts, b. Justice.....	28
W. R. Tucker, b. Justice.....	0
W. P. Seymour, c. DeMotte, b. Justice....	34
J. H. Brockie, l.b.w. b. Justice.....	0
R. L. Pearson, b. Justice.....	0
F. R. White, not out.....	13
W. L. Cauffman, l.b.w. b. Sharpless.....	1

Extras	115
Total	128

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Sharpless	86	1	38	3
DeMotte	30	0	23	1
Justice	66	2	39	6
Wood	12	0	5	0
Hinchman	18	0	10	0

HAVERFORD vs. GERMANTOWN
ZINGARI.

G. B. Robinson, run out.....	11
F. A. Greene, c. Carter, b. Justice.....	25
H. W. Middleton, b. Justice.....	2
W. C. Shipley, c. Justice, b. Wood.....	4
S. L. Evans, (St. Roberts,) b. DeMotte.....	6
J. Wayne, Jr., b. Sharpless.....	45
T. Perot, b. DeMotte.....	6
J. Dallan, b. DeMotte.....	0
J. Riegel, run out.....	0
S. H. Carpenter, b. DeMotte.....	0
A. G. Priestman, not out.....	1

Byes	6
Leg Byes	8

Total114

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Sharpless	78	3	31	1
DeMotte	54	0	29	4
Justice	48	1	24	2
Wood	24	1	16	1

HAVERFORD.

Sharpless, run out.....	16
Justice, c. sub, b. Dallam.....	49
Hinchman, l.b.w., b. Dallam.....	17
Carter, b. Middleton.....	1
Allen, b. Dallam.....	4
Mifflin, not out.....	32
Wood, c. Dallam, b. Perot.....	2
DeMotte, not out.....	8

Byes	10
Leg byes	11
Wides	2

Total152

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Robinson	18	0	16	0
Greene	48	4	19	0
Middleton	66	2	35	1
Perot	42	2	26	1
Wayne	24	0	15	0

HAVERFORD vs. PHILADELPHIA.
HAVERFORD.

F. C. Sharpless, not out.....	27
C. H. Carter, c. Helmbold, b. Biddle.....	10
W. S. Hinchman, not out.....	23
Justice, Allen, Mifflin, Patton, DeMotte, Gummere, Wood and Dennis did not bat.	—

Total70

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Climenson	54	2	0	15
Biddle	42	1	1	33
Patton	18	2	6	2
Morris	18	0	0	8

PHILADELPHIA.

E. Morris, b. Patton.....	4
T. S. Donahugh, c. Carter, b. Patton....	11
T. Biddle, c. Dennis, b. Sharpless.....	1
Helmbold, b. Patton.....	40
Wooley, not out.....	61
S. Young, b. Sharpless.....	36
J. Patterson, b. Sharpless.....	0
C. Sheppard, c. DeMotte, b. Justice.....	7
S. G. Climenson, b. Wood.....	0
Smaith, b. Wood.....	0
J. T. Quigley, b. Wood.....	0

Total	150
Byes	8
Leg byes	1
Wides	1
No balls	3

Total extras13

Total173

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Sharpless	96	3	3	52
Patton	72	1	3	40
Justice	60	0	1	24
DeMotte	30	0	0	21
Wood	24	0	3	5
Hinchman	30	1	0	18

HAVERFORD vs. MOORESTOWN.
MOORESTOWN.

C. J. Allen, c. Sharpless, b. Patton.....	15
J. B. Graff, b. Patton.....	0
C. B. Wallace, b. Sharpless.....	3
Smith, c. Mifflin, b. Patton.....	5
F. H. Taylor, b. Hinchman.....	20
I. C. Wood, b. DeMotte.....	4
D. A. Roberts, c. Mifflin, b. Sharpless....	3
E. R. Richie, b. Sharpless.....	20
J. S. Stokes, c. Gummere, b. Hinchman.	33
D. R. Richie, l.b.w. DeMotte.....	6
G. M. McAllister, not out.....	8
Byes	13
Leg byes.....	1

Total of innings.....135

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Patton	78	2	3	33
Sharpless	84	4	3	38
DeMotte	42	2	2	11
Justice	48	2	0	22
Hinchman	44	3	2	12

HAVERFORD.

F. C. Sharpless, b. Wallace.....	18
W. W. Justice, Jr., c. Roberts, b. Wallace.	6
W. S. Hinchman, not out.....	32
R. H. Patton, not out.....	32
S. W. Mifflin, C. H. Carter, R. M. Gum- mere, L. W. DeMotte, F. W. Sharp, J. B. Drinker, W. V. Dennis, did not bat.	—

Total	88
No balls	1

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Smith	48	2	0	33
Wallace	36	2	2	32
Wood	12	1	0	5
Taylor	12	0	0	13

HAVERFORD vs. HARVARD.
HAVERFORD.

F. C. Sharpless, c. Murray, b. Drinkwater	70
W. W. Justice, Jr., l.b.w.	15
W. S. Hinchman, b. Bradley	40
C. H. Carter, run out	15
R. H. Patton, b. Bradley	26
C. J. Allen, not out	31
S. W. Mifflin, c. and b. Drinkwater	1
A. C. Wood, Jr., not out	9
L. W. DeMotte, W. V. Dennis and D. A. Roberts did not bat.	
Leg byes	1
Total of innings	208

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
C. H. Bradley	222	9	2	89
A. Drinkwater	198	4	3	95
J. T. Murray	30	0	0	23
Total	440	13	5	207

HARVARD.

A. Drinkwater, b. Sharpless	2
M. McNeil, l.b.w. Sharpless	3
J. T. Murray, b. Sharpless	3
H. H. Lowry, b. Sharpless	11
O. Paul, b. Sharpless	1
V. Mather, b. Sharpless	1
J. H. A. Fairweather, not out	8
W. W. Taylor, b. Sharpless	0
R. C. Brown, b. DeMotte	0
C. H. Bradley, b. Sharpless	0
E. Samson, b. Sharpless	0
Total	30
Byes	12
Total	42

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Sharpless	96	11	9	8							
DeMotte	60	2	1	18							
Wood	30	2	0	4							
Runs at fall of each wicket:											
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Haverford	24	99	139	144	181	182					
Harvard	8	13	26	27	27	30	30	31	40	42	

SECOND ELEVEN

April 28, Haverford vs. Belmont, at Haverford.
 May 3, Haverford vs. 1st XI, at Haverford.
 May 5, Haverford vs. Linden Second, at Linden.
 May 12, Haverford vs. Germantown, at Manheim.

May 16, Haverford vs. K. I. B. A., at Haverford

May 24, Haverford vs. Philadelphia Second, at Wissahickon.

June 2, Haverford vs. Sherwood, at Haverford.

June 9, Haverford vs. Moorestown, at Moorestown.

The second eleven has been defeated but once so far this season—that time at the hands of the Philadelphia C. C., second eleven—and promises to make a good record. Tatnell's 57 tops the batting list, closely followed by Sharp's 36 not out. The scores follow in brief:

HAVERFORD II vs. BELMONT II.
HAVERFORD II.

Dr. Gummere, c. Statzell, b. Hales	18
Dr. Mustard, b. Borden	4
Trout, c. Borden, b. Hales	11
Emlen, b. Milden	1
Sharp, c. and b. Morgan	19
Cadbury, b. Hales	0
Deweese, b. Morgan	8
Drinker, b. Wilford	15
Scott, c. Statzell, b. Morgan	6
Nicholson, b. Morgan	0
Stork, not out	1
Garrigues, not out	3
Byes	6
Leg byes	2
Wide	1
No ball	1
Total	96

BELMONT II.

Morgan, c. and b. Drinker	2
Butler, b. Drinker	2
Graham, b. Drinker	2
Borden, c. Scott, b. Sharp	15
Wilford, c. Dr. Mustard, b. Drinker	3
Greene, c. Cadbury, b. Nicholson	2
Hales, b. Nicholson	7
Crowell, b. Drinker	15
Statzell, c. Deweese, b. Scott	5
Calvert, not out	0
Milden, c. Cadbury, b. Drinker	0
Skillern, b. Nicholson	6
Byes	6
Leg bye	1
Total	66

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Drinker	75	4	23	6
Sharp	42	3	9	1
Nicholson	48	1	18	3
Cadbury	12	0	3	0
Stork	12	0	5	0
Scott	6	0	1	1

HAVERFORD II vs. LINDEN II.

HAVERFORD II.

E. E. Trout, b. Weldon.....	2
J. T. Emlen, c. Heath, b. Weldon.....	12
F. W. Sharp, c. Hirst, b. Lightfoot.....	28
A. S. Cookman, c. Hess, b. Weldon.....	22
A. S. Tatnall, b. Weldon.....	57
E. Y. Brown, b. Weldon.....	17
J. B. Drinker, b. Hess.....	5
W. E. Cadbury, not out.....	12
N. A. Scott, not out.....	8
J. E. Lloyd and S. P. Nicholson did not bat.	
Byes	2
No ball	1
<hr/>	
Total	166

LINDEN II.

Lightfoot, b. Drinker.....	1
Gray, b. Cookman.....	4
Hess, b. Drinker.....	0
Clay, run out.....	2
Miles, c. and b. Lloyd.....	19
Burke, b. Cookman.....	0
Nichols, b. Drinker.....	2
Heath, b. Cookman.....	10
Akeroyd, b. Lloyd.....	3
Hurst, b. Cookman.....	0
Weldon, not out.....	0
Byes	4
<hr/>	
Total	45

HAVERFORD II vs. GERMANTOWN SUMMER ELEVEN.

HAVERFORD II.

R. M. Gummere, c. White, b. Cauffman... 16	
J. T. Emlen, b. Bissell..... 13	
F. W. Sharp, not out..... 36	
A. S. Cookman, run out..... 1	
E. E. Trout, c. Cauffman, b. Martin..... 6	
E. Y. Brown, c. Tucker, b. Bissell..... 3	
W. E. Cadbury, c. Cauffman, b. Bissell... 1	
S. Brown, c. Cauffman, b. Seymour..... 20	
W. E. Longstreth, c. Wehner, b. Seymour. 2	
S. P. Nicholson, not out..... 0	
J. E. Lloyd did not bat.	
Byes	8
<hr/>	
Total	106

GERMANTOWN.

Dr. Wehner, c. Emlen, b. Cookman.....	25
G. R. White, b. Lloyd.....	14
W. P. Seymour, c. Longstreth, b. Nicholson 7	
W. L. Cauffman, b. Cookman.....	16
L. Martin, b. Sharp.....	1
W. R. Tucker, Jr., c. S. Brown, b. Cookman	0
E. P. Bissell, c. Cadbury, b. Sharp.....	2
F. S. White, c. Cookman, b. Sharp.....	8
J. Cauffman, b. Sharp.....	3
E. T. Green, run out.....	6
H. Wieman, not out.....	0

Byes	5
Leg byes	2
<hr/>	
Total	89

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Cookman	90	4	31	3
Lloyd	36	1	21	1
Nicholson	24	0	20	1
Sharp	34	3	10	4

HAVERFORD II vs. PHILADELPHIA II.

HAVERFORD II.

Emlen, b. Climenson.....	2
Tatnall, c. Donahugh, b. Norris.....	0
Cookman, l.b.w., b. Norris.....	5
S. Brown, b. Climenson.....	2
E. Y. Brown, c. and b. Barclay.....	8
W. E. Cadbury, b. Climenson.....	2
Trout, b. Norris.....	0
Scott, c. Bell, b. Norris.....	3
Stork, b. Barclay.....	2
Longstreth l.b.w., b. Barclay.....	0
Lloyd, not out.....	1
Byes	3
Wide	1
<hr/>	
Total	38

PHILADELPHIA II.

Smith, b. Cookman.....	3
Patterson, c. Cadbury, b. Scott.....	0
Bell, b. Cookman.....	1
Stewart, b. Cookman.....	8
Helmbold, c. Emlen, b. Scott.....	0
Norris, b. Scott.....	25
Donahugh, b. Stork.....	0
Climenson, c. Tatnall, b. Scott.....	4
Barclay, c. Longstreth, b. Scott.....	2
Young, c. Longstreth, b. Stork.....	2
Wooley, not out.....	2
Byes	2
<hr/>	
Total	70

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Cookman	54	1	23	3
Scott	66	2	31	5
Stork	16	0	6	2

THIRD ELEVEN.

May 5, Haverford vs. Friends' Select School, at Haverford.
 May 8, Haverford vs. Penn Charter School, at Haverford.
 May 12, Haverford vs. Pennsylvania Freshmen, at Haverford.
 May 16, Haverford vs. Germantown Juniors, at Haverford.
 May 23, Haverford vs. Merion Juniors, at Haverford.
 June 2, Haverford vs. Germantown Friends' School, at Haverford.

The third eleven had the misfortune to have several games cancelled by their opponents and have not thus far a very extended list of victories, but they played several good practice games outside their schedule. Dewees batted well, together with S. Brown, while Scott and Stork have bowled with great success.

HAVERFORD III vs. FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL.

FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL.

C. C. Morris, c. and b. Tilney.....	34
W. H. Folwell, b. Stork.....	0
H. H. Morris, c. W. P. Philips, b. Stork....	4
F. S. Hilles, c. W. P. Philips, b. Stork.....	0
S. W. Fales, c. Cary, b. Stork.....	12
C. B. Heston, Jr., run out.....	9
P. I. Folwell, b. Stork.....	5
J. A. Payne, b. Stork.....	7
H. A. Roberts, c. Brown, b. Tilney.....	1
C. E. Bartlett, not out.....	0
S. Fales, st. Garrigues.....	0
Bye.....	1
Leg Bye.....	1
Total.....	74

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Stork.....	60	1	6	27
Tilney.....	18	0	2	5

HAVERFORD III.

W. C. Longstreth, b. Hilles.....	0
C. W. Stork, c. Hilles, b. Fales.....	5
A. G. Spiers, b. Hilles.....	0
H. H. Garrigues, run out.....	6
G. J. Walenta, b. Hilles.....	1
C. R. Cary, c. H. Morris, b. C. Morris....	5
S. Brown, c. Heston, b. C. Morris.....	19
I. S. Tilney, c. Folwell, b. C. Morris.....	7
G. H. Thomas, c. Hilles, b. C. Morris....	4
W. P. Phillips, not out.....	1
A. J. Phillips, b. C. Morris.....	0
Byes.....	9
Leg byes.....	5
No balls.....	2
Total.....	64

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Hilles.....	84	4	3	32
Fales.....	48	3	1	7
C. Morris.....	32	2	5	11

HAVERFORD III vs. U. OF PA., 1901.

PENNSYLVANIA JUNIORS.

W. P. O'Neill, c. Tilney, b. Stork.....	19
H. P. Austin, b. Stork.....	11

S. G. Climenson, c. Longstreth, b. Scott... 0	
W. F. Norris, b. Scott, b. Scott..... 0	
T. F. Cadwalader, b. Stork..... 0	
W. L. Sheppard, b. Stork..... 0	
T. T. Hare, b. Scott..... 1	
C. R. Spare, not out..... 0	
G. Mallery, Jr., b. Stork..... 1	
J. M. Dredger, Jr., b. Stork..... 0	
G. F. Brumm, c. Longstreth, b. Stork..... 0	
Byes..... 5	
Leg byes..... 1	
Total.....	38

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Scott.....	48	2	3	15
Stork.....	46	1	7	23

HAVERFORD III.

E. E. Trout, c. Mallery, b. O'Neill.....	0
A. L. Dewees, b. Austin.....	15
N. A. Scott, b. O'Neill.....	0
S. Brown, b. O'Neill.....	6
W. C. Longstreth, b. Climenson.....	3
A. G. H. Spiers, b. Austin.....	17
C. W. Stork, b. Austin.....	9
H. H. Garrigues, c. Climenson, b. Austin...15	
C. R. Cary, c. Mallery, b. Austin.....	3
I. S. Tilney, not out.....	2
G. J. Walenta, b. Austin.....	0
Byes.....	4
Leg byes.....	1
Wides.....	12
No balls.....	2
Total.....	79

HAVERFORD III vs. GERMANTOWN JUNIORS.

GERMANTOWN JUNIORS.

J. R. Freeland, b. Stork.....	1
H. . Pearson, c. Brown, b. Scott.....	0
A. G. Priestman, b. Stork.....	1
F. C. Brewster, 3rd, b. Scott.....	0
S. T. F. Brock, b. Stork.....	8
E. J. Abbott, c. Trout, b. Scott.....	1
L. C. Wister, b. Stork.....	0
J. C. McCormick, c. Tilney, b. Stork.....	2
M. L. Newhall, not out.....	1
C. C. Watt, Jr., b. Scott.....	0
Bye.....	1
Total.....	15

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Scott.....	36	2	4	4
Stork.....	30	2	5	10

HAVERFORD III.

E. E. Trout, c. Brewster, b. Freeland.....	4
A. L. Dewees, b. Priestman.....	20
S. Brown, b. Freeland.....	1
H. H. Garrigues, c. Pierson, b. Priestman..	0

A. G. H. Spiers, l.b.w., b. Priestman.....	1
G. J. Walenta, c. Pierson, b. Freeland....	4
N. A. Scott, c. Pierson, b. Freeland.....	0
C. W. Stork, not out.....	1
C. R. Cary, run out.....	1
W. C. Longstreth and I. S. Tilney did not bat.	
Byes	3
Leg byes	3
<hr/>	
Total	38

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	w.	r.
Freeland	66	3	4	13
Priestman	61	2	3	19

HAVERFORD II vs. HAVERFORD III.

HAVERFORD III.

Dewees, c. Emlen, b. Drinker.....	1
Trout, run out.....	3
S. Brown, c. Gummere, b. Sharp.....	16
Kirkbride, c. Dr. Gummere, b. Cookman...	0
Spiers, l.b.w., b. Cookman.....	1
Walenta, c. Drinker, b. Cookman.....	4
Scott, l.b.w., b. Nicholson.....	6
Cary, not out.....	15
Stork, b. Sharp.....	3
Longstreth, run out.....	9
Tilney, run out.....	6

Bye	1
Leg byes	5
Wides	3
No ball	1
<hr/>	
Total	65

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Cookman	47	2	13	3
Drinker	30	0	13	1
Nicholson	18	0	7	1
Sharp	42	1	14	2
Lloyd	36	3	6	0

HAVERFORD II.

Dr. Gummere, c. Longstreth, b. Scott.....	12
R. M. Gummere, c. Carey, b. Scott.....	0
Cookman, c. and b. Scott.....	3
Sharp, not out.....	2
Emlen, c. and b. Scott.....	0
Drinker, run out.....	0
E. Y. Brown, b. Scott.....	0
Cadbury, not out.....	0
Nicholson, Reeder and Lloyd did not bat.	
Leg bye.....	1
<hr/>	
Total	13

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Scott	36	3	5	5
Stork	36	2	13	0

COLLEGE NOTES.

A meeting of the Scientific Society was held Tuesday evening, May 8th, in the Chemical Lecture Room. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: President, W. H. Wood; Vice-President, H. L. Balderston; Secretary, G. H. Thomas. Dr. F. S. Cushman, of Bryn Mawr, discussed "Nitrification" and described the cycle of the breaking down and building up of nitrogen. F. C. Sharpless read a paper on "Medical Ethics." The programme was closed by some experiments in electric welding by Prof. Edwards.

At the annual meeting of the Haverford Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society William B. Bell and Henry Carter,

of the Senior Class, were elected members.

On Tuesday evening, May 15, the Y. M. C. A. was addressed by Mr. E. D. Soper, the State Secretary of that organization.

The fourth annual Freshman-Sophomore contest for the "Everett Society Prize" occurred in Alumni Hall on Wednesday, May 16th. Mr. Alfred P. Smith, the originator of the contest, presided, and Messrs. Lewis S. Lee, Edward M. David and Charles L. Hillman acted as judges. The programme was as follows:

The Man With the Hoe, II. A. Domienovich
England and the Slave Trade,
W. W. Chambers

The Reconstruction of the South, A. S. Cookman
 The Value of a Sentiment.....G. E. Newlin
 Music.....Haverford College Mandolin Club
 Robert Louis Stevenson.....W. P. Philips
 The Defence of the Alamo...A. C. Wood, Jr.
 The Power of Song.....E. F. Hoffman
 Gordon in the Soudan.....G. Pierce
 Music.....Haverford College Mandolin Club

In a contest in which all the speakers are so worthy of commendation, superiority becomes the greater honor. This honor with the accompanying prize of a silver medal the judges awarded to William Pyle Philips, 1903.

A full meeting of the gymnasium team was held in Lloyd Hall on Monday, May 21st. E. C. Rossmässler was elected captain and E. Y. Brown, Jr., manager of the team for next year. After some impromptu speeches the members participated in the abundant refreshments that had been provided.

It is expected that Haverford will send a delegation of about twenty men to the Students' Conference at Northfield this year.

The Chess tournament has not yet been finished; Bullinger and Scull are in the semi-finals and will play five games to determine the winner. The score thus far is as follows:

Thomas }	Thomas }	} Thomas }	} Bullinger }
Neilson }	(default)		
Stork }	Stork }	} Bullinger }	} WINNER.
Scusenig }	2-0		
Bullinger }	Bullinger }	} Philips }	} Scull }
Wistar }	2-0		
Domencovich }	Allen }	} Scull }	} Scull }
Allen }	(default)		
Peirce }	Peirce }	} Scull }	} Scull }
Snowden }	(default)		
Philips }	Philips }	} Scull }	} Scull }
Barr }	(default)		
	Scull }	} Scull }	} Scull }
	Tilney }		

In the relay races at the University of Pennsylvania on April 28th Haverford competed with Tuft's, Rutgers, City of New York and Swarthmore Colleges and New York University and finished fifth.

Friends of Haverford who journey to and from the station will rejoice to learn that the asphalt walk below Barclay Hall is being replaced by a new and more durable one.

A motion was recently passed in a college meeting to raise four hundred dollars toward sending the cricket team abroad, the amount to be raised by classes.

On May 15th the Haverford College Grammar School defeated Penn Charter and thus won a year's possession of the cricket cup, which was given some years ago to the Interacademic Athletic Association by Haverford Cricket Club as a perpetual trophy.

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HVERFORDIAN



HVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXII, No. 5

OCTOBER 1900

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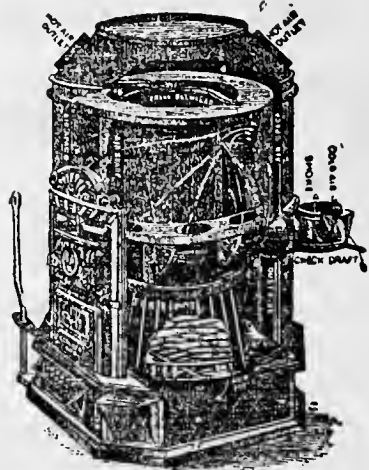
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VOL. XXII.

HAVERFORD, OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 5.

The Haverfordian

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Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

THIS summer, for the second time in its history, Haverford sent a cricket eleven to England. What that team accomplished and how the men on the team acquitted themselves is probably known to most Haverfordians from the accounts which appeared in the daily papers, but we know that all Haverfordians will welcome an account of the games written by a member of the team.

The team left Philadelphia on the "Pennland" on June 16, and after a rough

and stormy passage found themselves in England, and faced the bowling of the Malvern boys without a day of preliminary practice.

After the schedule of games was completed, the Haverford cricketers spent some time in touring the continent, reaching home late in August.

In this issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN will be found an account of the first seven games. The remaining matches will be described in the next issue.

COLLEGE opened auspiciously on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth of September, with about one hundred and twenty students, which number, though not larger than that of last year, indicates no material retrogression. As a matter of almost certain prophecy, Haverford is now entering on the brightest period of her sixty-odd years' existence; with admission on certificate now permanently abolished, she has her steps directed towards a higher intellectual standard. In the matter of buildings she has the same old landmarks, with Lloyd Hall snugly lying to the north, and the stately new gymnasium rising steadily on the southward; beyond this and completely hidden from the quadrangle, is the new steam and electric plant.

AN organization has been formed among the student body, professors included, called the Haverford Campus Club, for the purpose of

improving the lawn and re-naming the trees and shrubs. These organizations, where the professors and students combine in some common interest, speak well for the advantageous relations between the faculty and student body which have hitherto existed at Haverford.

DR. MORLEY and Prof. Jones have left the college, the latter for a sabbatical year of study at Harvard. The former has taken the chair of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, where he was heartily welcomed, and is already very popular. Drs. Reed and Goddard have taken their respective places, the former from Princeton, the latter from West Chester Normal.

THE foot ball season at Haverford opened on Monday, September 24th, with the return to college of some ten or twelve candidates for the team. There had been some talk, and even planning for a week's preliminary practice prior to the opening of college, in view of the nearness of the Pennsylvania game with its attendant danger of injury to men not yet hardened to the game. This plan did not mature, however, since our Alumni did not approve it. Another year we hope it may commend itself to them.

Of last year's men we lost a considerable number by graduation. Captain Mifflin, full-back; Drinker, quarter-back and end; Sharpless and Hallet, ends, and Freeman, Lloyd and Sensenig, linesmen, went out with 1900. Hall, of 1902, also is missing back of the line.

This loss, very considerable as it was, is not so serious as at first sight; for there are a number of substitutes for the positions vacated, who are still in college, and can be depended on this year for 'Varsity work. Nevertheless, there is a marked scarcity of line men in par-

ticular, and much uneasiness will be felt until men are developed to substitute those positions.

For this task we feel we can rely upon our coach, John H. Minds, captain of Penn's '97 eleven, to bring out the best qualities of our material, and upon the great interest and enthusiasm in the game felt here this fall. Of the old men, Captain Fox, Wood, Winslow, Mellor, Grant, Stone, Chambers, Phillips, Simkin and Worthington are back; while several men, DeMotte, Neilson and Cadbury, who have played before irregularly, have now settled down and make fair bids for 'Varsity positions.

Several new men of promise appear this year. Warrington, '03, from Westtown; Perkins and Thorne, '04, of Haverford Grammar School, and Carey, '01, of Wilmington College, Ohio, show most promise now, but there are a number of men yet to be developed, who may be heard from later.

During the first week no line-up occurred, the practice consisting chiefly in kicking, catching, and falling on the ball, together with running down the field under kicks. The object of this was to harden the men gradually, and so avoid the injuries so much dreaded in small colleges in particular. The fruits of this system are already apparent. The second week of practice, consisting of hard work against the scrub, has been passed with almost no injuries, and in a hard and exhausting game against Pennsylvania only two substitutes were put in, and these not for injuries received.

The team's work throughout the game was characterized by a uniformity and evenness of play, and a determination and invincibility of spirit against odds that bespeaks much for the team's future success. Barring a train of physical accidents, or an over-weening confidence and pride, much more to be feared, this year's team bids fair to win success according to that standard which is the ultimate test of every Haverford foot ball eleven.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

BURDENED by a century of persecution from without and oppression within, weighed down under exorbitant taxes, governed arbitrarily by foreign underlings, called upon time and again to furnish more than a just share of her children and resources for the mother country's needs, denied a voice in the councils that fashioned and imposed her laws and decrees upon her; in short, ruled by despotic, selfish masters of the "house of Hapsburg," until patience ceased to be a part of her nature, Hungary, in 1848, determined to obtain justice, broke her fetters.

Scant had been the Austrian praise of her unflinching loyalty in 1808, when Napoicon held out the tempting bait of freedom; more scant the praise accorded when she yielded to imperial decrees, her bare reward a mockery of higher taxes, censorship, and curtailed franchise. At last the child, grown strong and hardy under cruel rule, rebelled.

"Great crises produce great leaders," runs the old saying, and very truly. Few nations with a spark of determination and patriotism have lacked a hero son. Hungary had hers—great, noble, patriotic, self-sacrificing. Fame writes few higher on her imperishable tablets than the name of Louis Kossuth. Strong men have led their countries in times of great crises, great diplomats have gained decisive victories in the council, martyrs have sacrificed their lives for their countries, freedom has been won on many a hard-fought field in the history of the past—by heroes, but of our day and generation no man has fought so well alone as did Kossuth. Few struggles can equal that waged by the men who fought the losing fight of 1848 for freedom. Hemmed in from aid by sea or land, cut off on every side by Austrian territory, with the Imperial veterans hurling their forces down through the valleys on the forlorn hope of the Magyars—for

eleven long months they resisted, heart and soul thrilled by the magnetic voice of their dictator, and not until the Russian cohorts, two hundred thousand strong, bore down upon their boundary, did they yield.

What of the man who led? From earliest boyhood, when he acquired a meager education under difficulties, Kossuth had studied the Roman fathers and their love for liberty. He was early a republican—he never changed his faith! Born of poor parents, but of a stock that boasted seventeen heroes attainted for high treason against Austrian monarchy, from loyal love of right he carried in his heart the flame that was to kindle his fatherland into a blazing fire. His weapon was his tongue and pen. By that selfsame persistence, now a watchword in his race, he rose despite Imperial opposition to a seat in his country's Diet. Out-spoken—the promise as an orator and debater he had shown in youth began to bear fruit. The champion of the press, he raised his voice. Austria strove to still it behind prison-bars. But the attempt was in vain! Broken, weak, and wan, as he tottered from the fortress in 1840, released by the determined appeal of his countrymen, he was hailed thrice famous.

He published the *Pesti-Hirlap*, the weapon of the Liberal party. He formulated the *Vedegylet*, the Protective union of boycott against Austrian manufacturers. Then came the later French Revolution. Inspired by its success, Kossuth proposed to send a delegation to Vienna to ask for reforms. The deputation was successful, but Austria strove to annul the decrees by stirring up revolt among the southern non-Magyars.

The time to act had come. Unity and independence were threatened. The Hapsburg house desired a despotic monarchy; it wished to snap the slender thread of constitutional representation and deprive Hungary of her ancient

rights. Kossuth openly opposed the Imperial power; his strength was wonderful. Three hours a night he gave to rest; the balance of the time he used in study, in the Diet, and he dared—yes, dared—to cross the sword of his convincing and inspired oratory with the arbitrary voice of Metternich and the entire Austrian Cabinet.

Then he stood alone. Metternich, by trickery, won the better class of men in the Diet, the others dared not resist. Could we tell of Kossuth's eloquence in those stirring times, there would be barely space within the day. With a spirit and a will that knew no retreat he poured out his very soul in his pleas to the mother country for a just representation. Not until the Austrian Cabinet actually threatened to invade Hungary did the intrepid orator gain his point. Then, carried ill into the Diet on the 5th of September, 1848, he made a wonderful speech that won his cause.

"*Alea Jacta erat.*" The die was cast. He was unanimously elected dictator. Austria at once invaded Hungary, 120,000 veterans marched to meet an army of 35,000 recruits, yet those recruits were Honoueds—protectors of their homes, and their leader—Kossuth!

From now on he was the body and soul and spirit of his comrades. His burning words roused the peasantry—thousands flocked to the red plume. Though no soldier, by his tongue he transformed his nation into an armed camp. His wonderful executive ability was exercised in every movement—he lost sight of nothing. Even Napoleon could have inspired his troops with no greater love nor veneration than Kossuth did the sturdy Magyars. He never saw a battlefield, yet he organized the most complete resistance to despotism known to history. More—that handful of patriots defeated five Imperial armies, and half of the Austrian forces never returned home.

But Russia's shadow darkened all the

land. Head, and hand, and heart overwhelmed could not endure. The cause was lost. Then, in the fortress of Arad, Kossuth and General Gorgei, his commander-in-chief, decided to yield. No help was near—none could prevail. The nations round about were awed by the Double Eagle and the Bear. Bitterly the thought of surrender tore his soul.

"The old, old faiths must falter; the old, old creeds must fail—

I hear it in that distant murmur low.
The old, old order changes, and 'tis vain for us to rail,

The great world does not want 'us—we must go."

Exiled, he came to America and was received with honor. Great Britain joined in paying homage to the man who had guided the noblest stand made for liberty by any nation in modern times against tyranny and overwhelming force. What astonished the world was the smallness of the means and the greatness of the success he attained. His people were not wrought to a pitch where he could lead them by a word. Tyranny had stilled their tongues; flattery and deceitful concessions had turned their heads. Unceasing labor was the price to arouse their zeal.

Inveteracy and pertinacity abounded in no man more than in Kossuth. To him defeat was not failure—persistence rising over the shattered hopes of yesterday, surmounting the obstacles of today by sheer strength of will, causing him to fight with every faculty against overwhelming odds in a losing cause, keeping before his eyes, though dim with sleepless vigilance, the national freedom—that was his lesson—persistence! Even in exile, hope never failed. Busily he plied tongue and pen to arouse enthusiasm among the friendly powers. Tenacious of purpose, faithful to the last, he sought every opportunity and grasped at every straw that promised aid to Hungary.

When Louis Napoleon began his intrigues, Kossuth, though no diplomat,

by his heart-felt earnestness won the selfish Emperor to promise aid. But fate seemed averse. Napoleon's plans failed. Italy was the last resort. With her revolt against Austrian rule the power of the monarchy might be broken. The peace of Villafranca destroyed the last ray of hope. Carvour, the champion of liberty, died in 1861.

"I yearn for freedom, not for power," wrote Kossuth to his people. "Could Adam rest when the gates of Eden were closed against him? Happier is that patriot who falls on the field." In 1879 Kossuth became a man without a country. His fatherland, for whom he had toiled unceasingly, by a decree of the Parliament, declared him an exile. Bitter indeed the reward for seventy years of unflagging zeal, yet hear his words: "Driven from the bosom of my mother, I shall retaliate by bearing unchangeable, faithful, filial love unto my death."

That was his secret—his abounding love for his country and her people.

Only freedom for them, and he toiled in vain—in vain? No! The cause goes on though the man is dead. Hungary has never yielded to Austria from that day; never has she proved profitable. Some time the breath of freedom will blow the smouldering ashes of the patriot into a flame, and all the world will know that "Where one hero led now a hundred follow in his name."

"We believe in our future freedom, therefore we are free." These words were his watchword all through life; his task to impress them upon the minds of all people, and working to the last towards that end he died. Byron, the lion heart of freedom, believed that the influence of martyrs who fall for liberty cannot die. What better lines than his can close the life of that single-hearted patriot—Kossuth!

"They never fail who die in a great cause;
The block may soak their gore, their heads
May sodden in the sun, their limbs be strung
To cities' gates and castle walls,
But still their spirit walks abroad!"

BEN JONSON'S TOMB.

"They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Tamshyd gloried and
drank deep,
And Bahram, the great hunter—the wild ass,
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his
sleep."

Beneath the flagstones on the abbey floor,
Marked by a few scant letters, lie in peace
The bones of Ben; the traveller, at his ease
Walks o'er the spot and thinks of him no
more.

No herald marble sings his mighty deeds,
No monument uplifts the poet's name;
But unenshrined, forgotten in his home,
His tombstone with the English nation
pleads.

THE CRICKETERS IN ENGLAND.

WITH the torch light procession still in mind, the Haverford players rose on the third of July determined to be so discourteous as to defeat their hosts. The slight nervousness which each player felt, because of doubt as to the outcome of this their first game, was soon dispelled when the news went abroad that Captain Hinchman had won the toss. "Such an unnatural event surely must mean victory," was the thought of every one. And then they set to work. The halos surrounding the Malvern boys were soon set rolling down the beautiful Malvern hills and each Haverford batter as he came back to the club house, woke up to give the wise verdict, "They are not so wonderful. They bowl just like other people, if they are English." And then each satisfied performer would walk about the grounds, with smiles written all over him in the creases of his shirt and trousers and would wonder why it was that he had lain awake so long the night before. Charlie Allen particularly could scarcely bear up under his joy. Thoughts of the celebration sure to come off in Moorestown must have been surging in his brain, for he greeted every one with a slap on the back and nodding toward the 370 emblazoned on the far side of the field, exclaimed: "How's that, boy?"

But the time came for Haverford to take the field, and with it the determination to win the game despite the frequent refreshing showers. Things seemed to be coming the right way, too, for the wickets would fall—they seemed to be imbued with Malvern graciousness—and the bails would fly. And when after a particularly distressing shower, Osborne condescended to yield up his wicket, the Haverford boys could scarcely restrain a cheer. "Suffice it to say" that at a dinner that evening tendered to them by the Head Master—at a time, too, when all jubilation was supposed to be in chains—the Haverford team rose in a

body with one accord to drink their own health! That was too much!!

Memories of Malvern, though, cluster around the close of that dinner, when every one present, with arms crossed and one foot on the table and one on his chair, joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The spirit in which we were received at Malvern was nowhere surpassed in all our trip. Three cheers for Malvern!!

Appended is the score:—

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

W. W. Justice, c. Foster, b. Canny.....	32
C. H. Carter, c. Bird, b. Evans.....	6
R. H. Patton, c. Rogers, b. Osborne....	84
W. S. Hinchman, c. and b. Osborne.....	23
C. J. Allen, bowled, White.....	109
S. W. Mifflin, c. Evans, b. Sitwell.....	10
A. C. Wood, Jr., b. Osborne.....	15
L. W. DeMotte, c. Osborne, b. White...	32
J. B. Drinker, not out.....	24
D. A. Roberts, c. Sanderson, b. Osborne.	9
W. V. Dennis, bowled Evans.....	3
Byes, 12; leg byes, 1; wides, 3; no balls, 6.	22
Total	370

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Evans	126	118	0	2
Canny	108	93	2	1
Osborne	84	76	2	4
Litwell	54	52	0	1
White	12	8	0	2
No balls—Canny, 4; Litwell, 2. Wides—Canny, 1; Evans, 2.				

MALVERN COLLEGE.

W. H. B. Evans, l. b. w., Justice.....	8
G. B. Sanderson, b. DeMotte.....	11
B. A. White, c. Allen, b. Justice.....	20
A. E. Worsley, c. Mifflin, b. Justice.....	6
H. S. Gunn, b. DeMotte.....	13
G. B. Canny, c. Justice, b. Patton.....	16
R. Rogers, c. Dennis, b. Hinchman.....	35
B. S. Foster, c. Carter, b. Hinchman....	12
W. Litwell, c. Dennis, b. Justice.....	9
W. S. Bird, not out.....	43
C. H. Osborne, l. b. w. Justice.....	5
Byes, 5; leg byes, 2; wides, 1; no balls, 2.	10
Total	188

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Justice	80	65	0	5
DeMotte	120	60	4	2
Patton	36	18	0	1
Wood	36	15	0	1
Hinchman	30	21	0	2

HAVERFORD vs. CHELTENHAM.

This match was played on the fifth of July—the day after the Glorious Fourth. Quite unlike the usual American custom, the team spent the Fourth of July at Tintern Abbey on the Wye. There we lunched at the "Royal George Hotel"—was it George IV?—on cider and pork, and then spent the rest of the day wandering about the famous old abbey. After the day's rest everyone felt in good condition to win another game. Captain Hinchman lost the toss and after a single glance at the wicket, warned everyone to prepare for a good day's outing. Fortunately, though, he was disappointed, and after Bridge, White and Fry had been disposed of, the wickets fell regularly enough. When Fred Sharpless and Christy Morris were seen sauntering on the field, the team cheered up and the innings of Cheltenham rushed on to a climax. All out for 124 on such a wicket was very gratifying, and Captain Hinchman felt confident for the team.

Justice and Allen started the batting in true Malvern style, and Fred. Sharpless was priding himself on being a very good mascot, when Allen was unfortunately run out. And then when Patton, Hinchman and Carter refused to have anything to do with the bowling, the aspect of things changed. Sam Mifflin and Alec Wood, however, came to the rescue, and the momentary fear passed away. Sharp and Roberts amused the spectators for a while by their free and confident hitting, and the innings closed for 176—making Haverford the winner by 52 runs.

That evening the Hotel Ram at Gloucester saw everyone in very good spirits, and Captain Hinchman exhorted the team to keep up the good work. "Remember Clifton in '96," said he. "Four hundred for two wickets." The mere mention of the fact was enough.

Follows score of Cheltenham match:—

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

C. T. Plowden, l. b. w. Patton.....	13
R. S. Bridge, bowled Justice.....	24
A. K. White, ht. wkt. DeMotte.....	15

A. K. Tillard, l. b. w. Justice.....	0
K. R. Fry, c. Mifflin, b. DeMotte.....	16
T. W. Sharp, c. Roberts, b. DeMotte.....	0
G. Neame, b. Wood.....	13
F. H. Ker, st. Roberts, b. DeMotte.....	3
C. E. Strauck, c. Allen, b. Wood.....	10
W. J. Clayton, b. DeMotte.....	4
J. P. Winterbotham, not out.....	4
Byes, 18; leg byes, 4.....	22

Total124

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Patton	90	33	5	1
DeMotte	114	53	6	5
Justice	54	16	3	2
Wood	12	0	2	2

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

W. W. Justice, c. White, b. Winterbotham	56
C. J. Allen, run out.....	19
R. H. Patton, b. Winterbotham.....	7
W. S. Hinchman, b. Clayton.....	0
C. H. Carter, c. Neame, b. Clayton.....	0
S. W. Mifflin, c. Fry, b. White.....	26
A. C. Wood, Jr., c. Bridge, b. Winterbotham	11
L. W. DeMotte, c. Stranack, b. Winterbotham	1
F. W. Sharp, c. White, b. Winterbotham.	18
D. A. Roberts, not out.....	27
W. V. Dennis, b. Winterbotham.....	4
Byes, 5; leg byes, 1; wides, 1.....	7

Total 176

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Stranack	60	41	1	0
Winterbotham ...	96	48	3	6
Clayton	90	50	4	2
White	42	12	1	1
Neame	12	10	0	0
Tillard	12	8	0	0

HAVERFORD vs. CLIFTON.

Oh! How heartbreaking!! At one time, when Evans was hitting the ball to all points of the compass, the Haverford team saw visions of another four hundred runs for two wickets. Then, when the Clifton team was finally retired for 201, Haverford thought she saw another game won. Then again when eight wickets were down for 121, Haverford almost gave up hope. And when DeMotte and Carter had slowly elevated the total until it stood at 198, that same Haverford team was almost wild with delight. But then came that disastrous ball from Jones,

which disturbed the placidity of DeMotte's wicket, and every Haverford player gasped for breath. The team saw DeMotte come slowly back to the pavilion, and though he played splendidly, all they said to him was, "Hang you, De! Why didn't you stay there another over?" They saw Dennis go to the wickets as if he were being led to the block, and even the usual heterogeneous advice was not forthcoming; for every member of the team had his eyes glued on the wickets. Bill Justice, sitting on the wall of the chapel, was muttering, "By the hump of the holy camel, snick one to leg," and then he, too, went into a trance. Dennis took his block and gazed pathetically about the field, but he found no solace there, for every player was eyeing him with singular avidity. From the ropes the team saw that big black-haired Jones prepare to bowl and gave a spasmodic flutter as the first ball met with a severe repulse from Denny's bat. It fluttered again and then waved triumphantly as the umpire shouted "Over." "Now," sighed some one with an air of finality, "if C. H. only—," but he didn't finish, for he wanted to watch C. H. play the first ball. He played it all right, as he also did the succeeding five; but he persisted in knocking the ball directly to the fielders who seemed to have increased in number. Once more the umpire shouted "Over," and the poor Haverford flag hung limp. Denny played the first ball and the second, and then the invidious Jones took a little extra run and Denny's pegs succumbed. A mighty cheer followed from the winning Cliftonians, who followed the Haverford boys to the dressing rooms, to tell them all about it, as if they didn't know.

The score follows:—

CLIFTON COLLEGE.

R. P. Keigwin, st. Mifflin, b. Sharpless...	18
E. T. S. Evans, c. Justice, b. Sharpless...	88
E. Magniac, b. Sharpless.....	29
P. G. Robinson, b. Patton.....	43
I. F. Wiseman, b. Justice.....	1
W. L. Sandover, run out.....	3

G. S. J. Eberle, b. Patton.....	11
C. Stagg, b. Patton.....	0
T. Miller, b. Patton.....	0
C. E. M. Jones, not out.....	3
H. C. Pope, b. Patton.....	0
Byes, 3; leg byes, 1; no balls, 1.....	5
Total	201

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

W. W. Justice, Jr., b. Magnaic.....	3
C. J. Allen, l. b. w. Magnaic.....	11
R. H. Patton, b. Miller.....	54
W. S. Hinchman, b. Jones.....	0
F. C. Sharpless, b. Keigwin.....	13
S. W. Mifflin, c. Robinson, b. Jones.....	11
C. C. Morris, l. b. w. Jones.....	3
C. H. Carter, not out.....	37
A. C. Wood, b. Keigwin.....	2
L. W. DeMotte, b. Jones.....	36
W. V. Dennis, b. Jones.....	0
Byes, 22; leg byes, 2; wides, 4.....	28
Total	193

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Magniac	180	72	8	2
Jones	150	61	6	5
Miller	54	23	1	1
Keigwin	36	15	0	2
Wides—Miller, 4.				

HAVERFORD vs. MARLBOROUGH.

When the team arrived at Marlborough on the ninth of July, they found that they had left Allen and Patton behind in Trowbridge station. No one but Mr. Cope, however, seemed to mind the loss. He had become so deeply attached to the two missing ones, that it was painful to see him walking nervously about the grounds seeking for his lost lambs. They finally turned up, though, at about half-past one, when play had stopped for lunch. The score stood at 70, with no one out, and Marlborough was batting. "It's your fault if we lose this game," said Mr. Cope, "and you should not be allowed to play."

Haverford didn't lose the game, though, thanks to Davie Roberts' excellent wicket keeping. The first inning he caught two men at the wicket and stumped one, and allowed no byes in a total of 222 runs. The second inning was a farce, for everyone saw that the game could not possibly be finished, so they

took things easy and waited for the clock to turn.

This was the first game in which the team made the acquaintance of a lob bowler, and a glance at the bowling analysis of N. C. Phillips will show how successful he was. He simply had the Haverford boys at his mercy, and "beat" them time and again. This bugaboo—lob bowling—was something which troubled the team a great many times. For it no sooner became known that Haverford was not on friendly terms with lob bowling, than every school made preparations to spring a lobster on them when the time arrived. And they did it, too, with great effect. Phillips was the first dose, and his "daisy-cutters" were most formidable.

This game should never have been called a two-days' match, for there was only time for one inning. Play was started on July 9th at 12 o'clock, and ended on July 10th at three. It was a virtual victory for Haverford, and it is a shame that it could not have been called so.

Follows the score:—

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

A. J. Graham, c. Roberts, b. Patton.....	29
I. Haviland, st. Roberts, b. Patton.....	35
E. S. Phillips, c. Patton, b. Hinchman.....	40
M. R. Dickson, b. Patton.....	0
E. J. Mann, c. Hinchman, b. Patton.....	11
N. C. Phillips, b. Justice.....	55
T. I. Uzielli, c. Mifflin, b. Patton.....	7
V. H. McCaw, c. and b. Patton.....	2
G. G. Napier, b. Sharpless.....	10
H. Bomford, c. Roberts, b. Patton.....	26
W. H. Thorburn, not out.....	1
Leg byes, 4; wides, 1; no balls, 1.....	6
Total	222

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Justice	66	63	1	1
DeMotte	78	26	6	0
Sharpless	108	33	6	1
Wood	6	1	0	0
Patton	95	60	4	7
Hinchman	54	33	1	1
Wides—DeMotte, 1. No balls—Justice, 1.				

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

W. S. Hinchman, b. Napier.....	58
F. C. Sharpless, b. McCaw.....	3

R. H. Patton, b. N. Phillips.....	54
W. W. Justice, Jr., c. Bomford, b. N. Phillips	8
C. J. Allen, l. b. w. N. Phillips.....	41
C. H. Carter, c. E. S. Phillips, b. Napier.....	23
S. W. Mifflin, c. Bomford, b. E. S. Phillips.....	47
L. W. DeMotte, b. N. C. Phillips.....	18
A. C. Woods, Jr., b. McCaw.....	13
D. A. Roberts, c. McCaw, b. N. C. Phillips.....	1
W. V. Dennis, not out.....	0
Byes, 10; leg byes, 2; no balls, 1.....	13
Total	279

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Napier	120	60	4	2
McCaw	104	43	1	2
Dickson	96	38	4	0
Thorburn	42	18	0	0
Graham	48	26	1	0
N. C. Phillips.....	150	56	6	5
E. S. Phillips.....	30	15	1	1
Uzielli	12	10	0	0
No balls—Uzielli, 1.				

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE (2d inning).

I. Haviland, c. Roberts, b. Patton.....	60
A. J. Graham, not out.....	77
M. R. Dickson, b. Sharpless.....	37
E. S. Phillips, c. and b. Wood.....	3
E. T. Mann, b. DeMotte.....	32
Byes	12
Total	167

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Patton	60	60	1	1
DeMotte	66	34	3	1
Justice	24	11	0	0
Sharpless	36	18	1	1
Wood	36	14	1	1
Hinchman	36	19	0	0

HAVERFORD vs. M. C. C.

It is proverbial that the Marleybone Cricket Club cannot stand defeat. So when the Haverford boys appeared on that historic ground on the twelfth of July, they fully expected to be beaten. For in '96 Haverford had been pitted against a mediocre team at Lords, and they had given them such a stinging defeat that it still rankled in the bosoms of the Marylebone magnates. This time M. C. C. had determined it should be otherwise. To find out the meaning of "otherwise," glance at the score of the game.

The grounds at Lords are surrounded by buildings on every side, and to one

who has never played there before, the light is most perplexing. Consequently the Haverford boys were handicapped in daring to make their first appearance at such a place. The handicap increased when they learned that they were to be honored opponents of Stoddart, Pelham Warner, Mordaunt, Druce and some others of like calibre. Fortunately, Captain Hinchman won the toss, or the team of 1900 might have come away from Lords, never having batted.

As it was, Captain Hinchman was the only one who batted in anything like good shape. After him, Mifflin and Wood were the principal luminaries, with Carter and DeMotte bringing up the rear. The rest were overcome by the magnificence of their surroundings and had to succumb. The innings closed for a total of 176—very modest, considering the fast wicket.

Then the cyclone began. Stoddart made 35 runs in as many seconds, and Pelham Warner, with his bat at an angle of forty-five degrees, tapped every ball bowled him, to leg. Haverford's total was passed when three wickets were down, and when the fielders were about ready to give up the ghost. Warner was out on a spectacular catch near the ropes by Captain Hinchman of a low hard drive, which came right out of the sun. A short time afterwards play stopped, with six wickets down for 263 runs, and Haverford knew that "they had played at Lords."

Appended is the score:—

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

W. S. Hinchman, c. Hamilton, b. Smith...	35
F. C. Sharpless, c. Fox, b. Smith.....	12
R. H. Patton, b. Smith.....	1
W. W. Justice, b. Mordaunt.....	4
C. H. Carter, l. b. w. Stoddart.....	20
S. W. Mifflin, c. Mordaunt, b. Stoddart...	30
L. W. DeMotte, b. Mordaunt.....	14
A. C. Wood, Jr., not out.....	24
D. A. Roberts, l. b. w. Hamilton.....	5
W. V. Dennis, c. Fox, b. Hamilton.....	4
Byes, 11; leg byes, 6; wides, 1; no balls, 2	20
<hr/> Total	176

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Stoddart	162	58	13	2
Mordaunt	144	60	4	8
Howard-Smith	84	34	3	4
Hamilton	6	4	0	2
No balls—Smith, 2. Wides—Mordaunt, 1.				

GENTLEMEN OF M. C. C.

A. E. Stoddart, c. Justice, b. DeMotte....	35
P. F. Warner, c. Hinchman, b. Justice....	137
N. F. Druce, run out.....	12
L. A. Hamilton, b. Justice.....	3
R. H. Fox, c. Mifflin, b. DeMotte.....	23
E. C. Mordaunt, b. DeMotte.....	10
D. R. Danger, not out.....	14
D. C. Lee, not out.....	9
F. H. Browning, G. F. Vernon and G. Howard-Smith did not bat.	
Byes, 17; leg byes, 1; wides, 1; no balls, 1	
<hr/> Total	263

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Patton	72	65	0	0
Sharpless	30	34	0	0
DeMotte	108	47	2	3
Justice	48	35	1	2
Wood	36	36	0	0
Hinchman	30	26	0	0
Wide—Justice, 1. No ball, 1.				

HAVERFORD vs. WINCHESTER.

When the team arrived at Winchester, on the 14th of July, they were met at the station by a slight, dark, good-looking young fellow, who introduced himself as McDonell. He was the captain of the Winchester eleven—batter, bowler and fielder—a team in himself. The game began at quarter to one o'clock, and Captain McDonell opened the bowling. A few minutes after he had warmed himself up, Sharpless' wickets collapsed, due no doubt to nervous prostration at the sight of such a leg break. Then, almost immediately Hunter, from the other end, caught and bowled Captain Hinchman, and Haverford began to prophesy the true outcome. Patton and Justice managed to hold up their wickets till lunch time, and meanwhile Patton had been teasing cover-point by judiciously placing fly balls just over his head.

But McDonell was still bowling, and hard luck seemed to make him more

"nifty." He bowled a high, deceptive ball with an immense leg break, and he kept a length which would make cautious a "Ranji." On the first ball after lunch he had Patton caught at 3rd slip on a would-be teaser. Then the wickets fell galore, and Bill Justice seemed to be the only one who could master the bowling. He hit out freely, but could find no one to partner him. Wood and Dennis brought the total to a more respectable dimension than any one had hoped for, and the agony was over.

Winchester lost no time in getting the required number of runs, and at no time did there seem any prospect of Haverford's winning. None of their bowlers seemed to be on the spot except Captain Hinchman, and he didn't know it, until too late. This game was Lord's in miniature, and the weary Haverford boys after a week at Miss Deal's boarding house in Richmond, looked forward with pleasure to a quiet Sunday and Monday in Vennor, on the Isle of Wight.

The score follows:—

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

W. S. Hinchman, c. and b. Hunter.....	4
F. C. Sharpless, b. McDonell.....	4
R. H. Patton, c. Tompkinson. b. McDonell	22
W. W. Justice, Jr., c. and b. McDonell....	57
C. J. Allen, b. McDonell.....	0
C. H. Carter, c. Hare, b. McDonell.....	5
S. W. Miffin, l. b. w. McDonell.....	0
L. W. DeMotte, b. Hare.....	0
A. C. Wood, Jr., c. Hare, b. McDonell....	15
J. B. Drinker, not out.....	4
W. V. Dennis, b. McDonell.....	13
Byes, 1; wides, 1; no balls, 1.....	3
Total	125

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Hunter	90	42	4	1
McDonell	129	51	7	8
Yates	24	18	0	0
Hare	18	10	0	1

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

R. W. Awdry, c. Drinker, b. Patton.....	23
L. G. Cruwys, b. DeMotte.....	17
A. C. Pawson, l. b. w. Hinchman.....	39
H. C. McDonell, b. DeMotte.....	44
H. G. Haig, b. Sharpless.....	1
H. W. M. Yates, not out.....	20
G. S. Tomkinson, b. Hinchman.....	5

G. Newhall, K. O. Hunter, C. F. A. Hare, and C. J. DeB. Stheringham did not bat.
Byes, 5; leg byes, 1; wides, 1..... 7

Total156

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Patton	84	44	2	1
DeMotte	90	43	1	2
Sharpless	54	29	1	1
Justice	18	13	0	0
Hinchman	22	21	0	2

HAVERFORD vs. CHARTERHOUSE.

Vennor was delightful, and coaching across the island was like balm to the tired Haverfordians. The canoeing, too, at Vennor, was most pleasant, and the sea bathing refreshing. The rest was marred by only one incident. Two or three of the fellows were sea-sick again, —some more, some less. But they got over that and were ready to journey to Godalming with the rest, to meet Charterhouse.

The team took afternoon tea at the house of Mr. Gurdleson, the head master, and then each one was piloted to his host's home. On the next day, the game started at eleven o'clock, on one of the hottest days which England has enjoyed for years. Charterhouse batted first and took full advantage of the heat. The Haverford fielders were kept out in the burning sun until three o'clock and, when the last Charterhouse wicket fell, they felt as if they had had enough.

By some mistake, it was reported in the Philadelphia papers that Allen was bowled for no runs in this game. On the contrary, after Justice and Patton had both failed, and a rot seemed due, Allen went in and put an entirely different aspect on the game. He played grandly for 51, and was then unfortunately caught out on an excellent hit to deep leg. It was because of this error in the Philadelphia papers, that Sharpless was given first place in the batting averages. But it was Allen who should have that honor.

However, Sharpless played well him-

self, and his splendid innings of forty-two, not out, was a great factor in Haverford's good showing. He also bowled finely in this game, taking six wickets for a total of forty-one runs—and that on a wicket which played like lightning. Mifflin and Carter also deserve great credit.

Following is the score:—

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

A. P. Strange, c. and b. Patton.....	8
I. M. Hulton, l. b. w. Justice.....	53
B. E. G. Eddis, c. and b. Hinchman.....	39
I. S. Gardner, b. Sharpless.....	37
I. W. S. Maiden, b. Sharpless.....	4
C. L. MacDonald, c. Carter, b. Sharpless.	1
R. Renshaw, b. Sharpless.....	2
S. T. Branston, c. Sharpless, b. Wood....	7
O. T. Norris, not out.....	26
S. V. Goodliffe, b. Sharpless.....	2
R. Spencer, st. Mifflin, b. Sharpless.....	1
Byes, 16; leg byes, 5; wides, 2; no balls, 2	25
Total	205

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Patton	84	47	2	1

NOTE—This account of the English tour will be concluded in the November HAVERFORDIAN.

DeMotte	24	25	0	0
Sharpless	96	41	3	6
Justice	48	28	0	1
Hinchman	60	33	0	1
Wood	6	7	0	1
No balls—Justice, 2.				
Justice, 1.				
Wides—Patton, 1;				
Justice, 1.				

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

W. S. Hinchman, c. Norris, b. Branston..	18
W. W. Justice, Jr., b. Branston.....	4
R. H. Patton, b. Branston.....	0
C. J. Allen, c. Strange, b. Branston.....	51
F. C. Sharpless, not out.....	42
C. H. Carter, c. Norris, b. Goodliffe....	20
S. W. Mifflin, bowled Renshaw.....	32
L. W. DeMotte, not out.....	1
A. C. Wood, I. B. Drinker and W. V. Dennis did not bat.	
Byes, 7; wides, 1.....	8

Total	176
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Renshaw	150	62	10	1
Branston	96	38	2	4
Goodliffe	72	21	6	1
MacDonald	108	33	4	0
Strange	18	14	1	0
Wides—Goodliffe, 1.				

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless)

At date of writing (10-mo. 3rd) the register of students seems to be: Graduates, 3; Seniors, 29; Juniors, 35; Sophomores, 24; Freshmen, 30. Total, 121.

At the close of the year the resignation of Dr. Frank Morley was received. He had been offered the head professorship of the Mathematical Department of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Morley has served the college brilliantly since 1887, and has greatly stimulated, indeed I might say, has practically created the study of higher mathematics at Haverford. A number of excellent mathematicians over the country will be willing to attest the truth of this statement.

Dr. Ernest W. Brown will now assume general charge of our Mathematical department, and Leigh Wilbur Reid, Ph.D., has been appointed as Instructor in Mathematics.

Dr. Reid is an A. B. of Johns Hopkins University, and has since studied mathematics in Princeton University and in Germany. He received his Doctor's degree at Gottingen, and has been for five years Instructor in Mathematics at Princeton.

In the department of Philosophy Dr. Rufus M. Jones has been granted a year's leave of absence, and Henry Herbert Goddard (A. B., Haverford, 1887; Ph. D., Clark University.) has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

During the Summer various small improvements have been made. A concrete walk 1000 feet long has been laid from Barclay Hall to the old railroad bed at a cost of \$750. New doors have been placed in the third story of Barclay Hall. Founders' Hall has been painted externally. Some additional shelving

has been made in the Library and tables and shelves in the Physical Laboratory.

More important than these, a new heating and lighting plant has been started. A Stirling boiler has been erected south of the new Gymnasium, and the two engines and dynamos have been or will be moved to the same locality. A tunnel has been built connecting this with the basement of the Gymnasium, containing heat and water pipes and electric wires. This will complete the present year's work, but it is expected in the future to connect all the buildings with this central source. A well was dug and excellent water found in abundance at the depth of 20 feet. This will supply the Gymnasium and the boilers.

The cost so far of the new plant has been about \$8,000.

At the date of writing, the masonry work on the Gymnasium is about finished and the roofers are ready to begin. The swimming pool has its walls erected, and the complicated system of pipes under the basement floor is laid.

The whole building will cost \$50,000. Fourth-fifths is promised, and the other \$10,000 for heating, grading, equipment, &c., would be received with exceeding thanks. According to the regulations of the Board, no more work can be contracted for without additional contributions, and this may postpone the completion of the building indefinitely. I. S.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

IN striking contrast with the ill-timed showers which had striven so hard to mar the Class Day exercises, Commencement Day dawned on a cloudless sky. The beauty of the day served to bring out an unusually large throng of friends and visitors to attend these, the sixty-seventh annual commencement exercises of the college. Alumni Hall seemed to be crowded to its uttermost capacity. The platform was entirely occupied by members of the Corporation, the Faculty, and the graduating class, the latter attired in the regulation mortar-boards and gowns, while throughout the audience could be seen many faces, familiar in Haverford circles.

The ceremonies were opened by T. Wister Brown, President of the Corporation, after which President Sharpless read his annual address to the graduating class. He began by speaking of the real and quiet progress which has been constantly going on at Haverford during the college year, just brought to such a successful close. He spoke of Lloyd Hall, which, a year ago a plan only, has

now been christened to its first year's use,—a use which leaves us with the conviction that for all that constitutes comfort and convenience in a modern college dormitory, it could not well be improved. Thanks to the indefatigable energy of the Alumni Committee and the generosity of the body which they represent, our gymnasium subscription has grown with such astonishing rapidity that we have felt at liberty to contract for the building itself, although lack of funds has prevented us from providing for a heating-plant and other accessories essential to absolute comfort. When the first subscription paper was launched, our Committee issued a call for no less than \$50,000, the subscriptions to be binding when \$40,000 was promised. The actual expense will approximate the larger figure, and we shall need the extra \$10,000 to complete the work.

After referring at length to other lines of the year's progress, perhaps not so apparent, but just as real, President Sharpless concluded with a forcible statement to the members of the out-going

class of the responsibilities which they were about to assume, and the higher ideals toward which they should ever strive.

Degrees were conferred as follows:—

Bachelor of Arts—William Williams Allen, Jr., William Brown Bell, Robert Jones Burdette, Jr., Charles Henry Carter, John Pim Carter, Francis Reeve Cope, Jr., Henry Sandwith Drinker, Jr., John Thompson Emlen, Frank Mercur Eshleman, Edward Dale Freeman, Henry McLellan Hallett, James Smith Hiatt, Walter Swain Hinchman, Horace Howard Jenks, Henry Louis d'Invilliers Levick, Frank Eugene Lutz, Samuel Wright Mifflin, J. Kennedy Moorhouse, Heber Sensenig, Frederic Cope Sharpless, Edward Balingier Taylor, Jr., and Joseph McFerran Taylor.

Bachelor of Science—Charles Jackson Allen, Christian Febiger, William Warner Justice, Jr., Jonathan Irving Peelle, Abram Gibbons Tatnall, and Wilfred Wallace White.

Master of Arts—Frank Kellar Walter.

Doctor of Philosophy—Frank Herbert Loud.

In consideration of the distinguished Biblical researches of Dr. J. Rendall Harris, of the University of Cambridge, who was present to deliver the oration of the day, Dr. Sharpless announced that the college had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Dr. Harris responded in a happy vein, and then proceeded to address the graduating class in his own inimitable manner.

The announcements of honors and prizes were as follows:—

The Haverford Fellowship (\$500) for 1900-1901—Awarded to William Brown Bell.

The Alumni prize in composition and oratory (\$50)—Awarded to Howard Valentine Bullinger.

The Everett Society medal for oratory for Sophomores and Freshmen—Awarded to William Pyle Philips.

The John B. Garrett prizes for systematic reading for Juniors—First prize, \$60, to Edward Marshall Scull; second prize, \$40, to John Warder Cadbury, Jr.

The Class of 1896 prizes in Latin and Mathematics for Sophomores and Freshmen—Latin, \$10, to Richard Mott Gummere; honorable mention, Edward Wyatt Evans. Mathematics, \$10, to Wayne Sensenig; honorable mention, Edgar Earl Trout.

The Philip C. Garrett prizes—Senior or Junior biology, \$10, to Wilfred Wallace White; Sophomore themes, \$10, to Edgar Earl Trout; Freshman Latin, \$10, to Henry Joel Cadbury; honorable mention, Harry Anthony Domecovich; Freshman Greek, \$10, to Henry Joel Cadbury; honorable mention, Harry Anthony Domecovich.

The Class of 1898 prize in Chemistry, \$10 in books, for Seniors and Juniors—Awarded to Arthur Ralston Yearsley.

The Seniors elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society were William Brown Bell and Charles Henry Carter.

At the conclusion of the commencement exercises the audience adjourned in a body to the green in front of Founders' Hall, from the porch of which R. H. Patton, '01, announced the following cricket prizes for the season just closed:

First Eleven—Cope prize bat for the best batting average, to F. C. Sharpless, average 37. Congdon prize ball for best bowling average, to L. W. DeMotte, average 6. Haines prize fielding belt for the best fielding average, to W. V. Dennis.

Second Eleven—Class of '85 prize bat for best batting average, to F. W. Sharp, average 35 2-3. Class of '85 prize ball for best bowling average, to N. A. Scott, average 3 5-14. Class of '85 prize fielding belt for best fielding average, to W. E. Cadbury.

The Dorian prize bat for the highest individual score was awarded to F. C. Sharpless, score 70. The Improvement bat, to the Sophomore or Freshman making the most improvement during the year, went to N. A. Scott. The Shakespeare prize bat, to the Freshman making the highest score against the Sophomores, was awarded to J. R. Snowden, score 8. The C. R. Hinchman prize bat, for the best batting average in intercollegiate matches, was awarded to W. S. Hinchman, average 26 1-2. The Christian Febiger prize ball, for the highest bowling average in intercollegiate matches, was awarded to L. W. DeMotte, average 6.29.

ALUMNI NOTES.

At a recent conference of the Friends' Educational Association, held in Philadelphia, papers were read by Isaac T. Johnson, '81; Dr. Henry H. Goddard, '87, and Stanley R. Yarnall, '92.

'89. Charles H. Burr, Jr., has entered into partnership with Malcolm Lloyd and Reynolds D. Brown for the practice of law, with offices in the Brown Building, southeast corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

'90. Dr. Henry L. Gilbert, who is now pastor of a church at Caldwell, N. Y., during a recent vacation in Philadelphia, entertained very pleasantly a group of old Haverfordians, which included Dr. J. Rendel Harris, Albert Edmunds, Arthur N. Leeds, '89, Dilworth P. Hibberd, and Jonathan M. Steere, '90.

'92. The marriage of J. Harvey Brumbaugh to Miss Amelia H. Johnson took place on April 26th, at Cambridge, Mass.

'92. On April 21st and 22nd, a very successful reunion of the class of '92 was held at "The Chimneys," the home of W. H. Nicholson, Jr., in Millville, N. J. Ten members of the class were present, and a most enjoyable time was had, renewing old friendships, singing old Haverford songs, reviewing old jokes, and

talking of experiences since leaving college. An attempt to hold a tenth anniversary "shoot" under the auspices of the once suppressed "Haverford College Gun Club," was carefully planned, but failed because of opposition from a new quarter. A rainy afternoon proved quite as effective as a college faculty. The following men were present: Benjamin Cadbury, Minturn Post Collins, Henry L. Davis, Jr., Arthur Hoopes, Franklin McAllister, John Wallingford Muir, William H. Nicholson, Jr., Gilbert J. Palen, M. D., W. Nelson L. West, and Stanley R. Yarnall.

'93. Charles J. Rhoads has been recently elected Treasurer of the Girard Trust Company, of Philadelphia.

'93. Gifford King Wright was married on April 19th to Miss Elizabeth Ball at Lock Haven, Pa. Mr. Wright is practicing law in Pittsburg, Pa.

Ex-'94. Horace A. Beale, Jr., was married on April 17th to Miss Mary R. H. Dunning at Wilmington, Del. Mr. Beale is President of the Parkesburg Iron Co., of Parkesburg, Pa.

'95. The engagement was recently announced of John B. Leeds to Miss Alice C. Hay, of West Philadelphia.

HAVERFORD vs. PENNSYLVANIA.

As we go to press the foot ball season has just opened. The game against Pennsylvania, while played under discouraging circumstances, both Captain Fox and Chambers being unable to play, was nevertheless interesting from a Haverford point of view, as it offered an opportunity to get a line on the new material. Warrington and Neilson, Ross, Cadbury and Reeder, all of whom were playing on the 'Varsity for the first time, did very well against the heavy line rep-

resenting the Red and Blue, and though six touchdowns were scored against us, we made a better showing on offensive play than was expected. Wood played a great game at left tackle, and threw men for a loss several times in the second half. The score:—

Pennsylvania.	Positions.	Haverford.
Davidson	left end	Winslow
(Hodge)		(Neilson)
Zimmerman	left tackle	Wood
Hare	left guard	Simkin
McCloskey	centre	Ross

Teas right guard Worthington
 Wallace right tackle Reeder
 (Cadbury)
 W. Gardiner right end Warrington
 (Bennett, Townsend)
 Graves quarter-back Phillips
 (Woodley)
 Potter left half-back Stone
 (Gilmore, L. Smith)
 J. Gardiner right half-back Mellor

McCracken full-back Grant
 (Davidson, Gilmore)
 Touchdowns—Zimmerman, McCracken, J.
 Gardiner, Wallace (3). Safety touchdown—
 Grant. Goals from touchdown—Hare, 6. Ref-
 eree—Dr. Charles H. Schoff, Pennsylvania.
 Umpire—Charles M. Wharton, Pennsylvania.
 Time-keeper—Samuel A. Boyle, Pennsylvania.
 Time—20 and 15 minute halves.

THE foot ball season was formally opened September 28th with the annual game between the Sophomores and Freshmen. A large and enthusiastic crowd turned out on Walton Field to cheer their favorites. Though not ill-matched in weight, the Freshmen succumbed to the experience and superior generalship of their opponents after two 15 and 10 minute halves.

In the first half Worthington kicked off for the Sophomores, and West was thrown after a short run. The Freshmen then gained 25 yards by end runs and off-side play, but lost the ball on a fumble, only to regain it a moment later in the same way. Failing to gain, Morris attempted to kick, but was blocked, and the Sophomores by persistent line-bucking and a 25 yard run by Worthington around the right end scored their first touchdown a minute before time was called. Tilney kicked a very difficult goal. After the kick-off Worthington carried the ball to the centre of the field, when time was called. Score, 6-0.

In the second half Morris kicked off and Duerr rushed the ball back 15 yards. There the Freshmen stood firm for four

downs, but lost the ball in an attempt to kick, Worthington securing it and carrying it to within 20 yards of the goal-posts, only to fall over the line a few minutes later for his second touchdown. Tilney again kicked an easy goal. No more scoring was done, for after Phillips had made a pretty run of 25 yards, the ball went to 1904 on downs, and was carried to the centre of the field by Morris and Thorn, where it rested as time was called.

Worthington was a tower of strength for the Sophomores, while Simpkin, Phillips, C. Morris and Thorn also did valiantly. Fox officiated as referee, and Coach Minds as umpire, while Neilson and DeMotte acted as linesmen. Final score, 12-0. The men lined up as follows:—

'03.	Positions.	'04.
Eshleman	left end	Burgess
Winslow	left tackle	Hilles
Simkin	left guard	Folwell
Cornman	centre	Magear
Schrag	right guard	Bradley
Warrington	right tackle	Bradley
Tilney	right end	Lowry
Drinker	quarter-back	H. Morris
Worthington ..	left half-back	West
Phillips	right half-back	Thorn
Duerr	full-back	C. Morris

COLLEGE NOTES.

On the evening of May 31st, Dr. Wilfred P. Mustard gave an illustrated lecture on the "English Public Schools," in Alumni Hall. The proceeds were in aid of the Haverford Cricket Eleven's second English tour.

Alumni Day was celebrated on June 13th. The annual cricket game between the Alumni and the students took place in the afternoon. After a collation on the lawn, Parker S. Williams, '94, delivered an address on Anthony Trollope.

The regular Senior reception was given by the class of 1900 on the afternoon and evening of June 14th. and despite the rain the occasion was enjoyed thoroughly by the many invited guests. The program included the laying of the cornerstone of the new Gymnasium with an address by Abram F. Huston, '72. After the Ivy Exercises and the Class Presentations, refreshments were served and with music and conversation the evening passed pleasantly. The spoon was presented to Horace Howard Jenks.

On June 16th, a large company of Haverfordians and friends of the college gathered at Washington Street Wharf, Philadelphia, to give the cricket team a send off, and as the "Pennland" sailed away, the Scarlet and Black flying from the top mast, there arose an enthusiastic cheer from those on land.

R. H. Patton, '01, and C. C. Morris, '04, played for the United States in the annual cricket match with All-Canada.

The cane rush between the Sophomores and Freshmen took place on the 26th of last month. Cornman, Simkin and Worthington, of '03, and Clarke, Folwell and Thorn, of '04, held the cane. The better organization and experience of the Sophomores was more than a match for the overwhelming numbers of the Freshmen, and when, after five minutes' fierce struggle, the referee, L. W. DeMotte, '01, came to the rescue, and the hands were counted, the Sophomores were found to have won by the score of 13 to 9. Those who had two hands on the cane were Cornman, Dominovich, Duerr, Greb, Warrington and Winslow, of '03, and C. C. Morris, of '04.

The roof of the new Gymnasium is now practically completed. The plastering will probably be begun soon.

Foot ball practice began Monday, September 24th, under the direction of

Captain Fox and Coach Minds. The schedule for the season is as follows:—

October 6, University of Pa., at Franklin Field.

October 13, Rutgers College, at New Brunswick.

October 20, Franklin & Marshall, at Lancaster.

October 24, University of Maryland, at Haverford.

October 27, Dickinson College, at Carlisle.

October 31, Stevens Institute, at Haverford.

November 3, Delaware College, at Haverford.

November 10, Lehigh University, at Haverford.

November 14, Ursinus College, at Haverford.

November 24, Swarthmore College, at Swarthmore.

College opened on the 26th of last month. The number of students enrolled is 122, divided as follows: Graduate students, 2; Seniors, 28; Juniors, 39; Sophomores, 23; Freshmen, 30.

The class of 1902 has elected the following officers for the coming college year: President, A. S. Cookman; Vice President, J. S. Fox; Secretary, R. M. Gummerc; Treasurer, W. W. Pusey, 2nd; Keeper of the Gavel, J. W. Reeder.

Last spring a number of the students and Faculty met together and organized the "Haverford College Campus Club." The objects of this Association, as stated in the Constitution, are to stimulate an interest in forestry, botany and ornithology in general, and especially in marking and preserving the trees and shrubs on the college campus.

At Cambridge, England, on the 3rd of August, the Haverford Cricket Team, having completed their English Tour, elected Richard H. Patton, '01, captain of the team for next year.

The election of officers of some of the college organizations for the present year resulted as follows:—

College Association.—President, W. E. Cadbury, '01; Vice President, E. Y. Brown, '01; Secretary, I. S. Tilney, '03; Treasurer, W. P. Philips, '02.

Athletic Association.—President, A. R. Yearsley, '01; Vice President, W. H. Kirkbride, '01; Secretary, A. J. Phillips, '03; Treasurer, G. H. Thomas, '02.

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Chiefly through the agency of Jones, O'Neill, and Climenson, Haverford sucnia, and yielded the championship of the series, which depended on the match. Great credit, however, is due to DeMotte, who secured six wickets for 26 runs, a very fine performance, besides fielding superbly. The Haverford tailenders could not stop the rot, and O'Neill and Climenson played havoc with their wickets. The score:—

A. W. Jones, c. Justice, b. DeMotte.....	40
J. L. Evans, b. DeMotte.....	12
T. C. Jordan, b. Wood.....	3
W. P. O'Neill, b. DeMotte.....	1
H. P. Austin, b. DeMotte.....	10
W. A. Allison, c. Justice, b. Patton.....	5
T. Harned, c. Carter, b. Justice.....	0

C. R. Bruncker, c. DeMotte, b. Justice....	1
S. G. Climenson, b. DeMotte.....	3
A. F. Webster, c. Dennis, b. DeMotte....	3
L. H. Rush, not out.....	0
Extras	14
Total	101

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W. S. Hinchman, c. Rush, b. O'Neill....	13
C. H. Carter, c. Harned, b. Climenson...	9
R. H. Patton, st. Jordan, b. Climenson...	20
F. C. Sharpless, c. Evans, b. Climenson...	5
C. J. Allen, c. Evans, b. Climenson.....	2
S. W. Mifflin, b. O'Neill.....	1
A. C. Wood, Jr., b. Climenson.....	0
L. W. DeMotte, c. Jordan, b. O'Neill....	1
A. G. Tatnall, b. Climenson.....	0
W. V. Dennis, not out.....	0
D. A. Roberts, b. O'Neill.....	1
Extras	10
Total	62

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NOVEMBER, 1900

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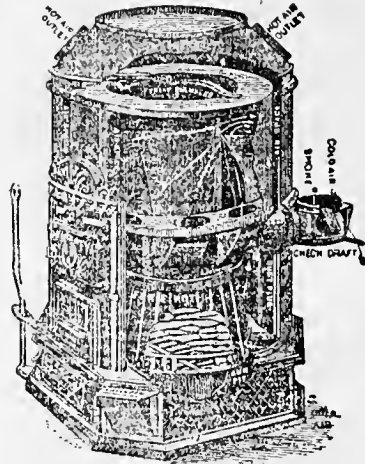
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No. 6.

The Haverfordian

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THE first turning in the college year has come. With the approach of winter, out-door athletics give place to gymnasium work and indoor cricket practice. This indoor work takes less time than foot ball and other outdoor sports, so there arises in the winter term a margin of unoccupied time which the indolent undergraduate will spend in unprofitable loafing. Not many men at Haverford, however, ought

to be content to idle away all their spare time this winter, for the men of energy and brains will find plenty of interesting intellectual recreation in the Loganian Society. The Loganian will conduct the inter-class debates, as usual, and while no arrangements for a debate with the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania have been completed at the date of writing, it is probable that such a debate will be held in the spring. The Triangle Cup is awarded to the class winning in the series of inter-class debates, and every man who represents Haverford in the debate against the Pennsylvania men receives a debating pin. So there is both honor and enjoyment ahead of the man who goes in for debating. When the Loganian opens its doors this fall, let every Freshman and every Sophomore, every Junior and every Senior, who is at all able to speak, or has a desire to become a speaker, come to its meetings and help to make this winter a banner year for Haverford debating. Two years ago we were successful against Pennsylvania's college department, and if the men will come out this winter and take hold of this department of college interests, there is no reason why we cannot have once more a victorious debating team.

A PRIZE of five dollars will be given to the Haverford undergraduate, not one of the board of editors, who has the most work published in THE HAVERFORDIAN before the first of May, 1901.

MUCH has been written about the desirability of college students engaging in work not connected with their studies, and their immediate consequences. The natural inclination of the student bends towards undertaking offices which may bring him pleasure and profit when not employed on his books, while there are other heads who discourage all outside interests as irrelevant and prejudicial to thorough study. No doubt a great deal of argument can be produced on both sides of the discussion without materially affecting the commonly accepted views of the case, of which the kernels are that on one hand a college education is not all book-learning, while on the other policy, it becomes much experience, with no book-learning at all. In a small college like Haverford, and, indeed, in any college, it generally falls out that there are some men who do all the outside work with very little attention to the inner student, and others who plough through a four years' course of dry leaves, and emerge as great fools as they were in Freshman year. If those who do little to broaden their personalities would lay hold on something to bring them in contact with other men, they would feel themselves expand from the narrow, round-shouldered creatures to the great

broad fellows whom every one admires.

We have just received a letter from a lady interested in the Boys' Evening Home Club. This institution wants some young men to lead classes in the evening, and especially needs a class in light calisthenics, dumb-bells, Indian clubs and marching, for boys from nine to thirteen years old, one evening in the week. It is an excellent opportunity, and we hope some of our students will seize it. We print the letter below, as it gives fuller particulars than those above:

To the Editor of The Haverfordian:—

The Evening Home Club for Boys (25 South Van Pelt street, about Twenty-first and Chestnut) is very much in need of workers, and it has been suggested that the managers put a notice in your paper to this effect, in the hope that there may be men in the college who would be willing to do some work there this winter. The club has been in existence for more than ten years, is non-sectarian, and its object is to keep the boys off the streets, and if possible give them some of the benefits and influences of home-life. More than a hundred boys come in and out of the club rooms every evening, and, in spite of the various branches of work already established there, it is not possible for the managers to come into personal contact with all of the boys. The formation of clubs or classes, of almost any kind, on regular evenings, is earnestly desired, and the managers will gladly confer with any one who may be willing to undertake any such work.

Please address any answers to this letter to

MISS LILIAN C. ALDERSON,
Overbrook P. O., Pennsylvania.

THE CRICKETERS IN ENGLAND.

CONCLUDED.

HAVERFORD vs. HAILEYBURY.

WHEN the team arrived at Haileybury, the record up to that time was two wins, three defeats and two draws. Haverford was determined to win one more game immediately, so as to show an even balance of victories and defeats, and with that end in view they took some careful batting practice before the game started.

Captain Hinchman once more won the toss, and though he would have liked to send Haileybury in first, so that Haver-

ford could put them out soon and then top their score, he decided that such a course would be very dangerous on such a wicket. So he went to the wicket with Sharpless. It was exactly quarter after twelve when the first ball was bowled, and every indication pointed toward another unsatisfactory draw.

Sharpless and Hinchman batted very steadily, and runs came apace, especially from the bat of the Captain, who was beginning to hit about in his own inimitable style. But a badly judged run by

Sharpless cost Hinchman his wicket, and the Haverford boys were disappointed in seeing him retired so unfortunately. Patton took the vacant place and succeeded in getting one through the slips for four before the game stopped for lunch, with the total at 63.

After lunch Patton succumbed almost immediately to a lob bowler, and two wickets were down for 64. Justice, Allen and Carter then came to the rescue, and by invaluable scores of 19, 23 and 22 not out, respectively, helped to swell the total. The rest of the team were led, unfortunately, to emulate Patton's small score, and the team was out for 212. W. N. Long, Haileybury's lob bowler, got four wickets for 33 runs, and showed up Haverford's unfriendliness with that species of bowler.

It was 4.20 when Haileybury started their innings, and the fated draw had become almost assured. Haverford put forth a desperate effort, but it was of no avail, for the stumps had to be drawn at 5.30, and in the intervening time five wickets only, fell. Very likely if the game had been played to a finish Haverford would have won, for the best of Haileybury had been disposed of. But cricket is an uncertain game, and this time the draw was a very even one.

Appended is the score:—

HAVERFORD.

W. S. Hinchman, run out.....	6
F. C. Sharpless, c. Lee, b. Bignell.....	61
R. H. Patton, c. Duranty, b. Long.....	4
W. W. Justice, Jr., l. b. w. Burnaby.....	19
C. J. Allen, b. Duranty.....	23
C. H. Carter, not out.....	22
S. W. Mifflin, c. Duranty, b. Long.....	2
C. C. Morris, c. Reed, b. Smith.....	8
L. W. DeMotte, b. Long.....	0
A. C. Wood, b. L. C. Smith.....	5
W. V. Dennis, st. Hodges, b. Long.....	3
Extras	29

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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
H. G. Bignell	60	0	41	1
G. D. Burnaby	72	3	27	1
M. C. H. Little.....	60	4	33	0
W. N. Long	84	4	33	4
E. C. Smith	30	1	22	0
W. H. Duranty	24	0	18	1
L. C. Smith	12	1	6	2

HAILEYBURY.

E. C. Hodges, b. Patton.....	0
H. G. Bignell, c. DeMotte, b. Patton.....	13
R. Lee, b. Patton.....	31
E. C. Smith, b. Sharpless.....	18
W. H. Duranty, b. Hinchman.....	18
P. F. Reid, not out.....	6
T. C. Currie, not out.....	2
M. C. H. Little, L. C. Smith, W. N. Long and G. D. Burnaby did not bat.	
Extras	10
	<hr/> 98

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Patton	54	0	33	3
DeMotte	18	1	20	0
F. C. Sharpless.....	42	1	27	1
Hinchman	18	1	3	1

HAVERFORD vs. ETON.

We found our way to the Eton cricket grounds with the aid of Mr. Cope, a 'bus and an obliging porter, and, once arrived, we found the Eton team awaiting us on the grounds. Captain Hinchman lost the toss, and Longman smilingly said he guessed he would bat.

The smile was translated when we saw the wicket and felt the sun and made the acquaintance of fifty clans of pedigreed gnats. But our captain once more rose to the occasion and exhorted us by a neat little speech to play the best cricket we knew how to play, and to show how we could withstand the overtures of sun and bug. And then he pointed to Charlie Allen, Dave Roberts, and Alec Wood as shining examples of serene imperturbability in the face of assaulting vermin, and bade us take our cue from Jersey.

As for the game, we did very well to get the Eton fellows out for 244. The trouble was with our batting. The long time we spent in the heat was a mighty factor in our slump, as was also the unkind action of the setting sun, which shone directly behind the bowler's arm at one end of this wicket. The features of our performance in the field were Fred. Sharpless' bowling "the Lord" on the first ball, and the general good fielding of the team. At the bat the best and most commendable work was done by Roberts and Dennis, who held their

wickets up for twenty-five minutes and weathered an onslaught of cosmopolitan wiles, such as an English cricketer only can collect. Windmill quarter mile sprints by Lord Dalmeny, and parabolic frisks by Tod alike failed in their intent; and when Pete Febiger's watch and the chimes in Windsor Castle tolled the hour of seven, Dennis and Roberts marched off the field to the tune of "Soldiers of the Queen" rendered by the Queen's own imperial band, justly proud of their performance, and happy because a defeat had been averted from the team.

A swim in the "masters' bathing place" in the Thames—dinner in the famous old dining hall—a speech by "Professor" Cope—and we rode away echoing in our imperfect English accent, the exhortation of the Eton boys. "Beat Harrow. Sure, now. Beat Harrow."

Following is the score:—

ETON COLLEGE.

H. K. Longman, b. Justice.....	50
A. A. Tod, b. DeMotte.....	7
D. J. Cassavetti, b. Sharpless.....	57
Hon. J. C. Lyttleton, b. Justice.....	0
Hon. G. W. Lyttleton, c. DeMotte, b. Patton	13
C. E. Lambert, b. Sharpless.....	20
Lord Dalmeny, b. Sharpless.....	0
E. G. Whately, c. Justice, b. Patton.....	31
G. M. Buckston, b. Patton.....	23
A. C. Bernard, b. Sharpless.....	19
R. G. Vansittart, not out.....	10
Byes, 8; leg byes, 1; wides, 3; no balls, 2.	14
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	244

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Patton	96	4	57	3
DeMotte	78	1	48	1
Sharpless	107	2	49	4
Justice	84	1	42	2
Hinchman	60	2	31	0

HAVERFORD.

W. S. Hinchman, b. Vansittart.....	4
F. C. Sharpless, b. Whately.....	0
W. W. Justice, Jr., l. b. w. Whately.....	37
C. J. Allen, b. Tod.....	27
R. H. Patton, b. Tod.....	63
C. H. Carter, b. Tod.....	0
S. W. Mifflin, b. Tod.....	8
L. W. DeMotte, b. Tod.....	0
A. C. Wood, c. Lyttleton, b. Tod.....	2
D. A. Roberts, not out.....	8
W. V. Dennis, not out.....	1
Byes, 10; lge byes, 1; wides, 1.....	1
	<hr/>
	174

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Vansittart	84	3	62	1
Whately	90	3	50	2
Bernard	30	1	18	0
Tod	66	3	25	6
Lambert	12	0	3	0
Dalmeny	6	1	0	0

HAVERFORD vs. HARROW.

If ever another team goes to England from Haverford, they should have it impressed on the tablets of their memory that Harrow must be defeated. Failure to do so should deprive them of their right to return. The team of '96 went to Harrow, failed, and came back again. The team of 1900— Why! If Charlie Allen hadn't been there we'd be chasing leather yet, and Cookson would probably be sleeping as he drove the ball mechanically in his night-mare past cover-point up the hill for four.

Captain Hinchman won the toss, and with Sharpless he slowly brought the total to fifty, and no wickets were down. McCorquodale had been very effective against Eton in the Eton-Harrow game, and had the reputation of having taken a hundred wickets up to that time. So Haverford was priding herself that McCorquodale and Hinchman were elements which refused to combine—with Hinchman slightly higher in the atomic scale, and preparations were being made to watch a good long stand. But Kaye upset everybody's plans and Captain Hinchman's pegs, and then McCorquodale got in the game. Sharpless and Justice gave him trouble, but he took what little punishment they inflicted, and showed that it was hurting them more than it was him. For at 22 Justice was bowled by McCorquodale. Then Allen was run out with 11 to his credit. Patton was bowled by McCorquodale for a monocele. Carter was caught and bowled by McCorquodale for two. Mifflin drove two balls for a time record to the fence, and then succumbed to Kaye. DeMotte, Wood and

Dennis handed their resignations to McCorquodale, and Dave Roberts had to be called in, for no one volunteered to put him out.

And then it began! Up hill and down dale, and the poor hunted ball murmured.

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Not till Charlie Allen's moist palm caressed it tenderly did the ball heave a sigh of content and deign to touch a stump. But Moorestown conquered, and Cookson was out. However that was long after our insignificant 129 had been left becalmed four miles back at the turn.

The score follows:—

HAVERFORD.

W. S. Hinchman, b. Kaye.....	25
F. C. Sharpless, c. Kaye, b. McCorquodale	35
W. W. Justice, Jr., b. McCorquodale.....	22
C. J. Allen, run out.....	11
R. H. Patton, b. McCorquodale.....	0
C. H. Carter, c. and b. McCorquodale.....	2
S. W. Mifflin, c. Lyon, b. Kaye.....	8
L. W. DeMotte, c. Cookson, b. McCorquodale	0
A. C. Wood, b. McCorquodale.....	13
D. A. Roberts, not out.....	8
W. V. Dennis, c. Cookson, b. McCorquodale	0
Leg byes, 1; wides, 2; no balls, 2.....	5

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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
McCorquodale	126	7	35	7
Buxton	36	2	16	0
Wilson	54	3	16	0
Kaye	96	5	46	2
Carlisle	6	0	5	0

HARROW.

G. Cookson, b. Allen.....	89
E. W. Mann, c. Dennis, b. Hinchman.....	134
C. H. Eyre, b. DeMotte.....	1
H. S. Kaye, c. Justice, b. DeMotte.....	0
C. Bewike, b. Sharpless.....	22
K. M. Carlisle, b. Justice.....	0
F. B. Wilson, run out.....	0
E. G. McCorquodale, l. b. w. Sharpless.....	10
H. F. Lyon, not out.....	15
R. H. Crane, not out.....	0
A. Buxton did not bat.	
Byes, 4; leg byes, 1.....	5

276

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Patton	36	0	17	0
DeMotte	66	1	46	2

Sharpless	102	1	64	2
Justice	54	2	42	1
Hinchman	30	0	31	1
Wood	24	0	19	0
Allen	36	0	33	1
Mifflin	12	0	18	0

HAVERFORD vs. SHREWSBURY.

When Haverford arrived at Shrewsbury, they had won two games, lost four, and drawn four, and they thought that it was about time for another game to be won; for the tour was drawing to a close and everyone wished to have at least an even number of victories and defeats, if such a thing could be brought about. So every member of the team determined to do his utmost to win the game.

Captain Hinchman again won the toss and elected to bat. As usual, he took the score with Sharpless to the half century before he was retired on a catch in the slips. Then Patton was bowled on a yorker on the third ball, with the total the same as before. Charlie Allen had some more of his hard luck in again being run out, and Justice was just getting set when he returned one to mid-off and had to retire for his indiscretion. Then Sharpless, who had been batting patiently all along, began to punish the loose balls, and Carter kept even pace with him in brilliant fashion. The total leaped from 97 to 147 before Sharpless finally lost his wicket by putting one up in the slips. Carter, however, with Morris and DeMotte, took the total to 222, when Captain Hinchman thought that he had better declare, for Shrewsbury could not make many runs in the remaining time, and there was a bare possibility of Haverford's retiring them and winning the game. So Carter and DeMotte were called from the wickets at 4 o'clock, with scores of 58 not out, and 19 not out, respectively. Carter had played sterling cricket throughout, and the ease with which he put the bowling to the boundary seemed to betoken a century for him if time had allowed.

Then followed some of the most reckless run-stealing which Haverford ever saw. Craig and Vernon, Craig especial-

ly, demoralized our whole team by the way he stole almost impossible runs. Naturally, of course, Vernon finally was run out as a result of Craig's indiscretion, but their daring running went a long way toward assuring their team of a draw. Craig's 76 not out was a good score indeed, under the circumstances, for Haverford's bowling was by no means easy to handle. The score:—

HAVERFORD.

W. S. Hinchman, c. Darbshire, b. Vernon	24
F. C. Sharpless, c. Forman, b. Vernon	60
R. H. Patton, b. Coxon	0
C. J. Allen, run out	15
W. W. Justice, Jr., c. Morgan-Owen, b. Vernon	9
C. H. Carter, not out	58
S. W. Mifflin, c. Darbshire, b. Vernon	5
C. C. Morris, b. Hirsch	12
L. W. DeMotte, not out	19
D. A. Roberts and F. W. Sharp did not bat.	
Byes, 19; no balls, 1	20

222

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Morgan-Owen	108	2	63	0
Vernon	132	8	41	4
Hirsch	104	8	30	1
Coxon	72	1	26	1
Forman	66	1	36	0
Craig	18	0	6	0

SHREWSBURY.

J. D. Craig, not out	76
R. C. Vernon, run out	21
A. Forman, b. Sharpless	3
I. G. Hirsch, b. Patton	4
R. D. Craig, b. Patton	0
G. Harrison, J. MacDonald, H. Darbshire, J. Owen, H. Morgan-Owen, and F. J. Coxon did not bat.	
Byes, 15; leg byes, 11; no balls, 2	28

132

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Sharpless	54	1	31	1
DeMotte	54	0	38	0
Justice	18	0	8	0
Patton	78	4	28	2

HAVERFORD vs. OLD OXONIANS.

When the team arrived at Lichfield, and then went to "Aldershaw," Mr. Harrison's country place, just outside of Lichfield, they found that he had made every preparation for them. His own private cricket ground was rolled and the wicket very good. A tent was set up

where the Haverford fellows were to take lunch and tea with the ladies who at the time were present at a house party at Mr. Harrison's mansion, and everyone was free to wander about the grounds at leisure to inspect everything and everybody.

The game had been arranged by Mr. Bosanquet, and the team which he had gathered together was composed of those who had played on an Oxford 'Varsity team or "had just missed it." Mr. Bosanquet happened to have a strained shoulder, or Haverford might have come out very differently in their batting in this game. As it was, he bowled slow balls with an immense break, which were troublesome enough. Then, too, Mr. Gilbert was a lob bowler, and a good one, too, and he gave us one more lesson in that line.

The "Old Oxonians," as they called themselves, batted first, and Haverford thought that their small score in the first inning pointed to a victory; for Bill Justice had found his spot, and none of the Oxonians seemed to be able to handle his bowling with comfort. But Mr. Gilbert showed the Haverford boys that they were "counting chickens," and then the best that each team could do was to lay all hope on the second inning.

Going home that night on Mr. Harrison's coach, was one of the many pleasures of the visit which we made to "Aldershaw." Every fellow enjoyed immensely those rides back and forth to Lichfield, and every one discovered his inability to blow the coach "trumpet." Poor Gabriels, every one of them. To be sure, a few moans and cries for mercy were gotten out of the long horn, but not the clarion notes that please.

On the morrow the game was continued. The inevitable draw resulted, as is seen by the score, and Haverford hoped only to win from Rugby. The score:—

OLD OXONIANS.

(First inning.)

A. M. Hollins, b. Justice	20
W. E. Harrison, b. Patton	3
B. J. T. Bosanquet, c. Mifflin, b. Patton	13

H. R. Parkes, b. Justice.....	0
R. J. Tomlinson, c. Drinker, b. Hinchman	39
F. J. Dupins, b. Justice.....	2
C. A. W. Gilbert, b. Justice.....	4
H. Shawe, c. Carter, b. Justice.....	1
G. Mortimer, b. Sharpless.....	1
I. V. Parker, c. DeMotte, b. Hinchman...	15
W. Mortimer, not out.....	0
Extras	7

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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Patton	98	1	45	2
DeMotte	24	1	15	0
Justice	42	0	21	5
Sharpless	36	0	21	1
Hinchman	13	0	5	2

HAVERFORD.

W. W. Justice, Jr., c. Shawe, b. Bosanquet	7
F. C. Sharpless, l. b. w. Gilbert.....	1
C. J. Allen, c. Parker, b. Gilbert.....	37
W. S. Hinchman, c. Parker, b. Dupins....	12
R. H. Patton, b. Hollins.....	8
C. H. Carter, c. Parker, b. Hollins.....	3
S. W. Mifflin, l. b. w. Gilbert.....	16
L. W. DeMotte, b. Hollins.....	4
A. C. Wood, c. and b. Gilbert.....	0
J. B. Drinker, not out.....	3
W. V. Dennis, b. Hollins.....	1
Extras	9

101

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Hollins	99	3	45	4
Gilbert	108	7	22	4
Bosanquet	36	0	21	1
Dupins	30	3	4	1

(Second inning.)

OLD OXONIANS.

R. G. Tomlinson, c. and b. Sharpless.....	31
B. J. T. Bosanquet, b. Justice.....	28
H. R. Parkes, c. Dennis, b. Justice.....	20
A. M. Hollins, c. Carter, b. Patton.....	57
W. E. Harrison, b. DeMotte.....	28
F. J. Dupins, b. Patton.....	19
C. A. W. Gilbert, b. Patton.....	9
H. Shawe, not out.....	32
I. V. Parker, b. Patton.....	1
G. Mortimer, b. Hinchman.....	1
W. Mortimer, c. and b. Hinchman.....	0
Byes, 14; no balls, 3.....	17

243

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Patton	150	4	82	4
Sharpless	126	4	51	1
Justice	48	0	30	2
Hinchman	46	0	27	2
Wood	18	0	17	0
DeMotte	48	0	20	1

HAVERFORD.

F. C. Sharpless, c. Parkes, b. Bosanquet..	28
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J. B. Drinker, c. Parkes, b. Gilbert.....	2
C. J. Allen, b. Gilbert.....	1
C. H. Carter, b. Gilbert.....	4
R. H. Patton, b. Gilbert.....	5
W. S. Hinchman, b. Hollins.....	0
W. W. Justice, Jr., st. Parker, b. Bosan-	
quet	10
S. W. Mifflin, l. b. w. Gilbert.....	10
L. W. DeMotte, not out.....	27
A. C. Wood, not out.....	3
W. V. Dennis did not bat.	
Extras	8

98

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Hollins	126	9	25	1
Gilbert	120	7	27	5
Dupins	48	1	16	0
Bosanquet	98	2	18	2
Harrison	24	2	3	0

HAVERFORD vs. RUGBY.

One of the reasons why the Haverford team won at Rugby was that they had a good long rest, with no travelling mingled with it, just before the game. It made a great deal of difference in the playing of each fellow, and if ever another team goes to England to play, this particular fact should be given very great consideration. The schedule should be arranged so that every game will find the players in condition to play—even if such a course necessitates fewer games.

At Rugby the team felt just like playing cricket—a state of mind and body which had not existed since the first four games of the tour. Captain Hinchman won the toss and batted, as the wicket was very good. He set his men a very good example by gathering 54 in short order. Mifflin and DeMotte also played very well for 33 and 39, respectively. It was a great misfortune that Captain Dillon, Rugby's best batter, split his finger in trying to field a hot one from Justice's bat. He could not play after the accident had occurred, and Rugby was so much the more weakened.

In the field Haverford made short work of their opponents. Ten Rugby wickets fell in an hour for a total of seventy-seven runs, and one more victory was added to Haverford's list—the first since Cheltenham. Justice bowled very well in this game, taking four wickets for

seven runs (one no-ball). Sharpless got one wicket for no runs.

After the game was over the two teams amused themselves with a game of broom sticks—a game played just like cricket, with the exception that the bats are made like our base ball bats. Sides were chosen, and a good bit of fun was got out of the vain endeavors of some of the fellows to hit the ball.

The team left Rugby, centering all their hopes on the Cambridge game, for if that was won, the victories and defeats would exactly balance. The score:—

HAVERFORD.

W. S. Hinchman, b. Dillon.....	54
F. C. Sharpless, b. Tapp.....	0
C. J. Allen, c. Bolton, b. Anderson.....	4
C. H. Carter, c. Cartwright, b. Anderson..	10
R. H. Patton, b. Stanning.....	11
W. W. Justice, Jr., c. Cruickshank, b. Treves	12
S. W. Miffin, c. Stanning, b. Anderson...	33
A. C. Wood, b. Tapp.....	11
L. W. DeMotte, c. Micholls, b. Tapp.....	39
D. A. Roberts, l. b. w. Anderson.....	3
W. V. Dennis, not out.....	7
Extras	20
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Anderson	126	2	80	4
Tapp	98	2	56	3
Dillon	18	1	10	1
Treves	54	3	20	1
Stanning	42	2	18	1

RUGBY.

F. C. Cruickshank, c. Roberts, b. Patton..	5
V. H. Cartwright, bowled DeMotte.....	15
H. C. J. Blackwood, ct. Justice, b. Patton.	13
H. D. Stanning, b. DeMotte.....	10
F. W. Bolton, b. Justice.....	14
C. G. Agnew, b. Justice.....	4
C. B. Henderson, b. Justice.....	0
T. A. Tapp, b. DeMotte.....	0
S. K. Anderson, b. Sharpless.....	3
A. T. Treves, b. Justice.....	0
G. M. Micholls, not out.....	3
Extras	10
	77

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Patton	54	1	25	2
DeMotte	66	1	36	3
Justice	24	1	6	4
Sharpless	7	1	0	1

HAVERFORD vs. CAMBRIDGE LONG VACATION.

Of course Cambridge won the toss and

immediately set about making runs. Not even the presence of Dr. E. W. Brown could stay their run-getting, and 275 was hoisted on the telegraph board before the last wicket fell, and then it was half-past five o'clock and the light on the grounds was most miserable. The ball loomed suddenly up before one like a balloon in a fog, and only the agile could effectually repulse it.

So it was no wonder that the hour between 5.30 and 6.30 saw nine of Haverford's wickets fall, top score being shared between Justice and Sharpless, each having seven runs to his credit. DeMotte and Dennis were the not outs, and 37 was the total which the telegraph board kept thrusting before everyone. Against 275 runs, 37 seemed very insignificant, and the Haverford team went to bed that night with defeat staring them in the face.

Jupiter, as they persist in calling him in England, put his finger in the pie, however, on the next morning and sent a measly English drizzle to greet the Haverford boys on rising. Captain Hinchman smiled and vainly began to wonder whether he could cherish the hope that we would make a draw out of it. Morning wore on, and we spent it in the pavilion, and Captain Hinchman's smile grew broader with each tick of the clock.

The game started finally at 2.45, after everyone had taken lunch and was feeling in a particularly good humor. DeMotte succeeded in gaining top score by a well-played eight not out. The follow on was inevitable, and DeMotte was sent in with Sharpless to open the second attempt of the Haverford boys. It was a very good innovation, for fifty was tallied before DeMotte lost his wicket for a valuable contribution of 23. Almost immediately after DeMotte went to the pavilion, Sharpless followed, bowled by Alexander for 27. Then ensued the partnership of the day, with Justice and Hinchman at the wickets. This combination put on 102 runs before a separation was effected, Hinchman being out

on a catch at mid on by Linnett. Stumps were drawn with eight wickets down for 208, and the longed-for draw became a reality. The team deserved great credit for this, because the light on the second day was even worse than on the first, and the wicket, moreover, was wet and slow, and runs came in at snail rates.

The next day saw the team scattered; to Scotland, France and Germany. They went in detachments, and Mr. Cope's troubles were almost over.

The score is given below:—

CAMBRIDGE.

J. Gilman, c. Roberts, b. DeMotte.....	11
W. Stradling, st. Roberts, b. DeMotte....	64
C. W. Alexander, b. Sharpless.....	70
C. I. Hamilton, c. Roberts, b. DeMotte..	3
J. Montearth, b. DeMotte.....	1
H. Nevile, b. Patton.....	6
C. E. Winter, c. Sharpless, b. Patton.....	14
T. S. Hewett, c. Carter, b. DeMotte.....	20
S. G. Squire, not out.....	30
F. R. Hogden, c. Dennis, b. Hinchman...	13
J. Linnett, st. Roberts, b. Hinchman....	8
Byes, 29; leg byes, 6.....	35

275

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Patton	126	2	55	2
DeMotte	138	4	83	5
Justice	42	1	22	0
Sharpless	96	6	34	1
Wood	36	0	20	0
Hinchman	37	0	26	2

HAVERFORD.

(First inning.)

C. J. Allen, b. Alexander.....	1
S. W. Mifflin, c. Montearth, b. Linnett....	0
W. W. Justice, c. Winter, b. Linnett.....	7
W. S. Hinchman, c. Hewett, b. Alexander	5
F. C. Sharpless, b. Alexander.....	7
R. H. Patton, c. Gilman, b. Alexander....	1
C. H. Carter, b. Linnett.....	2
L. W. DeMotte, not out.....	8
A. C. Wood, st. Winter, b. Linnett.....	6
D. A. Roberts, b. Linnett.....	1
W. V. Dennis, b. Linnett.....	3
Extras	2

43

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Linnett	86	2	23	6
Alexander	84	9	18	4

(Second inning.)

C. J. Allen, b. Winter.....	9
S. W. Mifflin, c. Neville, b. Winter.....	2
W. W. Justice, b. Winter.....	48
W. S. Hinchman, c. Linnett, b. Winter...	57
F. C. Sharpless, b. Alexander.....	27
R. H. Patton, c. Alexander, b. Winter....	24
C. H. Carter, not out.....	10
L. W. DeMotte, c. and b. Alexander....	23
A. C. Wood, l. b. w. Squire.....	2
D. A. Roberts, not out.....	0
W. V. Dennis did not bat.	
Extras	6

208

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
Alexander	138	6	64	2
Linnett	66	1	34	0
Squire	78	2	40	1
Neville	24	0	22	0
Hewett	24	0	13	0
Winter	66	1	29	5

THE END

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

ONE of the most notable gifts ever received by Haverford has been made public during the past week. A fund which by the end of the year will amount to \$65,000 has been donated by a gentleman who modestly prefers that no publicity should be attached to it.

The purpose of the fund is to improve and increase the teaching in the subject which in recent college catalogues is usually denominated Biblical Literature.

This embraces Eastern languages, the English Bible, Church History, Ethics and Philosophy. It is the desire of the donor that this may not only increase knowledge, but may also serve the purpose of encouraging practical religion along old-fashioned Quaker lines. It is in no sense a theological department for the manufacture of ministers, but a work in which every intelligent Christian can not fail to be interested.

Ever since 1833 Haverford has had its weekly Bible lesson required of all students. This will be continued but improved by making the four years' course more systematic and continuous and better graded. The other work in the Bible will be elective. The Professors who will have a hand in it will be S. K. Gifford, F. B. Gummere, W. C. Ladd and R. M. Jones, and President Sharpless.

Not only will the fund (it is not a professorship) be valuable for its direct results, but it will enable the college to strengthen its teaching in other lines. These professors will have some of their time taken from the subjects hitherto taught, and new men will be introduced, fresh from their studies, to add to the amount of specialization possible in their field. This will be especially the case in

modern languages, and this branch, already in good condition, will be further strengthened another year.

The movement ought also to have its important public effect in strengthening and making more worthy of respect the simple sensible catholic and liberal Christianity for which Haverford has always stood. Freed from ceremonial, and permeated by spiritual interpretations, it ought to encourage alike the man who wishes the stay and support of orthodox religion, and the man whose honest mind impels him to face the problems of which the thought of the age is full—problems brought to the front by natural science, psychology and biblical criticism. In this spirit will the efforts to administer this trust proceed.

I. S.

MR. DOOLEY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

(With apologies to F. P. Dunne.)

“WELL, Jawn, said the philosopher, knocking out his pipe against the door-jam, ‘tis a great thing.”

“Phwhat is?” queried Mr. Hennessy, tilting back his chair till his hat slid over his forehead.

“The Paris Exposition, of course, Jawn,” returned Mr. Dooley with a surprised air. “Haven’t ye heard of that greatest of modern triumphs? ‘Peace has her vict’hies as well as war-r-r;’ an’ tho’ our noble boys in blue are chasin’ th’ Protector of Liberty ‘round three thousand islands, an’ pullin’ the lasht sthraw off th’ pagans’ heads in China—an Inglin’ is appintin’ a recayver to take Kruger’s place and phwhat’s lift av th’ goold,—here be th’ Frinch whom we all look down upon as howlin’ ijjots, raisin’ to their everlastin’ honor an’——”

“Shtop, shtop,” here broke in Mr. Hennessy, sitting up straight in his chair. “Ye can’t talk th’ likes o’ thot,

outside av th’ Foorth or be th’ P’lace Monyiment!”

“Thruc, thrue,” replied Mr. Dooley, shaking his head thoughtfully. “An’ yit, Jawn, whin ye look at phwhat th’ hysterical payple hov done, yiz can’t but admire thim an’ toss th’ brick away! ‘Tis two blocks from me t’ love th’ Frinch; but aven th’ most despicable hov somethin’ t’ admire in thim. All yiz hov t’ do is t’ roll up your sleeves, take a deep brith, an’ wade in like whin you’re diggin’ up tin cans an’ ole boards out of th’ place where you hope to plant a gar-r-r-den. With th’ Frinch y’ have t’ wor-r-rk a long time, an’ have t’ persuade ‘em with dynamite—like a conthrafter or an anarchist!”

“Is’t as good as th’ wan we had out here, some years ago?” asked Mr. Hennessy.

“Naw—not be a Bryan shtory! But ‘tis a long way between ours an’ failure! A long way, Jawn; an’ th’ Frinch are a

lap or two behind, only. But there are some things for which I would criticise thim; not thot I'm jealous, y'undershtand; but they're bein' a sister Republic—'Long may it wave o'er th' land av th' free,' and so foorth."

"Now, in phwhat particular respects would ye suggist—"

"Phwhat's thot?" said Mr. Dooley, quickly.

"Oi mane, that is," repeated Mr. Hennessy, "phwhere'd they git th' black eye f'rinstance?"

"O! asy enough t' till thot. T' begin with. They sometimes say Ex-poe-sition an' sometimes Ex-hib-ition. Now, whin ole mon McCarthy forgot t' tell th' author-r-rities whin he changed th' name of his tug, they almost claned th' Chicago River!"

"Phwhat," asked Mr. Hennessy, "with th' tug?"

"Naw," replied Mr. Dooley, "with ole man McCarthy! Whin he's dischar-r-rged he says he'll not own a thing big-gern' a fish-line on th' river. Y' know it isn't fair at all, at all! 'Phwhere are th' Exposition Gr-r-rounds,' you asks a will-drissed furriner. If he spakes English he says, 'Th' Exhibition grounds are'—an' with thot y' leav him t' his own reflitions. Oi'll nivir let a Frinchman thrip m' up on grammar—aven if he does change th' rules ivry toime he spakes. Same way with th' tickets. Some day y' had t' buy two t' git in t' th' show—sometimes only wan. But once't they had a flower show; an' ye had t' dr-r-rop in four av thim little paper shlips whilest a man wid a mus-tache punched 'em in a little pile-driver like; an' a sojer wid a beard growin' on top av his hat looked y' ovur as if y' had concealed wippins! An' afther all th' thing wasn't much good; like a shmall ward parade with no thr-r-ranspar-r-rancies."

"'Twas no good at all, th' whole thing, I should say," responded Mr. Hennessy.

"Ah, thot's phwhere they jawed th' empire an' got fined! Just beause th' Strate in Cairo lost its camels an' had t' send its 'Oriental Rugs' back to th' Bon

Marchay—thot shtore's big as a Union Dapot, Jawn—some counthries howled failure! But there was siv'ril moiles lift av good matherial; an' th' edicated brain of a man who'd nivir lift his desk at school for th' board on a cart till he'd learned how t' count change loike a mashesen at a resthaurant, was not slow t' disthern th' same! Thru they haven't th' crowd we had ovr here—phwere a mon would shnap a telegraph-pole in two by th' sheer weight av his body—an' sixteen thousand payple behind 'im! An' there wasn't much musick, ayther! 'Twas a gr-r-reat disappointment! Oi'd ixpicted t' see a dozen par-r-rades a day, with throngin' crowds of cheerin' Frinchmen urg'in' thim on! But th' flower-parade was th' nearest they came t' me dreams. An' as th' pote says, 'Twas but a little faded flower!' An' th' music was at th' cafays; an' there your attintion was distracted from th' beautiful sthrains by a waiter askin' you somethin' in English—at iaste thot's phwhat he called it! An' there was no brass band t' be sure! Sousa had gone before Oi got there—an' merely left his mar-r-ches behind him. An' their little squealers could no more play thim! No more than a Frinchman can play football!"

"Phwhat about th' United States Buildin'," inquired Mr. Hennessy.

"Aw, Hinnessy," replied the philosopher, "there's another deeply wronged affair! It has nothin' on exhibit—nivir intinded t' have. You go in there, afther seein' th' Bolivian flag, an' th' Tur-r-rkish flag, an' th' Frinch flag ivrywhere—an' right in front av ye there shtands a satee, one of those round satees, padded like an overcoat y'know, Hinnessy! You've been doin' th' Expo—Exhib—you've been doin' th' thing since early mor-r-rn, an' you've thramped th' stoney pavemints, an' fallen off th' 'Movin' Sidewalk,' till y' hov only your head left. So you fall right into th' thing, an' lane your head back an'—if there roight above ye in th' ccilin' ain't painted th' flag! 'Old Glory,' y'know, Jawn! An'

y' look at thot till y' feel queer like in th' throat, an' thin somebody passes you an' y' see it's a Wesht Pointher, an' y' look out at th' door an' there's an Annapolis Cadet. Y' begin t' hum th' 'Shtar Shpangled,' an' roll y'r head comfortably t' one side—an' there you see a picture of th' Prsidint. Thru gold all throo' an' throo'; an' not sixtane t' wan, but a howlin' major-r-rity! An' there you're continted t' stay—where most of th' people speak English, lots of them are your fellow counthrymin, an' all of them know it's more'n two days from N' Yor-r-rk t' San Fr-r-rancisco!

"So y' watch th' payple come an' go, while y'r fate git comf'therble, an' y'r head gits cooler like. An' y' hear wan mon say, 'An' Oi saw more automobileels

in an hour in thot buildin' than Oi'll see th' rist av me bor-r-rn days!' An' a woman squales, 'But Worth's gowns are shimplly bew-tew-tiful!' Then ye all of a suddin' fale some wan pullin' y'r shoulder. 'I'm sorry,' he says, 'but it's toime t' close up,' says he, shaking y' some more. An' y' wake up t' foind th' Wesht Pointher smilin' down at ye very pleasant loike. 'No throuble at al, me bye,' you says, shakin' hands wid him as y' go. O! it's not all fake, Hinmissy!"

"But phwhy did they put our buildin' next t' th' Tur-r-rkish?" asked Hennessy.

"'T' heighten th' effect,' as me artist frind Gibson would say," replied Mr. Dooley, lighting his pipe.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, JR.

A CASE OF LAWLESSNESS.

THE Argentine Republic may be compared to the Australia of 1850, where escaped convicts and black sheep in general reigned supreme, making life in some places worth not a moment's purchase, even to the most cautious. Through the Republic are scattered whole settlements of criminals from other countries. The worst feature is that there is no capital punishment for murderers, so that when a burglary is committed and there is any risk of detection, the criminal considers that he may as well take the life of the victim of his crime, and finish the business off to his own taste, knowing that there are a hundred chances to one against his discovery, and that even if he should be arraigned, he could under no circumstances be hanged.

The following anecdote I heard from an old Irish gentleman who had been editor of a newspaper in Buenos Ayres, and had experienced enough exciting incidents to afford material for fireside circulation to the end of his days.

Fancy yourself on a vast stretch of miry country road, a mile or so outside of a large city, with the moon casting a sickly light through the shrubs that line the roadside. Two men, presumably Italians, are walking slowly a few hundred yards ahead of you. The customary Argentine blanket-cloak is thrown over their shoulders, and you can see the glint on the hilts of their knives that swing at their belts. There is evidently some animated discussion going on, for their soft and mellow Italian vowels float clearly to your ear. You creep behind the stone fence that lines the road, for they have halted, and if they should by any chance turn and spy you, it would be extremely probable that the newspapers would publish next day an account of So-and-So's having been found dead on a lonely stretch of country road with an interesting knife-wound between his shoulder-blades artistically and dexterously inflicted. The authorities could not catch the murderers, but would warn the police to "take active

measures," a thing that the noble police have apparently been endeavoring to do for the last decade without beneficial results. Any police outside of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races are ineffectual—Sherlock Holmes in particular dilates on that; they are the shadow without the substance.

We suppose now that you are safely stowed away behind your fence, and are watching the discussion. There is danger ahead, for all gesticulations are abandoned, and they keep their hands fast on their dagger-hilts, waiting like tigers for the spring. Suddenly, they clinch and strike. One succeeds in giving the other a fatal stab, but before he has succeeded in doing this, he has received an ugly wound in the forearm. The murderer hauls the body into the bushes, and makes for the city as fast as possible.

You have some reputation as an amateur surgeon, we shall say. Next morning you sit in your office reading the morning paper, which contains an elaborate account of the murder, preparatory to writing articles for your own sheet, which is to come out that afternoon. The body has been discovered by

the side of the road. "Murderer undiscovered," etc. An Italian enters the room. So far, so good, for Italians are a drug on the market in Buenos Ayres, and you need not wonder at that. But your horror and surprise develop when the fellow shows an awkwardly bandaged fore-arm, and a wound that was evidently made by some sort of sharp knife. After a close scrutiny, you recognize the murderer of the previous night, and you know that you possess the power of giving that man a rather disagreeable time of it; but you also know that as soon as your friend leaves the prison, (for he is bound to beg off sooner or later), he may reverse the situation, and make it interesting for you. Here you have a pretty little problem. Looking at it on the side of justice, you feel that you should inform on the man, and obtain for him the imprisonment he deserves; but when you consider the consequences, and the fact that you cannot help the murdered man at all by informing, and will surely bring disaster on your own head, you quietly bind up the wound and receive profuse thanks in the most elaborate Italian imaginable.

THE BISPHAM RECITALS.

ON October twentieth, twenty-fourth, and November second, Mr. David Bispham, of the class of '76, gave song recitals in Alumni Hall, and presented the proceeds to the Gymnasium fund committee. It was Mr. Bispham's first intention to deliver three lectures on the rise and development of song with illustrations, but he finally modified this idea and sang the pieces in chronological order, with brief prefaces explaining their importance in the history of music.

Beginning with the ditties of Trouba-

dours and Minnesingers, Mr. Bispham sang some of the best-known melodies of the Italian school, rendered selections from four of the most famous oratorios, and concluded his first recital with a few opera airs, of which Wagner's "Evening Star," and "Quand 'Ero Paggio," from Falstaff, held every one in the hall.

Before the doors opened for the second recital, a hundred people were collected in front of Alumni Hall, and when Mr. Bispham stepped on the platform scarcely a seat was vacant. The program was drawn entirely from German sources,

and was almost the best of the three. The tragedy of "Edward" and the joy of "Mein Mädel" became doubly apparent under the skillful treatment of the singer.

In the third recital Mr. Bispham sang only English songs, and put forth all his efforts with the most gratifying results to the large audience. That old favorite "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes,"

drew rounds of applause, and "Danny Deever," which was asked for as an extra, fairly made the roof fall, and Mr. Bispham left the stage to the accompaniment of several college cheers from the students. As a fruit of the course of recitals Mr. Bispham increased the gymnasium fund by some thirteen hundred dollars.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

'39. Thomas P. Cope, of Germantown, died on October 22, in his 78th year. He was the son of Henry Cope, who was a Manager from 1830 to 1851, and was himself a Manager from 1864 to 1871. He was the author of several religious works, and was a well-known merchant in Philadelphia.

'71. Dr. Randolph Winslow witnessed the Haverford-University of Maryland game. He had a son on each eleven.

'90. Edward R. Longstreth was married on October 16 to Miss Helen C. Loomis.

'92. Dr. Gilbert J. Palen has opened an office at 1521 Spruce street, Philadelphia. He is a specialist in eye, ear, nose, and throat diseases.

'92. William E. Shipley was married on October 23 to Miss Caroline W. Cadbury.

'93. Clarence G. Hoag has taken a house on Barrett avenue. Mr. Hoag is in business in Philadelphia.

'99. John D. Carter is assistant in chemistry to Dr. Hall.

'98, '99 and 1900. A. G. Scattergood, H. H. Lowry, A. C. Maule and F. M. Eshleman were the Alumni who spoke at the foot ball meeting on Friday, October 5.

For the following notices concerning the class of 1900, we are indebted to F. M. Eshleman and H. H. Jenks:—

C. J. Allen is in business with his father, Samuel L. Allen, at Moorestown, N. J.

W. W. Allen, Jr., is in the Philadelphia National Bank.

W. B. Bell has entered the School of Political Science of Columbia University.

R. J. Burdette, Jr., is studying abroad.

C. H. Carter and J. P. Carter are studying for their M. A. degrees at Haverford. The former is an assistant in German.

W. R. Chamberlain is with the Emery-Waterhouse Wholesale Hardware Co., of Portland, Me.

F. R. Cope, H. S. Drinker, W. S. Hinchman, W. W. Justice, Jr., and S. W. Mifflin are in the Senior Class at Harvard.

J. T. Emlen is to enter the office of Cope & Stewardson, architects, in Philadelphia.

F. M. Eshleman is with Justice, Bateman & Co., wool merchants, of 122 S. Front street, Philadelphia.

C. Febiger is with Lea Bros., medical book publishers.

W. G. Freedley, Jr., is in the marble business. He is in Philadelphia in the winter, and Vermont in summer.

E. D. Freeman is at the Columbia University Law School.

J. S. Hiatt is teaching English at the Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, Long Island.

M. Hoopes is in the office of Hoopes & Townsend, iron manufacturers.

F. S. Howson's eyes have improved greatly, and he is able to work in civil engineering at Wayne, Pa.

H. H. Kingston, Jr., is in the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company.

H. H. Jenks is in the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

H. L. D. Levick is about to enter the manufacturing business.

J. E. Lloyd has been working in the office of W. M. Lloyd & Co., and will start for the South to take a position in the employ of the Cummes Lumber Co.

J. A. Logan has been honorably discharged from the army, and he is in the legal department of the P. R. R. He is also studying law with his father.

F. E. Lutz is studying botany and physiology in Chicago University. He has a fellowship in the graduate school.

D. Miller is with Townsend, Whelen & Co.

J. K. Moorhouse is at the Philadelphia Divinity School, Fiftieth and Woodland avenue, Philadelphia.

G. M. P. Murphy is in the class of 1903 at West Point.

J. I. Peelle has an inspectorship of finished products in the mills of the American Steel & Wire Co., Cleveland, O.

R. J. Ross is in the class of 1902 at Haverford.

S. F. Seager is in the class of 1902 at Harvard.

H. Sensenig is teaching Greek and German at St. George's Hall, Summit, N. J.

F. C. Sharpless is in the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

G. M. Schober's address is No. 937 North Forty-second street, Philadelphia.

H. H. Stuart is with the Duluth Elevator Company.

A. G. Tatnall is in the twine yarn rope business, with the firm of Hooper, Sering & Co., 428 Market street.

E. B. Taylor, Jr., is in the employ of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad.

J. M. Taylor is in the Fourth Street National Bank, of Philadelphia.

R. S. Wendell is doing surveying work in New York.

L. H. White is teaching Latin and History in the Hudson River Military Academy, preparatory to entering the General Theological Seminary in New York.

W. W. White is teaching in the north-western part of the State of Iowa.

C. C. Yocum is in business with Gimbel Bros., in the Claim Department.

FOOTBALL.

HAVERFORD vs. RUTGERS.

PLAYED at New Brunswick, October 13. Haverford was defeated by a score of 11 to 0. Rutgers' compact interference and clock-work rushes were too much for Haverford. The latter missed deplorably Captain Fox, whose hand was broken, Chambers, and Grant who was injured in the first rush. Hart and Conger made good end-runs, and a touchdown was made in the first half. In the second half, Haverford put up a very stubborn defense, but Rutgers succeeded in crossing their goal line once more, making the final score 11-0.

Haverford played pluckily without three of her best men, but could not stop Rutgers' speedy backs. For the visitors, Stone, DeMotte, Wood and Warrington played the best game, while Hart, Conger and Mann played well for the home team. The line-up:—

Haverford.	Rutgers.
Neilson	left end ... Van Holvenburg
Wood	left tackle
Worthington	left guard
Ross	centre
Simkin	right guard
Cadbury	right tackle
Warrington	right end
DeMotte	quarterback ... Mann (cap)
(Thorne), (Phillips)	
Stone	left half-back
	(Wyckoff)
Mellor	right half-back
Grant	full back
(DeMotte, capt.)	

Time—20 minute halves. Referee—Dr. Babbitt, of Haverford. Umpire—Mr. Daly, of Notre Dame University. Touchdowns—Rutgers, 2. Goal—Rutgers.

HAVERFORD vs. FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL.

Played at Lancaster, October 20. An exciting game was won by Haverford during the last minute of the second half. Previous to that the ball had been kept in Haverford's territory most of the time, for F. and M., although deprived of some of her best men, showed up very well at all departments of the game, and

made the visitors fight for every inch of territory. Neilson fell on the ball behind F. and M.'s goal line, scoring the only touchdown. Score, 6-0.

The best work for Haverford was done by Fox, Warrington, Stone and Grant. The first-named in particular played very well, although handicapped by a broken hand that was not yet well. For Franklin and Marshall, Appel, Kilheffer and Hilmenz played good football. The line-up:—

Haverford.	F. and M.
Neilson	left end
Cadbury	left tackle
Worthington	left guard
Ross	centre
Simkin	right guard
Chambers	right tackle
Warrington	right end
DeMotte	quarterback
Stone	left half-back
Grant	right half-back
Fox	full back
	Appel

Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Garwood. Referee—Dr. Babbitt. Linesmen—Curtis, F. and M., and Mellor, Haverford. Timers—Kramer, F. and M., and Carey, Haverford. Touchdown—Neilson. Goal—Fox.

HAVERFORD 12, MARYLAND 0.

Haverford played her first home game of the season on October 24, with a team from the University of Maryland. The day was entirely too warm for first-class football; both sides were visibly affected and fumbled considerably. Haverford scored once in each half, mainly by line plunges, though Stone and Grant made several gains around the ends. Chambers and Fox did the best line bucking and all-around playing for Haverford, while Burns put up a snappy game for Maryland. The absence of Wood was much felt, though Perkins played a consistent game at tackle in his stead. C. A. Varney refereed, and Professor Wilson, of the Grammar School, acted as umpire. The halves were fifteen minutes each. The two teams lined up as follows:—

Haverford.	Maryland.
J. Winslow left end	N. Winslow
(Neilson)	
Perkins left tackle	Scott
Chambers left guard	Matthews
Ross centre	Brown
Simkin right guard	Hare
Worthington right tackle	McIlvaine
Warrington right end	Drewry
DeMotte quarterback	Rodgers
Stone left half-back	Burns (capt.)
Grant right half-back	Mann
(Mellor)	
Fox full back	Harper

HAVERFORD vs. DICKINSON.

Haverford was defeated by the strong Dickinson team in a stubbornly-contested game at Carlisle on October 27th. Haverford could make little headway against the heavy line of their opponents, who averaged fifteen or twenty pounds heavier per man, and were forced to play on the defensive. Costly fumbling ruined whatever chance they had of scoring, while Dickinson crossed their line twice in the first half, and three times in the second half, from which, however, only two goals were kicked. One of Dickinson's touchdowns was by a bad fumble on Haverford's 10-yard line, and another by a delayed plunge of thirty yards through the center. Most of the plays were aimed at center or tackle. There was very little end-running or kicking. Fox, as usual, and Warrington played the best game for Haverford. The referee was Dr. Smith, of Bucknell, and the umpire, Professor Stephens, of Dickinson. The halves were 20 minutes each. Final score, 27 to 0. The line-up is appended:

Haverford.	Dickinson.
Winslow left end	Diehl
Perkins left tackle	McGuffie
Chambers left guard	Care
Ross centre	Ammerman
Simkin right guard	Phillips
Worthington right tackle	Seely
(Reeder)	
Warrington right end	Pedlow (capt.)
Phillips quarterback	Hann
Stone left half-back	Cannon
Mellor right half-back	Shiffer
	(Powell)
Fox full back	Stanton

HAVERFORD 6, JEFFERSON 0.

October 31st Haverford met and defeated the strong team from Jefferson Medical College, which had been engaged on short notice to play instead of Stevens Institute, when the latter cancelled their scheduled game. The contest was a stubborn one throughout. Haverford showed up well on the defensive, but was unsuccessful in advancing the ball until the second half, when by a series of line-plunges Captain Fox was carried over the line for a touchdown, from which a rather difficult goal was kicked. There was no more scoring done. This game, while somewhat disappointing to Haverford's admirers, showed what a great addition to the team a steady drop-kicker would be. Two drop-kicks and a place-kick were tried by Haverford at favorable opportunities, yet all failed miserably. Fox, Phillips and Reeder distinguished themselves for Haverford, and Captain Stouffer, of Jefferson, who went into quarterback the second half, gained many yards on his well-placed punts. Mr. Morice acted as referee, and Prof. Wilson as umpire. The time of the halves was twenty minutes each. The line-up follows:—

Haverford.	Jefferson.
Grant (Winslow)...left end	Shaw
Cadbury left tackle	Stewart
Chambers left guard	Hart
Ross centre	Cary
Simkin right guard	Mylin
Worthington right tackle	DeKay
Reeder right end	Sharp
Phillips quarterback	Lockhead
	(Stouffer)
Stone left half-back	Moore
Mellor right half-back	Miller
(Thorne)	(Wagner)
Fox full back	Stouffer

SECOND ELEVEN.

This fall for the first time a second eleven, composed of the most promising members of the scrub, has been playing regular games with outside teams. Up to date the scores would not seem to indicate much success, but great interest has been shown, and the lack of victories

has been more than made good by the encouragement and practice afforded the players. The results of the games played are to date as follows:—

Oct. 12—Haverford Grammar School, 0-10.
 Oct. 20—Northeast M. T. School, 11-11.
 Oct. 27—Hahneman Medical College, 5-18.
 Oct. 30—Wilmington High School, 0-6.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception to the new men took place on October 1st. W. E. Cadbury, President of the Association, after welcoming the new students, called upon President Sharpless, Dr. Babbit and Dr. Goddard for addresses. A letter was also read from Prof. Rufus M. Jones. The captains of the foot ball, cricket and golf teams each made a few remarks, and then the company attacked the refreshments. After a few college songs, the Freshmen adjourned to prepare for the annual soap slide in Barclay Hall.

On the 5th of October, President De-Motte called a meeting of the Foot Ball Association to arouse enthusiasm in foot ball, especially among the new men. Several of the alumni were present and made addresses, encouraging all the college to co-operate in making this season a success. It was announced that all the classes had decided to join the Association.

President Dennis called a meeting of the Campus Club, on November 1st. The work of the committees for the present year was planned for. Altogether the prospects of the Club for extensive interest and usefulness are very bright.

The Y. M. C. A. has begun this year in an unusually flourishing condition. Many of the new men have already joined the Association, so that the total membership includes about seventy-five per cent. of all the students in college.

Besides the regular meetings held twice a week, it conducts four Bible classes, one in each academic class, with a total enrollment of ninety-one members, and a large class for the Study of Missions, led by G. H. Thomas, '02. With so encouraging beginnings, the blessings of the Association, both to the college and the individual members, should be even greater this year than ever before.

The heating and lighting plant behind the Gymnasium is about completed, and the large dynamos have been moved to their new position.

A tournament in both singles and doubles is being carried on by the Tennis Association. As it is not yet completed, we shall hold over the scores until our next issue.

At a recent meeting of the College Association, it was decided to adopt a new college pin with the college coat of arms upon it, and Mellor, '01, was appointed to receive orders for the pin.

The Class of 1903 has elected the following officers for the present half-year: President, R. L. Simkin; Vice President, J. B. Drinker; Secretary, S. N. Wilson; Treasurer, H. J. Cadbury.

On the evening of the 25th of October about sixty-five fellows from the college, with torches and a transparency, participated in a parade of the Republican Club of Bryn Mawr.

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DECEMBER, 1900

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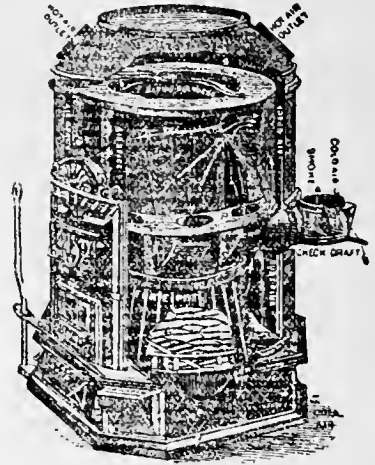
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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BY the time a college man reaches the end of his four-years' course, he usually is impressed more or less with his own importance. He has read statistics which prove that only one man out of every hundred in America is a college man, and that out of this one per cent., comes sixty-nine per cent. of America's successful and prominent citizens. The undergraduate realizes that he will belong to this powerful "one per cent.," and understands that he is to be one of a body of men which possesses an influence far greater in proportion to its numbers than any other class of men in the nation. When this thought has obtained possession of an undergraduate, an interesting psychological transformation takes place within him. He has been accustomed to think that a man is re-

warded for his honest endeavors and for nothing else. Lazy men formerly seemed on the way to become "tramps" and vagabonds. All this was before he realized how important a creature was a man with a degree. Now his ideas have been brought up to date. They are no longer the namby-pamby ideas his mother or father taught him. Persistent effort, courageous adherence to duty in the face of apparently harmless relaxations, unyielding determination to do the thing next at hand—all these things that once seemed good and desirable, now appear too stern and binding. "College men are influential merely from the fact that they are college men." "The world owes every college man a good time, and so there is little need of keeping one's self up to the tension I once thought necessary." Such are the thoughts of the average man at some time or other during his four years at college.

A college man alone can appreciate the strength with which these thoughts attack one, and seek to call him to a life of sloth. Many a man has thrown away his career on the cushions of his dormitory; many a good fellow has succumbed to the insidious temptation to do just enough work to wriggle through college and capture a degree. When such a man meets the world he finds it has no use for him. The American whirligig of politics, business, science, and letters spins so rapidly that the light airy men are whirled off into outer darkness.

There is no reason, then, why a man should go through college as easily and listlessly as he can. Such a training only unfits him for later usefulness. Often the power of indolent habits will become so strong that he cannot shake them off in his business or professional career, and

is therefore forced to take a lower niche in the wall than the one to which his powers entitle him. There is no tragedy when a small man fills a small place; the tragedy that makes the eyes tingle and the heart ache is the cramping of a big broad man, with splendid abilities, into a menial's place, simply because the big man would not in his college days rein his powers with a firm hand and put them through their best paces.

The good is the greatest enemy of the better, and nowhere more hostile than in college. Bright men who swing along on a reputation, clever fellows who look pityingly on the plodders; brilliant, lazy men remember that the hare and tortoise story is not too homely to contain a truth.

In Memoriam.

ON Thanksgiving Day, Edward B. Conklin, '99, in his twenty-third year, suddenly died. Early death has taken from Haverford one of her best representatives of manly strength, at a time when all his powers were claiming recognition, in the very prime of youthful manhood. No one was more loyal to Haverford than he, no one more interested in her behalf, and it seems hard to realize that we shall never hear his deep voice again, nor feel his hearty grasp upon our hand.

IT is pleasant at the close of a hard day's work, to draw the shades, throw a few logs on the study fire, pull up a deep-seated easy chair and dream away an idle hour or two, without a care or thought of responsibilities. It is at such moments that we get away from every-day commonplaces and wander off to foreign lands and times, backward or forward, with a sad longing for "the brave days of old," or with youth's natural hopefulness for the uncertain life before us. Youth is the age of fancy

and the imagination, when each young man's mind paints him a successful life in the warmest colors, which sometimes lose their richness as the years succeed each other. Not infrequently men have lived in a world of their own creation, even to the time of grey hairs, and then wakened up to find their pleasant vision a mere hallucination. Men of this type are usually the harmless sort that we pity rather than condemn. Few seem to realize that out of the millions upon millions who are working every day to their utmost power, if not for distinction, at least for success, only a small proportion can attain this goal; and the man who starts on a career well fitted for it, has a winning handicap over his less trained competitors. It has been said that college is the making or the ruining of a man. If he does not employ every opportunity that opens before him and do his work faithfully, let him rather go to business at once, for the acquirement of slipshod habits will injure him through life. Fortune may be a fickle jade, but all is not fortune, and more is accomplished by real work than by whistling. Strange to say, too, it is only with a consciousness of duty done that a man can truly enjoy an hour of idleness. It is then that friend, fire, arm chair, and for some the pipe, soothe the mind and make a winter's evening at college one of life's oases.

IN the winter of 1897-8, Haverford put a hockey team on the ice, which met and defeated teams from several neighboring institutions. This year Haverford has been asked to join the Inter-Collegiate Hockey Association, and with this in view has organized a Hockey Club and elected L. W. DeMotte captain of the forthcoming team. While only two of the previous successful seven are now in college, there is plenty of other good material, and Haverford should present a creditable showing among the other colleges that she will play.

OUT OF SALISBURY—A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant meadows flow."

—Addison.

IN July, 1834, Heine was staying at Boulogne-sur-mer. In a letter written to a friend, returning a volume of Goethe, he says, referring to his visit:

"Depuis dix jours je suis ici jouissant d'une parfaite solitude car je suis entouré de la mer, de bois, et d'Anglais qui sont aussi muet que le bois—je ne veux pas dire aussi 'holzern.'"

Perhaps Heine, with his wonderful love for his nature-world, would not have been so prompt to censure this quiet trait of the Englishman had he seen him enjoying one of his peaceful Sundays amongst the country lanes and winding water-ways of Devon.

To me, Sunday weather has always seemed more cheerful, more spiritual, more glorious than any other; at all events one Sunday stands out clearly as an example of true Sunday-spirit, true "Sonntagsruhe," true delight in the life of nature and the out-door world.

Turning my steps in a northerly direction, I found my way through the narrow, crooked, stone-paved streets of old Melchester—as Hardy is fond of calling Salisbury—and coming to a stone bridge crossed a busy little river called the Avon, and soon found myself beyond the outskirts of the town. Stretching away in a great vista before me lay the high-road to Wilton—lined with arching elms, suggestive of cathedral grace—grace inherited from Salisbury Cathedral, whose spire stood out plainly as I wandered further and further from the picturesque tile roofs of the town.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon that I reached a little stone church behind a mossy wall nestling in amongst juniper bushes, wisteria vines and climbing roses. The soft gray walls were fairly hidden by the great clusters of English-ivy, and several small hemlocks cast

a shade of peace and contentment over the scene.

From within came the sounds of the organ, the voice of the pastor, the responses of the flock. A little tan-bark walk bordered with yew trees led down the church-yard, while on either side were arbors overgrown with clematis and roses.

The mossy grave-stones, the hum of bees, the low conversational notes of small birds amongst the shrubbery, the sounds of the service floating out on the soft summer air, all shed a spirit of peace and intangible happiness over the whole scene.

Some of the most delightful conversations of my life have been with the casual wayfarer by the road-side. You may fall in with an old shepherd—one of the old school—he of the cord breeches, red plaid muffler, leggins, and crook, and he may talk to you of his pet wether, of the lambing of the past spring, of his dog who trots at his heels.

And so on this August Sunday of mine down in old Devonshire, I chanced to meet a man and his son. The father had been servant to Lord Pembroke, and his father in the service before him, but now, emblem of the new times, his son had joined the police. The old man was clad in clean white cords, a fresh white Sunday stock; the son in the blue of his office. Father and son had strolled into the parish church yard, and there I found them.

I was speaking in praise of the church—the beautiful garden, the neatness of it all. The old man seemed pleased, his wrinkled eyes smiling kindly at me. Such appreciation pleased him. It was *his* church.

"A natty little place. Yes! yes! a natty little place," said the old gaffer, while his son answered:—

"It's been fixed up these last five years," and then turning to the old father as though to seek his recognition, said:—

"Before it was like a wilderness."

Nodding his head, the old fellow replied musingly:—

"Y-e-s, jo-o-st the very same."

I left the two talking together, and wandered down through the church-yard. The organ was playing again—the door was open—and the sound of it all came out to me.

I chanced to bend down over an old mossy grave-stone, and brushing back the thick grass I read, tracing slowly with my finger the partly worn letters: "The Lord is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." This, thought I, is the essence of this whole afternoon.

Standing there alone in the little parish church-yard, amongst the yew trees, I felt the strength and beauty of the words. And then with the amen of the congregation in my ears, I wandered on to the stone parapet of a bridge crossing a wonderful little river, and leaning on the lichen covered coping watched the fishes idling in the water beneath. Yes, they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. The sense of peace with the world, the spirit of the Sabbath, of ineffable contentment, fell over me, and I leaned there on the bridge drinking in happiness.

There are times when it is best and most heavenly to be alone. Times when the mighty stillness of nature seems to soothe and lave the spirit of man into religious purity, lifting him into a higher, holier sphere. Good William Hazlitt was so right when he spoke in disfavor of companions on a walking tour, and I think he must have once fallen into the frame of mind in which I found myself that Sunday. Had I had company—other than that which I might meet with by the road-side, it would probably have proved but sadly in sympathy with my

mood. Yea, the very best of company may not be of avail under such circumstances.

The little river at Wilton comes miraculously from some wonderland around the bend, curdles in amongst the bull-rushes, glides out over its weedy bed, and chuckles to itself amongst the white pebbles before it meanders away under the cool arches of the bridge.

I watched it for quite a time, and it seemed to be talking all the while curiously to itself.

As I turned away along the Wilton road, and set my face toward the hill which skirts the Park wall, I found myself repeating over and over again the words of Lamb: "For me, inland murmurs and our native minnows—inland murmurs and our native minnows."

I walked on by the wall of Wilton Park—the estate of Lord Pembroke. One peep in at the gates was all I had of the fine old house, and then on, along the outside of the great park wall.

The hills rolled off into the west, fading away into the haze of distance. Everything seemed restful, still, and filled with peace. Then came from the copse the solicitous sound of longing, the love-note of the wood pigeon amongst the trees.

"The coo of doves in immemorial elms."

It was here at Wilton Park that Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*. Along a mile or so of the road I busied myself weaving pictures of Sidney and of his beautiful dark-eyed sister, Lady Pembroke,—the "dark beauty," perhaps, to whom Shakespeare wrote his wonderful sonnets.

Could it be that I was here—here where Philip Sidney had passed his days of leisure; here, where the great, the very great Mr. Shakespeare—playing but all too seriously the part of his sighing lover—had strolled; and perchance by his side, tall, dark, fascinating, the beautiful Miss Sidney?

Sweet hour of twilight amongst the shadows of the silent trees!

We can fancy Shakespeare—his words

constrained and unwilling, so great the passion of his love—walking by the side of his dark beauty amongst the shrubbery of the park. Perchance standing there by the river, he may have whispered musingly, partly to himself,—

“Love’s fire heats water, water cools not love.”

and she, seeming not to hear, as is ever the way with women, may have turned on, down the shady path. Later—a month or more—she opens a sealed packet, addressed now to Lady Pembroke, and there in the last lines of the sonnet she sees again his words uttered by the rivet bank,—

“Love’s fire heats water, water cools not love.”

And so this summer afternoon of mine, I built me pictures and dreamt dreams, delectable dreams.

There may be something soporific in this Devonshire country—for I recall (pardon my speaking of Hazlitt again, but remember, that though we be mighty fine fellows now-a-days, we cannot write like William Hazlitt) that Hazlitt in his essay “On a Sun-Dial,” has something to say of the sleepy nature of Melchester Plain.

“For myself, I have never had a watch, nor any other mode of keeping time, in my possession,” writes the epicure, “nor wish to learn how time goes. When I am in town, I can hear the clock, and when I am in the country I can listen to the silence.” And then he goes on to say: “What I like best is to lie whole mornings on a sunny bank on Salisbury Plain, without any object before me, neither knowing nor caring how time passes, and thus ‘with light-winged toys of feathered idleness,’ to melt down hours to moments.”

That sort of idling out of doors purifies man.

As I walked along the western edge of the park, I was seized with an irresistible desire to peep over the wall into the preserve within. Finding a place where the

mortar had weathered out, I put in my toe and clambered up over the stone coping. There directly below me was a great herd of fellow deer. I was face to face with them, fawn-colored, spotted and dark chestnut. There they stood gazing at me beneath the green-wood trees of the great park.

I was then suddenly a poacher. There before me were the King’s dun deer, fat and sleek. They filed off and went cantering up the glade. I jogged on along “the foot-path way and merrily hent the stile-a.”

The Wiltshire kennels were on my road, and I saw Addison’s veritable Will Wimble and his puppies.

Then on along a winding lane between hawthorn hedges, barley fields and green meadows. Little children were playing in the evening peace before small thatched-roofed cottages.

There was a tempting turn-style beckoning me to a path across the fields, and I turned aside from the main road. And verily I was repaid, for I met a lover and his lass, hand in hand beneath the hawthorn hedges.

“If Heaven a draft of heavenly pleasure spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In others’ arms breathe out the tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
evening gale.”

I strolled through New Bemerton church-yard, and along by the river, passing an old mill, now abandoned. The water tinkled in among the reeds, singing the evening song of rest. Little welling streams flowed into the river everywhere, and so finally trudging along a green cause-way, and through more gates I came once more into the town.

And the Englishman, how he enjoys all this! How well he knows the birds, the flowers, the out-door world of his little island. Quietly but sincerely he enjoys them all—loves them all—and on Sunday afternoons walking with his children he teaches them to love God’s world with all the power in their little hearts.

Froissart, speaking of these English-

men, said: "Ils se rejouissent tristement selon la coutume de leur pays." This Sunday afternoon of mine they may have been enjoying themselves unobtrusively, but over it all there was blessed peace and simplicity of heart.

The sun was now sinking in the west behind horizontal bands of mist. Some distant chimes sounded dim and far away over the fields—fields made glorious in

the long shadows of the blessed evening. It was all an indirection of sweet sense into the world which is Eternal.

The text of that Sunday afternoon was found on the old moss-grown tomb-stone low amongst the grasses of the little Wilton Parish church-yard: "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

W. W. J. JR.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

Edited by President Sharpless.

BEFORE another issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN reaches its readers, the annual reports of the Board of Managers, the President and the Treasurer, and the annual catalogue will have been distributed. Friends desiring these pamphlets may secure them by application to the Secretary of the college.

Besides the changes in the faculty and the register of students, the reports give information and suggestions about the development of the college. The invested funds amount to about \$820,000, which since the end of the fiscal year has been increased to nearly \$900,000. The salary list is over \$34,000, and the cash income from students exceeds this by \$5,000. The operations of the college show a deficiency of about \$6,000, but as the building of Lloyd Hall is principally included in the current expenses of the year, the Board does not consider this a bad showing.

The Library now contains over 37,000 volumes, and renews its demand for more shelf room. The obvious method of securing this would be to erect a new hall for lectures, and allow the present building to be devoted exclusively to library purposes. As from 1300 to 1500 volumes are added yearly, and the Library is now the government depository for the Congressional district, it is a question of a very few years when large provision for books must be made. For a few years past the professors by de-

manding reading in connection with recitations and lectures, have made the Library not merely a source of recreation, but an essential factor in student development.

Another matter referred to in the reports is the condition of the lawn. The new gymnasium determines the main quadrangle on the south side, as it has been determined previously to the north, east and west. This central space will never be built upon, and may now be permanently laid out in the most convenient way in walks, drives, and by the planting of trees and shrubbery, if any are needed. Steps have already been taken to secure from an expert some advice on this question, and it is hoped we may be able to make a beginning in the spring.

The catalogue this year is a more bulky volume than heretofore. The courses given in the various departments are explained each by a few lines of print. The entrance conditions are not changed, but notice is given of willingness to accept in place of Haverford examinations the examinations of the Central Board of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. These will be given next Sixth Month at various centres over the country. Until the system is better established, we will continue to hold our examinations as heretofore. No students are now ad-

mitted to regular standing in the college on certificate.

The new courses in Philosophy and Biblical Literature are explained in full. Many of the alumni of a few years back will probably be surprised at the large number of courses offered in various departments. After a student has graduated he might return to the college for the six succeeding years and find full new work each year, in courses now regularly given.

The Scientific and Classical Clubs, composed of officers and students, are

mentioned for the first time in the catalogue, though they have existed for some time.

Two lectures in the Library Course, by Dr. Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, Maine, are announced for Twelfth Month 12th and 13th.

Edward Grubb, M. A., of England, will visit this country during the first two months of the new year and give some lectures in the same course.

John B. Garrett will give a public lecture on the lessons from the recent coal strike early in First Month. I. S.

CRICKET IN SAMOA.

A BEAUTIFUL clear day, with the southeast monsoon tempering the tropical heat of the sun, which would otherwise have become unpleasantly warm in spite of our well-spread awnings. The sailing master had told us that we should probably be at anchor a Apia harbor by three in the afternoon, and we were on the lookout to see everything that could be seen, for whilst in Auckland we had heard much of Samoa and its beauty from those who had visited it.

Already in the distance, but growing nearer every moment, we could see the blue mountains of Tutui'a, and somewhat to the left a hazy dullness like a storm cloud was stated to be Upolo, the principal island of the group; at least when I say principal, I mean that on it is the residence of the King, and the capital city, Apia.

Before long we were passing between the two islands of Tutuila on the right, where we could see the cliffs and reefs bounding the entrance to the magnificent harbor of Pago-Pago, one of the finest in the Western Pacific, and a valuable acquisition to the maritime possessions of the United States. On the left is

Upolo, with some small rocky islets looking as if they were the young of the parent isle, not old enough to venture far from the mother's side, and yet beginning to grow their own trees, for they were covered at the tops with vegetation. These, with the heavy deep sea swell of the ocean dashing against them till the spray washed the very tops of the trees on their summits—some seventy or eighty feet high—formed a beautiful but somewhat awe-striking picture.

Now we altered our course to the left and ran along the coast of Upolo towards Apia, from which we are distant about seventy miles, but as we were doing our sixteen knots and had a current in our favor as well as a breeze on the beam, we would probably get to Apia before the time estimated by the sailing master.

There is not space in this article to tell of the beauty of that run along the coast of Upolo, with the ever-changing panorama of hills and valleys clothed in the most beautiful shades of green intersected with flowering shrubs and creepers as ardent in hue as that tropic to which they belong. The coast was fringed with the graceful waving of the cocoanut palm trees, whilst below these again was the

white foam of the Pacific swell as it dashed itself to a fretted fury over the barrier reefs of coral. I can imagine nothing more lovely than these isles of the southern sea viewed from the sea. I speak advisedly, and repeat, "as viewed from the sea."

About 2 P. M. the white houses of Apia began to open out from behind the bold spurs of the hills running down almost to the sea; Matautu was the first part of Apia to come into sight, and there above the tops of the cocoanut trees we saw flying the Union Jack, denoting—as we afterwards found out—the British Consulate. As we rounded the point the full view of the town of Apia—the scene of so many troubles and intrigues—burst into sight. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is the most prominent building, standing or seeming to stand just below the hill of Vitaile, where Stevenson made his home, both living and dead.

As we entered the harbor which lies between the two long coral reefs, over which the heavy rollers of the Pacific were bursting with a sound like heavy gun fire, and ran to anchor in the deep curve of the coast from Mulinu Point to Matautu Point, numbers of canoes set off from the shore and made for the yacht; but they did not come alongside, because we had to go through the formality of getting "pratique," and a long white whaleboat manned by magnificent living bronze statues, came off with the doctor's flag flying in the stern. He was accompanied by the pilot, a fussy man who assumed almost the importance of a Hooghly pilot.

However, we were admitted to be free from plagues and noxious diseases, and the pilot had succeeded in bringing us to an anchor just opposite the United States Consulate. Then came the fun. As soon as the doctor's boat shoved off, the canoes were alongside in an instant, and without a "with your leave," they clambered on board, bringing fruits, fowls, pigs, ducks, and all manner of comestibles, to say nothing of the delicious young coccanuts, which form a drink for

the gods. Such English! "Broken" is not the word, but smashed and stirred up with a spoon would be a more appropriate phrasing for it.

As we had purchased some fruits and the steward had picked out such things as he wanted for immediate needs, paying—as we afterwards discovered—outrageously high prices in consequence of our ignorance, we started to talk to some of the natives about going on shore. One young man was a perfect model for a statue of young Hercules, although somewhat strangely dressed for that character, for he wore a billy-cock hat with much of the rim broken and hanging down around his head and flapping with each movement, which must have been decidedly uncomfortable. His waist was surrounded with leaves of the banana, and on his feet he wore a boot and a sock, not both on one foot, but the boot on one foot and the sock on the other. On my offering to make the difference good he informed me that he wore them in this manner for economy's sake; he had the other sock and boot at home, but that they did not wear out so fast if worn according to his method. He told me his name was Nalu, and said he was my friend, which I felt was very kind of him. Another thing he implied to me was, that he was the only honest man on the island; though if this was so the rest of the population must have been without exception the biggest thieves and liars in the world, but he did his lying and stealing so kindly and with so evident an endeavor to save my feelings as much as possible, that I could not be angry.

About half-past four a large white boat was observed making for the yacht, with natives of importance in the stern sheets, one of whom was dressed in European clothes. I asked Nalu who they were, and he informed me that one was Samanutafu, the Governor of Apia, and the one in the store clothes was Johnny Upolo, adding gratuitously that he "was all the same brother belongee me!"

Johnny Upolo was Admiral of the

King of Samoa's fleet, and we made ready to receive these great chiefs with all proper honors; we told off the boatswain to pipe them over the side, and we stood ready on the deck to receive them. They came up over the side ladder with steps that shook the yacht, Johnny with a freedom and breeziness that marks the deportment of the salt-water devotee, and Sammy (forgive the vulgarity of the abbreviation, but the original is too long for anything short of an lexicon) with a step and weight that betokened the gravity of office and years of gubernatorial dignity. With raised hats and bated breath we received these great officers of the State, and invited them to partake of a glass of champagne in the cabin, which they condescended to accept. On the steward's producing the champagne with some of our best Huntley and Palmers, Johnny with that freedom which is born of the rolling ocean, said: "Me no likee, that stuff too muchee ——!" Here he made a noise with his mouth that in polite circles is considered ill-bred. "Suppose you givee beer much better stuffee," but Sammy was unmoved and drank the champagne and behaved beautifully.

I don't quite know why, but the Admiral of the fleet attached himself to me, and the Governor went with another of us. Whilst sitting by the stern deck-house smoking one of the chief-of-us's cigars, Johnny, suddenly fixing his gaze on me, said: "My friend, Missee, you come Samoa before." I assured him he was mistaken, but it was no use. He affirmed that I had been there on board of an English steamer, and he clinched his argument by saying: "I savee very well; my wifee she do washee for you." Here was a blow to preconceived ideas of primitive aristocracy! Socialism in high life! Heavens! But when he went on to solicitate my washing for the Lady High Admiral—if that be the proper title to be applied to Her Highness—I fairly succumbed and yelled with laugh-

ter. However, she got it! Subsequently I found that Sammy had made the same overtures to another of us, with the same startling results, but he also got it for the Lady Governess of Apia. By the way, they washed the clothes in the streams and beat them on the stones with wooden clubs! Consequence, not a button is left on when the wash comes home, and further you are informed on complaining of the many missing pieces that "Me velly solley, too muchee piecee he swim away!"

After thus providing for our domestic comforts, we set out for the shore and landed in the municipality of Apia, the capital of the Samoan group, but at the time I am writing of, governed by the Consuls of the three Powers, United States, Germany and Great Britain. On these officials we duly called, leaving the British Consul to the last, as we had letters of introduction to him. His house was situated a little way on the far side of the Matautu Point, a beautiful spot.

Before leaving the yacht a mysterious individual had arrived alongside dressed in the most spotless white tapa, or native cloth, and bedecked with flowers, who on reaching the deck after many genuflections, handed one of us a letter done up in a beautiful finè piece of tapa—which I should perhaps state is made by beating out the bark of a kind of mulberry tree that is cultivated for that purpose.

As we were just starting for the shore at the time, and as the document was written in the Samoan language, it was deemed by one of us, who was the chief, that it would be well to take it up to the British Consul to discover the purport of its contents. Some were of the opinion that it was an invitation to dine with the King, others that the native girls had invited the male part of the yacht's complement to a Siva or dance, to which of course ladies were not invited. The chief-of-us explained that this was because European women's dress was not in keeping with the methods of dancing

prevailing in these islands, a theory that I cannot say I believe to be correct. There were probably other reasons.

However, on arrival at the British Consulate, and when the necessary ceremony of introduction had been gone through, the letter was produced and the Consul requested to explain the contents, which he did by asking us, or rather our chief, a question which seemed at first a little wide of any mark that we had in our minds regarding the letter. He said: "Have you a cricket eleven on board your yacht?" To which one of us replied, "Well, we played at Rio and we played at Wellington, New Zealand." Then with a touch of complacency, "and we did not do so badly, either—won both matches!" "Ah!" said the Consul, "that accounts for it," and I noticed a grim look in his face. "Some of your men have been talking about those matches, or possibly you have had some of your cricket gear up to air on deck, since you came in." Then one of us chortled and said: "By jove! yes, I got up my cricket bag to air it; it was a bit damp inside from the bad weather we had after leaving Auckland." "That's it, then," said the British representative. "This is a challenge to play a match with the Apia eleven." At which statement a chorus broke forth from all of us, "Can we play cricket? Is there a decent ground?" etc., to all of which questions the Consul replied with a grim but affirmative monosyllable. Then said our chief, "But do you really think that the natives could put up a decent sort of a game, a game that would be worth while bringing our best men ashore for?" Then I noticed that the Consul's face ceased to be grim, and a twinkle came into his eye as he replied, "Well, I believe that the Apia eleven rather fancy themselves; I understand that they beat a man-of-war eleven once."

His last remark settled it. The challenge was accepted and a reply sent off at once that the game should begin tomorrow at 8 A. M.

When we returned on board there was much looking up of cricketing gear.

The morning was lovely and the yacht's team started for shore in the steam launch in the highest spirits. I did not go with them, because the English Consul's wife had promised to send the Consular boat for me a little later, to take breakfast with her and afterwards visit some places of interest. Being only a female, and not supposed to play cricket, I was glad to accept her invitation. Not but what I have often played cricket, and made a jolly good score, too, in days of girlhood and short petticoats, bless them!—I mean the short petticoats. I have always had a longing for the fashions to change that way.

About luncheon time I returned from my rambles with the Consul's wife, and whilst we were sitting at the table our chief came in very hot, also I could see—with the discerning eye of the female—that he was not in a good temper. "How is the match getting on?" remarked the Consul, with just a shade of laughter in his voice. "Don't talk of the beastly thing," said the chief. "We have been ever since eight o'clock trying to get the first two men out, and have not done it yet; the beggars are playing with tree trunks for bats; they are dressed up in leaves and flowers like Jack-in-the-Green, and are giving us the best leather hunt we any of us ever had. They are two hundred up already, and not a wicket down. You ought to come and see it. It is the greatest sight I ever saw!"

After lunch we went to the cricket ground, and certainly it was a sight to be remembered. The first thing one saw was a large number of banners bearing various devices and Samoan mottos, some of them really beautiful, and nearly all of silk. These I afterwards ascertained were the banners of the various cricket clubs that were assembled on the ground, as it seems to be a point of honor for all the clubs of

the various villages to attend a foreign match. The ground was a very beautiful one surrounded by palm and cocoa-nut trees on the land side, and open to the reefs fringing the shore on the seaward side. But even more interesting than the surroundings were the crowds of people who had assembled to see the match. Bronze-skinned beauties of Apia and the towns or villages of Upolo seemed to have turned out in force to encourage their equally handsome brethren. What giants these men are, to be sure. I could not see a man amongst them under six feet in height, and the women are equally statuesque and graceful, every movement is free unfettered nature.

When we were seated at the place of honor on Samoan mats spread upon the ground, the two undefeated Samoans were just returning from luncheon, and were about to resume their by no means completed innings. The telegraph board showed that the score stood at 220, no wickets, no last man. In fact, from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. these two bronze-skinned giants had held the wickets against every device and change of bowling a not so very bad eleven could bring to bear upon them. They wore the "almost entirely," with the exception of a wreath of banana leaves and flowers intermingled with croatan leaves around their waists, and a wreath of scarlet Hibiscus flowers around their heads, also petals from the same flower stuck on their foreheads, cheeks and chin; this latter gave them a very remarkable appearance, and was, I should think, calculated to distract the eye of the bowler. Oh! yes, I forgot, they had each a pad on their left legs, which was also calculated to give a sense of the ludicrous, for a cricket pad with a bare thigh above it and a bare foot below it, was not exactly orthodox apparel in the games of cricket I had witnessed up to this time. And then their bats! They were scrupulously correct as to width and length, but in thickness they were four times as thick

as an ordinary bat, and five or six times as heavy; also they had no front or back but were rounded somewhat like a magnified base ball bat, and these men handled them as if they were canes.

Great shouts of welcome went up from the Samoan crowd as our somewhat dejected-looking eleven made their way out into the field; for the Samoans are nothing if not courteous, and especially so to a fallen foe. Indeed, they always beg the pardon of an enemy in battle when about to cut off his head, explaining that it is an unfortunate necessity that compels the removal of his upper extremity, but that if he has any special wish or message to give for his relations or friends, he, the operator, will make it his duty to carry it out!

Samoans are always polite even under the most trying circumstances. It was this sense of politeness that doubtless lead Nalu to come over and sit behind me and abuse the two Samoans at the wicket. Every time they made a run he called them names, such as "You land crab," "You deformed pig," and other expressions which are not reproducible, but were doubtless used by him in a spirit complimentary to me, whom he honored with his friendship and brotherhood.

During the match Nalu entertained me with strange legends of Samoan cricket, how they often played district against district, or island against island, not in the usual method of the English game, but to the numbers of 600 a side, the matches often lasting as long as six weeks or two months at a match. I found on inquiry from our friend, the Consul, that this was no stretch of Nalu's imagination, but that such games actually took place, not that the 600 were in the field at one time, but that a fresh eleven would be constantly taking the place of a former eleven belonging to that side which was in the field, whereas the opposite 600 who were at the wicket would go steadily on sending in their men until the whole of the 600

were out. The score not infrequently amounted to over 10,000 runs.

Presently a great shout of triumph and clapping of hands brought me back to the present game, and I found that one of their men had been given out L. B. W., and I assure you that all that immense crowd of perhaps 7000 people were as rejoiced that that man was out as if they had all been on our side. Certainly the telegraph stood at over 300, but the cheering was genuine I am sure.

To make a long story short, about 3 P. M. the Apia Cricket Club eleven declared their innings at 500, with seven wickets to fall, and consequently our men proceeded to bat. As the Papalagi went in the Samoans raised a mighty shout, and the women burst into a wild but beautiful song, which Nalu explained to me was about the white men, or Papalagi, coming over in their ship from their dearly loved land, to play a game of cricket with the worms that crawl upon Samoa. There was a certain amount of unintentional sarcasm in that song, because the worms were beating the papalagi pretty thoroughly.

Our chief went in first, accompanied by another man, and they both looked

pale, and I know the chief was nervous by the way he fumbled his batting glove, and had at last asked me to fasten it for him. I fear I am sometimes wicked, but I asked him if he needed a lady's gage, and if so I would stick a scarlet petal of Hibiscus on his forehead. I regret to say he refused, or rather he moved away suddenly, as if he did not hear. However, it was not for long. A deep groan of sympathy from the assembled crowd told its own tale—the chief was out with what in our parts would be called a duck's egg, but here in Samoa would be termed "Toloa Fa'aos."

He came back to where we were sitting, chuckling. "Why," he said, "they don't bowl: they sling the ball out of a catapult. Why, the ball that bowled me broke the off stump in two pieces. It's frightful. No wonder they play with tree trunks." "Alas," said I, "how are the mighty fallen." Then we went back to the Consulate with a feeling in our hearts that cricket, to see it at its best, should be played by savages in a state of nature.

I should perhaps add that our eleven made twelve all told! Samoan scenery is very beautiful.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'76. After the second song recital, President Sharpless entertained at dinner Mr. Bispham and several of his friends and class-mates.

'76. F. H. Taylor has been elected Fourth Vice President of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.

'88. Martin B. Stubbs is Professor of Chemistry at Ursinus College.

'89. Charles H. Burr, Jr., has lately recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

'92. This class held its reunion at the University Club on the evening of the 24th of November.

'93. W. S. Vaux, Jr., is the architect for the new Heating Plant at the College.

'94. J. A. DeCou, teacher of Latin in the Red Bluff High School, Red Bluff, California, was elected a member of the American Philological Association at the annual meeting held in July at Madison, Wisconsin.

The College wishes to express sincere thanks to those loyal alumni who have supported the foot ball team by frequently playing on the scrub: Hay, '95; Scattergood, '96; Scattergood, '98; Varney, '98; Haines, '99; Lowry, '99, and Hoopes, '00; to W. N. Morice, of the University of Pennsylvania, and several others.

'96. Milton Clauser is supervisor of Manual Training at Denver, Col.

'96. A. D. Hartley is teaching at Herbertville, N. J.

'96. J. A. Lester is Instructor in English at the Hill School, Pottstown.

'97. R. C. Brown is Professor of English at Wilmington College, O.

'97. F. N. Maxfield is teaching at Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y.

'97 and '99. These two classes held their annual class dinners on Friday evening, November 23rd, the eve of the Swarthmore game, the latter in the Sen-

ior dining room, the former in the Y. M. C. A. room.

'98. Walter C. Janney has stopped his law work at the University of Pennsylvania, and has gone west for the winter to build up his health.

'99. R. J. Davis is doing journalistic work in Philadelphia, having graduated at Harvard.

'99. E. H. Lycett has been appointed agent of the Bryn Mawr Citizens' Association.

'99. F. K. Walter is teaching English and German in the West Chester High School.

'00. Samuel W. Mifflin has been playing all the fall at full-back on the Harvard scrub, being ineligible for the 'Varsity. His line-bucking helped Lewis to develop the guards-back. Edward D. Freeman played a part of the season at guard on the Columbia University team, until his studies compelled him to stop foot ball.

SKETCHES.

A Fancy.

WELL did the old Greek writers speak when they called our thoughts winged. Hither and thither like birds of the air they fly. Sometimes like the swift swallow, now here, now there, yet nowhere, do they dart; or like the jewelled humming-bird, on quivering wings hover over some brilliant flower. Sometimes beneath an azure heaven and the strange cloud creatures of the sky they float over bright Elysian fields, while sometimes with the eagerness of a fierce-eyed falcon they pursue their prey. And, most sad of all, sometimes, like a caged, wild hawk, with

helpless pinions they beat out their wretched lives against the cruel iron bars that relentlessly deny them freedom. Yet, on the other hand, as we watch them soaring let us be careful lest, like Icarus of old, they fly too high, and fall back pitifully again to earth and everlasting ruin.

Realism.

There is probably no theme on which a young and impressionable writer loves more to dilate than on the beauties of nature, and a favorite subject seems to be the joys of an early morning ramble in

the country. He takes a fiendish joy in persuading us that we have not really lived until we have seen nature in her waking moments. The far east, rosy with the approaching dawn, the little birds twittering in their nests, or joyfully hailing the approaching day from some topmost bough, the broad green meadows, covered with numerous filmy webs, whose dew-drops glint and sparkle in the first rays of the rising sun,—never to have seen nor heard all this is indeed not to have lived. Well, I have tried it. Not often, perhaps, but I have done it. I have traversed the undulating fields, and, with heedless footsteps, have dashed the countless scintillating, dewy jewels from their settings in the dewy grasses until my feet were sopping wet. I have waited, shivering, for a cold, damp mist to lift and reveal those first straggling shafts of crimson which herald the on-coming day, until the invisible sun must be high in the heavens, and I gloried in the diversified sounds of nature till I realize why, as statistics tell us, the early rising farmers furnish proportionately more of our insane than any other class.

The College Pin.

What an odd fancy is the modern college pin! Hardly an idle whim, or it had not met with such an enthusiastic reception, yet without doubt one of those popular fads which are so characteristic of the American people. Merely a bit of gayly-colored enamel, I know, but how dear it is to the heart of the nineteenth century girl! Indoors and out, 'mid the duties of life or life's pleasures, she is ever true to her college pin. No favor can earn it, no money can buy it, no flattering word can coax it from her. Perhaps for an instant you happen to center your gaze upon it. Surely it is not shame which bids the dainty blush creep o'er her cheek, nor is it coquetry, nor yet surprise! Ah, you cannot fathom that mysterious, roguish smile,

which bids you see, and not look; know, but not tell; feel her innocent pride, yet reveal it not. Jest not with this treasured bauble of hers, jealous admirer, or you stake your favor at a single throw.

As Seen From Below.

The worm lay in the crack of the pavement, and looked up at the myriads of passing feet. Being somewhat of a philosopher, he read a tale in each. First came a beautiful new boot of the finest calf-skin, and each step it took was brisk and firm. "Some rich business man," said the worm softly, "wealth is his idol." Then there passed a shining patent-leather shoe, apparently of the latest style and cut, but the worm saw what the world did not, a large hole worn through almost to the foot, and he shaped his judgment accordingly. "His only pair," he remarked sagely; "some young man who is trying to live like a prince on a beggar's pittance. Debt no doubt already stares him in the face." Then came hundreds of others, each with its message. Now it was some high-heeled, pointed shoe that pinched its owner's foot hopelessly out of shape; then a heavy, blunt-toed, hob-nailed one that marked the common-sense working man, and then again the unshod, begrimmed little foot of a street arab. "Well," soliloquized our friend, "variety is the spice of life, I suppose, but by the Beak of the Great Worm Catcher, I'm thankful I was born footless."

Joe Jefferson.

A hale old man, with remarkable activity for one of his age; a man looking like one who had gone through many varied experiences and had been found wanting in none, is old Joe Jefferson, gentleman, actor and true moralist. What a contrast to those mere shells of frippery, whose only thoughts are woman and wine; whose only objects,

money and license. Their race is soon run. But this old man, who has attained to such an age by moderation in all things, whose object is (as he has many times declared) to place the American stage on a higher level of morality, from whose every word we take pleasure and profit, can afford us a real evening of enjoyment. Who can call "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Cricket on the Hearth" harmful? After several hours

of theatre we can always tell whether we have done right or wrong in attending it by the sensations that we experience later, and when we happen upon a play that is as clean and wholesome as one of those above-mentioned, we have good reason to exult. Here's to good old Joe, and may his days that still remain be many for him upon the stage, which he has brought to such a plane of respectability!

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES OF THE CRICKET TEAM IN ENGLAND.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	In.	R.	N.	O.	H.	S.	Av.
Allen	16	366	0	109	22.88		
Sharpless ...	14	291	1	61	22.38		
Hinchman ...	16	355	0	58	22.19		
Patton	16	338	0	84	21.13		
Justice	16	334	0	57	20.88		
Carter	16	222	4	58*	18.50		
DeMotte	16	222	4	39	18.50		
Mifflin	16	240	0	47	15.00		
Roberts	9	61	4	27*	12.20		
Wood	14	129	2	24*	10.75		
Dennis	12	46	3	13	5.11		

ALSO BATTED.

Drinker	4	33	3	24*	33.00
Sharp	1	18	0	18	18.00
Morris	3	23	0	12	7.67

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	B.	M.	H.	W.	Av.
Justice	710	11	443	26	17.04
Sharpless	900	32	467	24	19.45
Patton	1287	32	682	35	19.49
Hinchman ...	154	4	308	14	22.00
DeMotte	1170	31	644	25	25.76
Wood	238	4	145	4	36.25

ALSO BOWLED.

	B.	M.	H.	W.	Av.
Allen	36	0	33	1	33.00
Mifflin	12	0	18	0	

*Means not out.

FOOTBALL.

HAVERFORD vs. DELAWARE.

THOUGH the game with Delaware on November seventh, resulted in a tie, it was very unsatisfactory from a Haverford point of view. Half of the Haverford team appeared listless; they tackled carelessly and fumbled constantly. Five minutes after play was commenced Fox was sent over the line for a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal. During the remainder of the game Haverford was almost always able to gain ground, but wretched fumbling respectively on Delaware's ten, one, and five-yard lines at different stages of the game, and two futile attempts at field-goals ruined the chance of winning by a respectable score. Wolf, of Delaware, tied the score by a goal from placement early in the second half, after securing

the ball on a fumble on Haverford's seven-yard line. The line bucking of Fox and Worthington, end runs of Stone, and the phenomenal tackling of Warrington, in a measure redeemed Haverford's spiritless team-work. The lengths of the halves were 20 and 25 minutes. Mr. Giltner acted as referee and Prof. Wilson as umpire. Final score, 5-5. The line-up was as follows:—

Haverford.

Delaware.

Winslow, Neilson .. left end	Powell	
Cadbury	left tackle	Wharton
Chambers	left guard	Evans
Ross	centre	Jackson
Simkin	right guard	Tummel
Worthington ..	right tackle	McCoy
Warrington ...	right end, Groves, Harrington	
Phillips	quarter-back	Thixley
Stone	left-half-back	R. T. Cann
Grant, Mellor ..	right-half-back	P. J. Cann
Fox	full-back	Wolf

HAVERFORD vs. LEHIGH.

However great the dejection into which Haverford admirers had fallen by reason of the previous games, it was more than counterbalanced by the game with Lehigh, played on the home grounds November the tenth. The day was a perfect one from a foot ball point of view,—a fact plainly shown by the large turn-out of spectators. Aided by a strong wind and by lack of self-confidence on the part of Haverford's eleven, Lehigh was enabled to score twice early in the first half, but during the rest of the game Haverford's goal was never once in danger.

In the second half Captain Fox, aided by the wind, kicked out of bounds. Lehigh ran the ball back 30 yards on a fake kick, and then followed an interchange of punts, in which Fox easily out-kicked Parsons. Two attempts at field-goals failed wretchedly, and the fates seemed decidedly hostile to Haverford until Philips fell on the ball on Lehigh's 15-yard line. Then in an incredibly short time Fox was pushed over for a touchdown, but missed the goal. Haverford had now found her true gait, and she went to work to increase the score already made. Fox's long punts and line-bucking, Stone's end runs, and fast team play advanced the ball to Lehigh's 25-yard line, where Neilson failed to kick a field goal. Still Haverford was not discouraged, and by persistent line-bucking amidst tremendous enthusiasm scored a second touchdown a quarter of a minute before time was called. Fox failed to tie the score by missing an attempt at a drop-kick for goal.

This game with Lehigh was such a revelation of how every man on the Haverford team can play that it is difficult to indicate those who distinguished themselves individually. Fox, Stone, Carey, Worthington and Warrington did on the whole the best work for Haverford, and Gearhart and Farrabaugh for Lehigh. Mr. Moore officiated as referee, and Mr. Morice as umpire. Time of

halves—25 and 20 minutes. Final score—Lehigh, 11; Haverford, 10. The teams lined up as follows:—

Haverford.	Lehigh.
Winslow, Neilson.. left end	Gearhart
Cadbury	left tackle
Chambers	left guard.....
Koss.....	centre
Simkin	right guard
Worthington ..	right tackle
Warrington	right end
Phillips	quarter-back ...
Stone	left-half-back ...
Carey	right-half-back ..
Fox	full-back

HAVERFORD vs. URSINUS.

Had Haverford played as well against Ursinus on November the fourteenth, as she did against Lehigh the Saturday before, a large score would have been rolled up in her favor, but as it happened she had to be content with a score of 17 to 12. Each team scored 12 points in the first half, Haverford on a long run by Warrington from a fumble, and line-bucking by Worthington; Ursinus by the revolving wedge formation when near Haverford's goal-line. In the second half Haverford, through poor judgment and fumbles at critical points, could score but once, that again by Worthington. The game was called on account of darkness before time was up. Fox showed a notable improvement in goal-kicking. Worthington, Warrington and Price also played well individually. Prof. Wilson acted as referee, and Mr. Alexander, of Ursinus, as umpire. Time of halves—30 and 25 minutes. The men lined up as follows:—

Haverford.	Ursinus.
Reeder, Neilson ...left end	Price.
Cadbury	left tackle
Chambers	left guard
Koss.....	centre
Simkin	right guard
Worthington ..	right tackle
Warrington	right end
Phillips	quarter-back
Stone	left-half-back
Carey	right-half-back
Fox	full-back

HAVERFORD vs. SWARTHMORE.

Haverford closed the foot ball season on the 24th of November, when she met

Swarthmore, her old rival, on Whittier-field, in the nineteenth annual game. Although the wind was sharp and cold and occasionally accompanied by a drizzling rain, yet over 3500 people had collected along the side lines when the two teams, wrapped in blankets, ran upon the field.

Captain Fox, of Haverford, won the toss and decided to defend the eastern goal, giving Swarthmore the kick-off. Worthington ran the ball back ten yards, but Thorn failing to gain, Fox punted to midfield, where Battersby, attempting to return the kick, was blocked by Simkin, and Wood fell on the ball. Stone made a run of twenty-five yards, but later Haverford lost the ball on downs. Simkin later made twenty yards through the line, but Swarthmore through a blocked kick and a fumble returned the ball to midfield. Three times Fox kicked over the line; three times Battersby kicked back from the twenty-five yard line. Finally Stone made 25 yards around the right end and, after the ball had changed hands twice, he repeated the performance for a touchdown. No goal. Score—Haverford, 5; Swarthmore, 0.

For the rest of the half the ball was in the midfield. In the exchanges of punts Fox gained much, kicking higher and farther than Battersby. Twice Stone skirted the ends for over fifteen yards, and Chambers gained through the line. Each side also fumbled once. Ten seconds before time was called Swarthmore attempted a goal from the field from the thirty-yard line, but failed.

In the second half, Fox kicked off and Swarthmore, after five minutes' play by successive gains through the line, had advanced the ball to Haverford's twenty-yard line. Here Battersby fumbled in a scrimmage, and Wood, taking the ball, made a pretty run of thirty-five yards, but being unable to keep his start and seeing Battersby rapidly overtaking him, gave the ball to Fox, who carried it forty yards farther, being downed on Swarthmore's fifteen-yard line. Worthington

and Fox advanced the ball twelve yards, and Stone skirted right end for a second touchdown. Fox again missed the goal. Score—Haverford, 10; Swarthmore, 0.

After the kick-off, Haverford soon lost the ball and by a series of short gains through the line Battersby and Downing steadily advanced the ball, and Stewart made an end run for a touchdown. Battersby's goal was blocked. Score—Haverford, 10; Swarthmore, 5.

An exchange of punts followed the kick-off, and Swarthmore lost the ball near the midfield, but stole it again from Grant in a scrimmage and kept it until they had scored twice more. By heavy line plunging and short end runs they worked their way down the field and made a touchdown. Goal. Haverford, 10; Swarthmore, 11.

Swarthmore again got the ball on the kick-off, and by the overwhelming weight of their backs again and again went through the Haverford line for first downs. Stewart scored a third touchdown. Goal. Score—Haverford, 10; Swarthmore, 17.

There were now five more minutes to play. Haverford got the ball on downs twenty-five yards from their own goal, and Carey, who had been substituted for Thorn, made two good runs around left end, and Fox kicked the ball into Swarthmore's territory when time was called.

The game throughout was characterized by hard consistent playing on both sides. Both teams were loudly supported by college songs and yells, and kept up their spirit to the finish, Swarthmore winning in the last thirty minutes, and even in the last two minutes of play Haverford gained more than thirty-five yards. Each team was stronger in the offense than in the defense, and when given the ball was nearly sure to gain. The result, therefore, depended greatly on the possession of the ball. Swarthmore was heavier than Haverford, but they were both in unusually good condition, and so there were no injuries.

Both captains bucked the line well, and Stone and Carey, Stewart and Clothier gained around the ends. The quarterbacks managed their teams with good judgment.

As compared with the games of former years, this was one of the closest of the series. It was also marked by less of that bitter rivalry and unhealthy antagonism between the two colleges which has been prominent in the past. As a game of foot ball, it was undoubtedly the best of the season, although Haverford lost. The line-up was:—

Swarthmore.	Haverford.
Hoskins, E. Williams.	left end Grant
Overfield	left tackle .. Wood, Perkins
Downing (capt.)	left guard Chambers
Thomas	centre
McVaugh	right guard
Mannakee	right tackle.. Worthington
Clothier	right end Warrington
Seaman	quarter-back
Battersby	left-h lf-back. Stone
Matthews	right-half-back.. Thorn, Carey
Stewart	full-back
Touchdowns, Stewart 3. Stone 2. Goals from touchdowns, Clothier 1, Battersby 1. The officials were: Referee, John Gardiner, University of Pennsylvania. Umpire, John Outland, University of Pennsylvania. Time-keepers, Felton Bent, Williams and Arthur Cookman, Haverford. Linesmen, D. C. Palmer, Swarthmore, and John K. Moorhouse, Haverford. Time of halves, 35 minutes each.	

COLLEGE NOTES.

Mr. Gilbert, one of the Travelling Secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., spent November 20th to 23rd at the college, holding private interviews with many of the fellows. Mr. Soper, State Secretary, was with him part of the time, and they addressed a large meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday night.

John Lyon Stone, 1902, has been elected captain of the foot ball team for next year.

Several of the students attended the annual convention of State Y. M. C. A.'s held at West Chester, November 24th and 25th. Among the speakers was President Sharpless.

As the Philadelphia Ice Palace was opened on Thanksgiving day, those interested in hockey at Haverford have reorganized the Hockey Club of three years ago on a somewhat different basis from that of '97-8. An Association was formed to protect hockey interests, and all students are entitled to join on payment of the fee. The officers for the year are: President, R. H. Patton, '01; Vice President, E. M. Scull, '01; Secretary and Treasurer, N. A. Scott, '02; Captain

of the team, L. W. DeMotte, '01; Manager, W. H. Kirkbride, '01.

The Freshman class have elected the following officers: President, C. C. Morris; Vice President, Bradley; Secretary, Kratz; Treasurer, Withers.

A. R. Yearsley, '01, has been elected captain of the track team for this year.

Dr. Stiles, of the Agricultural Department at Washington, delivered an address on "Malaria" at a public meeting of the Scientific Club, held in Alumni Hall, November 23rd. The speaker illustrated by charts the growth of the sexual malaria parasite in the blood, its transference to the mosquito, its multiplication and distribution, and its final contagion. The only way to the reduction of malaria is the destruction of the malaria mosquito, which transfers the disease from one person to another.

The following men were awarded foot ball H's at the close of the season: Cadbury, Carey, DeMotte, Mellor, Neilson, Wood of '01, Chambers, Fox, Grant, Ross, Stone of '02, and Phillips, Simkin, Warrington and Worthington, of '03.

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JANUARY, 1901

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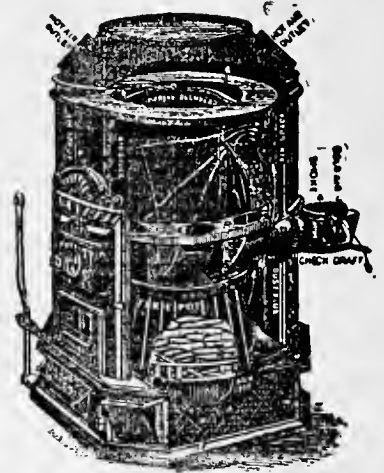
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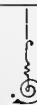
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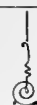
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXII.

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The Haverfordian

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IN MEMORIAM.

TO EDWARD B. CONKLIN.

Our Beloved Classmate.

The Class of '99, Haverford College, desires to express the sense of their bereavement in the loss of a comrade—of genial and unselfish disposition—high ideals—and stalwart Christian character.

“Integer vitae scelerisque purus.”

EDITORIAL pens are having a peaceful time this month. The new year, the new century, are easy topics on which to expatiate editorially. A glance at the columns of our exchanges shows that much good paper has been spoiled and much good ink wasted in wonderfully sweeping reviews of the past century's great achievements, and in equally comprehensive prophecies (by some seer of twenty odd years) concerning the weird possibilities of the century that is still in its swadling-clothes. Truly the editors of college papers have massive brains and eagle eyes. They take in a whole century at a glance, pass judgment with a serenity that would become a Rhadamanthus, then sweeping their half-awakened intellectual eyes along the horizon bounded by the year 2000 A. D., they tell us with the assurance of a Delphic priestess that “thus and so” the century shall pass, that “thus and so” great problems shall be settled.

For ourselves we have our own doubts as to this panacea theory of the twentieth century. The ills that “flesh is heir to” are likely to jump the boundary line between the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries as easily as we have jumped it, and those self-same ills will trouble us as persistently as ever they did in the past.

Yet there are encouraging signs. Men's hearts are melting somewhat. The last century put away American slavery; this century may be able to put away some things that enslave all men in the Republic, be they black, red or white. We are not posing as reformers, so we refrain from touching on these things even so much as to name them.

For reviews of the last century, for

the promises of the future, then, we invite you to read other columns than our own. For ourselves, we believe that the world will go on much as before; men will fight down the wrong inch by inch; bad things will be eliminated from our State, our country, our world, imperceptibly, yet steadily, and when Father Time makes a notch in his stick for another hundred years, some fellows will wake up and say, "We have done great things in the twentieth century. Go to now—let us write a review."

SOME Haverford men have been investigating a rescue mission in one of the worst districts of Philadelphia. A few of them have been working there on Sunday evenings, and they bring back interesting accounts of the things to be seen and heard in this mission. The "under-world," an unknown region to most of us, is here revealed to men who have never before had a glimpse of it.

This movement among Haverford men suggests other thoughts than those connected with its religious side. It brings a hope that here is the key to the solving of a great and menacing difficulty in our national life. Class hatred, the bitter war of money against muscle, of capital against labor, has drawn sharp blood-stained lines across our industrial history and has made us a nation of hard Philistines, good for money-getting, and quick for hating hindrances in the way of our gains—even though these hindrances take the form of men, of women, or even of helpless children.

Until the men who form the employing class become acquainted more intimately with the personal aspect of their employees, and recognize them no longer as so many "hands," but as so many "hearts," the present bitterness must remain and the hatchet cannot be buried. T. DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, says that most of our industrial difficulties arise from this habit of treat-

ing men as things and not as persons.

Any plan, then, that will bring the two classes into closer contact on their personal or social sides will tend to eliminate class hatred. As the college men, generally speaking, are the men who will form the capitalist class of the future, this plan of college city missions is bound to bring about indirectly improvement in the relations between capital and labor. No man can ever regard a workman as a mere automaton if he has spent his spare time during his college days in a mission where men of every rank meet, not as master and menial, but as man and man.

WE intend to open our mind on a subject we have long brooded over in the solitude of the Editorial sanctum. We have purposely avoided mentioning the matter earlier in the year, lest the spiteful should say that it was broached for the benefit of the present administration of this periodical. But now that with the next issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN the senior editors retire from hard labor and join the critical army of the "has-beens," not even the rankest carper can impugn our motives or assign them to any other feelings than those of kindness to the next wielders of the blue pencil. We much admire the spirit of some of our graduates, who, when they see the need of a tonic appear among these pages, write and send in an article for the next number, instead of using up an overflow of valuable emotion in scathing criticism. We are none the less glad to know our faults, so that we can correct them if possible, but to the average college editor good copy is a good meal, severe censure a bitter dose which he usually manages not to swallow. On the other hand, the undergraduates show much less than due interest in their college paper. For any student of literary ambition it should be a windfall;

no other equally good opportunity will open before him for trying his untrained wings; he hears the sum of criticism about him and may correct the things which appear so well in manuscript, but show up coldly in staring type. Never in a literary career does so much depend upon the practice and so little on the attitude as in college; a wider range of flight opens before the writer with means for finding out in what way he can best flap his growing pinions and so soar upward to eminence. And even if he has no motives of personal advantage, the *Haverfordian* should take some interest in having *THE HAVERFORDIAN* what it should be, an exhibition of what Haverfordians can do. It is idle for him to assume that so small a

body as the Board of Editors can be fully representative of the best literary ability in college. As a matter of fact, the best writers stand outside the pale, and with no apparent desire of coming within or passing their fruit over the top. It grows wearisome to be continually shaking the trees when so few branches overhang the barrier. Professors of English gather the ripe fruit as soon as it falls, and even this might be preserved in *THE HAVERFORDIAN*, but the editors must perforce pluck the green, or find not at all when their harvest time comes due. When a man, in a seizure of genius, hits off something worthy, let him bring it to the Editors. Criticism implies superiority, and superiority good literature.

FLORENCE FROM THE TORRE DE GALLO.

I TOOK stick in hand the other day and strolled out by the Porta Romana in the direction of the Viale dei Colli boarded the tram-car for the Villa Imperia, but got off at Gerisone and turned to the left along that most beautiful of avenues, the Viale. It was a perfect Italian day, a trifle too warm, perhaps, but merely to live in that air and under that sky is to be a prince anywhere else, and I drank in the fragrance of the woods with the eagerness born of many days' confinement to dusty city streets. There was nothing to press me on, and I idled as fancy bade, with camera, cane, and guide-book, the picture of a tourist for all I knew, enjoying the scenery as much as if I owned the same. I was generally feeling rather happy than otherwise, when a steep lane opened its mouth on my right-hand side. It looked interesting, so down I sat on the curb, leisurely took out Baedeker and found that, so help me patience, by this same lane I might shortly reach the Torre de Gallo, where the renowned Galileo was imprisoned by the Florentines with all his star-gazing paraphernalia, somewhere in the "dark backward and abyss of time."

No sooner read than done. I rose and pursued the cobbled path till it led to the forum of a little four-house hamlet, on a side of the hill. Many tokens pointed me to the "Albergo Allemania," but none to my much-desired Cock tower, until I discovered a slit of a place between two yellow houses that broadened out into a well-defined road-way. This I mounted with gladness in my heart, for had I not found it on the map?

High walls on right and left shut out all inquisitive eyes, while flaunting vines and low hanging acacia boughs leered out over the masonry and tantalized the expectation. A gate appeared in the wall, and then the crown was won. In I marched, guide-book in hand, ready to refute with a dash of cold print the possible extravagant demands of the jailer, scrupulously paid the fee, and was straightway at the mercy of my master. That he was a master of words there was soon no room left for doubt, for though I longed to get to the tower roof and bask while the sun was up, he held me down to an inventory of three apartments.

We halted before a caricature of Galileo, and the old fellow gaye his disser-

tation: "Very fine head of the astronomer, by Susermans' own hand." I fell back a pace, and remembered having seen the original of this base copy in Turin. So with many other things; at the end of them I fled to the realms above, "as though the wolves of Appenines were all upon my track." A hand-bell announced my upward flight to a portly woman, who met me at the door, but I evaded her catalogue and won the roof with one great effort.

A delightful little place it was, square, small, but solid, with waist-high broad-shouldered walls, and in one corner on an iron rod the family cock soared with flapping pinions, a veritable halcyon. This little tower rose from the middle of the house like a snake's head that had poised to strike and remained motionless, gazing around it. So, like the old hag's eye, I perched myself snugly in my socket on a corner of the wall and gazed out over Florence.

It was in the late afternoon when the sun on my left, shining through the early mist, partly obscured and mellowed the shadows and the higher tones. The yellow houses set in the olive-green of the plain beyond, and the darker tint of the trees at my feet, scintillated with all the glitter of golden nuggets. Beyond the city the Appenines, dotted with villas as with specks of light, straightened away obliquely from the little patch of Fiesole between two peaks on the right just over the city, to the hazy indefinite on the left, where the greenness of the hills merged into the blueness of the air and left no line. To the right the valley narrowed and the rich old town lay in the widening funnel of the plain as though some raging mountain torrent, flying down the slope

in its wild career, had burst upon the open, broadened out and flowed away in peace, leaving its golden sand there in a glittering heap, out of which the Campanile rises like the bare trunk of some unconquered giant of the woods, backed by a monster boulder, the Cathedral dome. Only these stand above the yellow grains that now are houses. There lies to-day the rich old city, not a bit more changed in beauty or in squalor since the first tread of the magnificent Medici was heard in its streets. "The old, old order changeth, giving place to new," but the old, old town remains the same, though duke and pope and prince have reigned in turn.

The cicadas droned monotonously, the sun was deliciously warm, and so I sat there abstracted, fascinated by the spell of the landscape. The romance of the atmosphere bewitched me, so that not till I shivered at the evening did I crawl reluctantly from my eyrie and leisure down the sloping road towards San Miniato; from San Miniato to the Piazza Michelangelio, broad and dazzling, with David in the center gazing out over his birthplace; a wistful look in his eyes, I thought, as though he longed to be in the life again, not of Palestine, but of merry Italy. Down the long steep slanting steps to the Lung 'Arno I strode, full of pleasure and enjoyment. They were fishing some suicide's body out of the muddy stream below the dam, and when they found him, the four torches spluttering and gibbering in the midst of that mournful little sorrowing band, and the black-draped bier with its awed but curious rabble passed me like an iceberg.

Ah, that anyone could wish to die in Italy.

COLLEGE LECTURES.

W. DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College read two lectures in Alumni Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings, the 12th and

13th of December. "The Serpent and the Dove," how to be strong and dangerous as the serpent, but gentle and harmless as the dove, how to form a strong

character, able to win a way in the world, and respect as well the rights of others; in words like these the lecturer expressed the purpose of his talk. On the first evening he confined himself to man's personal end and the ways of obtaining it, on the second he considered his actions modified by his duties to society.

In speaking of the individual, President Hyde stated the three cardinal virtues, wisdom, temperance and courage—the wisdom of common sense, the temperance of sufficiency in little every-day indulgences as well as in greater ones, and the courage of punctuality and tidiness as well as of fortitude in face of danger.

Man owes much to his fellow being, and this is the most effective check for his mode of living. Each individual must so order his career that his interest will also be that of the world, so that none shall work at cross purposes with his neighbor.

These two lectures were eminently enjoyable as well as practical, and will almost certainly leave a lasting effect on the college. It was delightful to hear Plato and Aristotle put to modern use and blended with Christ's teachings, it

was refreshing to hear good English put trenchantly with sparkling phrases, and it is not extravagant praise to say that we have yet to hear two better discourses than these.

On the evening of December the sixth Rev. Mr. Turner, Chaplain of Hampton Institute, Virginia, delivered an illustrated lecture on the aim and purpose of the school, which he represents. With the aid of lantern pictures on the screen Mr. Turner described, first, the miserable home-life and surroundings of the illiterate negro of the South and of the semi-civilized Indian of the West, and, then, the very marked change in those of them who graduate from Hampton, and the splendid influence that they exert on the communities in which they afterwards make their homes. The workings of the plant at Hampton were then thoroughly explained, and the lecturer concluded with a stirring tribute to the indefatigable and self-sacrificing labours of Col. Armstrong in behalf of the school he founded. Before and after the lecture the Hampton quartette entertained the audience with several "coon" and plantation songs.

A SMOKING ROOM EPISODE.

ON a raw foggy evening when the driving mist strikes and soaks the would-be promenader of the main deck, when the periodic blast of the foghorn stops the ears and drowns all conversation in the throat, when the steamer is creeping forward as if to smell out danger, and nothing can be seen on any side, then does the passenger body retire to the comfortable cabins. On the night in question most of the men were trying to find diversion in the smoking-room. Every table was occupied, every divan full of drinkers, smokers, or players. The steward and

his two assistants perspired with their exertions to fill orders, and the babble of talk was only the Wagnerian accompaniment to the chink of chips and the pop of bottle corks. "A death white mist slept over land and sea"—the fog without, the slow-moving, curling air of smoke within the room harmonized with the dullness and lethargy which peraded the crowded place in spite of the noise and bustle. Many passengers, crowded into obscure corners, slept serenely, others puffed their pipes in dignified silence, two or three games of chess were surrounded by the usual silent by-

standers who arched their eyebrows at unwise moves and nodded significantly to each other. Four old army officers sat at one of the side tables playing whist, transgressing every rule of good whist behavior by cracking old jokes and gloating over different episodes in the war with Spain; many "Scotch high balls" had moistened their naturally dry humor to an overflow of merriment. The usual "tough crowd" of prize-fighters and others of their bosom was roaring in the choicest seat of all over a five-handed game of poker at a one-dollar ante. Scattered over all the room were knots of two or three, smoking a friendly cigar, swapping toasts, or wagering on the ship's run for the next day. It was a characteristic gathering of men.

In a secluded corner three men were seated at one of the brass-railed card tables, smoking and playing a cheap game of poker. The man who sat on the divan under the window was past middle age, clean-shaven, with a set bewrinkled face that bore firmness and resolve. He was well dressed. Of the two other men, the one opposite to him was somewhat younger, more thin and careworn, but square about the jaw, with a cool air of self possession. The third personage handled his cards rather clumsily and appeared more eager for conversation than for gambling. He was clearly the loser of the three. They dealt and played several hands in the conventional routine and then the younger man opposite the window threw down his cards with the exclamation, "Let's quit, I see James is losing right along, I had a full house,—nobody beat it?"

"I'm not in a hurry to stop," replied James at his side, with a tone that gave his words a different ring. Nevertheless they called for drinks and let the pasteboards lie on the table. "It's Thursday night and we shall probably call at Queenstown before dinner to-morrow," announced the same speaker, "if this nasty fog lifts." No one vouch-

safe a reply; they were evidently pretty well acquainted with each other. "Did we meet you the first day out, Slavin, or the second?" queried he, removing his cigar and blowing rings over the table.

"The first, I think," replied Slavin from under the window, "and I shall be really sorry when we have to part on Saturday, you never grow so intimate in a week as on board ship."

"I hope we shall not altogether lose sight of you," returned the other with a questioning glance at the relieved James.

"A very pleasant time," replied the latter, as though he had been off the subject for several moments, and then, recovering himself he made a commonplace remark on the weather.

"It's driven everybody inside," rejoined Slavin, "I should think the auction pool numbers would sell high to-night." It was nearly nine o'clock and as a fact the pool had begun to be sold. A Jew from New York with loud voice and many feeble attempts at wit was bawling out the numbers with the owner's names attached. "Three hundred and thirty-five! a very good ticket to buy, belonging to myself; I'm offered sixteen shillings,—sixteen, sixteen, sixteen, seventeen, seventeen, eighteen—eighteen, eighteen, eighteen, eighteen;—once, eighteen twice, what! will it go at eighteen?" apparently it would, "eighteen, twice,—I'll make it nineteen,—nineteen, nineteen, nineteen, nineteen for the best number of the lot? once, twice,—three times;—sold to the owner."

"Going cheap to-night," remarked Slavin, "I guess there's a syndicate there again to buy the best figures low. It's generally so these days. Have one on me, Andrews."

"Thanks," answered Andrews. "And that little by-play over there reminds me of a story I heard in somewhat the same line,—in fact I took part in it myself—and it was a god joke on others beside me. If you care to hear it I'll

have it out when we are comfortably settled."

"Go on," puffed Slavin and James together as the steward set down three glasses on the table.

"Well, then, by way of a starter, here's to the health of the hero, for a very clever fellow and his due deserts," cried Andrews, and settled down angularly in his chair. "I will tell the tale in the first person as it appeared to me. I used to live in the suburb of Wesley Heights, near New York, towards Connecticut. You will look in vain on the map for it now. My yarn might well be named 'The Obliteration of Wesley Heights.' But this is merely prefatory. About five years ago Wesley Heights was a quiet modern village of a dozen pretty, neat, substantial houses. The house-holders were all respectable, well situated men with families who found in that undulating region a freedom pleasantly contrasting with the closeness of the metropolis. We—for I was one of them—villagers took a pardonable pride in our little town, and regarded its sociable basis as the acme of communal enjoyment possible in such an artificial city.

The single dirt paved street, the tasteful homes, and, above all, the beauty of the landscape, captivated, not only us the aborigines, but also many a visitor and passing stranger. And it was no surprise to us to learn that a rich man had bought fifty acres immediately adjoining our string of dwellings, between us and the railroad which lay half a mile away. I say it was no surprise to us to hear of this purchase, but how shall I stamp the faces of our suburbanites when vague but solidifying rumor brought the tidings that our unknown neighbor was about to sell his entire piece of land in small lots for mechanics' houses. There were no contradictory reports. Every day brought substantiations of that first hideous night-mare. It was even worse than this; it was gossipped from ear to ear that the un-

known was about to found a manufacturing town under our very noses with all its attendant blemishes on the landscape. This last rumor needed no confirmation to thrill us with horror, for we were to a soul, people of refined tastes, who loved nothing so dearly as rural seclusion. How much, during business hours our better fractions contrived to discuss the gloomy prospect I will not attempt to describe except by stating the results. Every household felt the blood boil hot in its veins at the thought of invasion. That such a plan could be thought of, and wreaked upon our little Eden was maddening. Of course the cooler heads held out hope of the rumor being a false report and so matters lay in a smoothed-over stage for two or three days and then the inevitable truth became evident. First a switch was built at the railroad station, then a flat-car loaded with lumber arrived and disgorged its contents, then carpenters flocked in its train and reared the stark white wood into an ungainly real estate office hard by the railway platform with the obnoxious words painted in huge letters on a great sign, 'J. A. Brown, Lots for sale; special advantages to mechanics.' It was enough, our worst fears had been realized. A smooth, dapper young man represented Mr. Brown behind the counter and was very attentive to anyone who wished to inspect the choice building sites. He had the entire fifty acres minutely divided into lots and regularly laid out in avenues and streets, named after the different presidents of the union. A large tract, however, lying nearest to our row of houses was ruled off in a square and left unnamed. The clerk was not able to tell its ultimate purposed use, but we could see through his assumed ignorance and read the word "factory" there as plainly as though typewritten.

It was more than enough—human nature revolted, and in a meeting held in our parlor, every family unanimously decided, that, before sooty workmen

should trample the fresh grass of Wesley Heights, before ragged children should swarm in our well-kept gardens and contaminate our darlings, Wesley Heights should no longer exist as it had been, the abode of innocence and home-feeling. We decided to evacuate the town. Every man was glad to sell his house and land for whatever he could get, through the real estate office, and think himself well rid of depreciating property. Four years ago this fall, it was, that we moved away and bad luck has followed me ever since. My lawyer's clientele gradually faded away and left me without the means of earning a living. I had to take to the road. I became a drummer for a large firm who were publishing good books at low prices, and even in this business had comparatively small success. It was weary work, and discouraging too, tramping from house to house trying to give block-heads a taste for good literature; even books with woodcuts awakened in them no enthusiasm and I labored to small purpose for a long time until chance put it in my head to visit the mechanics' village which had been built on the site of Wesley Heights.

Never did the sun shine more hopefully than on that morning as I rode forth from the great city past the old familiar landmarks, never did the environs of my old home appear so beautiful. 'Wesley Heights' called the brakeman, and I bundled off the train. The line of cars steamed away and I gazed about me. I was dumbfounded,—there was no village in sight; all the undulating meadow land and woods lay as

before, more beautiful, if possible, but of miserable little hovels I could see not one. The noisome office too, had disappeared, and over its situation a well gravelled carriage road curved gracefully into the woods on the ridge beyond. In blank amazement I spoke to the station agent and asked him about the town of Wesley Heights. 'Never was one built here,' he replied, 'as far as I know; all this land belongs to Mr. Slavin and his house lies right over the hill. He has a fine place here, for sure; hundreds of acres.' Andrews broke off at this point; "James," said he very quietly, "you might as well put the bracelets on him right away, so that he won't jump around and perhaps get off."

When the deed was done before the dazed man gained his senses, Andrews continued, "You see, Slavin, when I saw a man mean enough to turn peaceable people out of their homes by such means as you used with us just to build up an estate of his own I began to investigate his past history, and James and I have done this little business as representatives of the Citizens' League of New York. You have a few charges to answer for," and he drew out of his pocket a bundle of papers. "I hope we shan't lose sight of you after this voyage," he said smiling; "I shall be very sorry if we have to part on Saturday, and I don't think we shall." He and James conducted the manacled man below to a guarded stateroom, and then returned to the smoking room. "James," said Andrews, "as there are only two of us, let us play a game of chess."

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN SPORTS.

THE annual dual track meet between Sophomores and Freshmen was held on the 5th of December, and for the first time since the fall of 1896 the Freshmen

were victorious by the decisive score of 51 to 21. A high wind blowing directly up the home stretch, a heavy track and a temperature calculated to freeze the muscles of the young ath-

letes, made the contests uninteresting so far as records or fast time were concerned. This was offset, however, by the interest of the spectators in the outcome. A new record was established in throwing the cricket ball. The mile run, 440 yard dash, and running broad jump were abandoned on account of darkness after it became apparent that the Freshmen had won a majority of the total number of points. The Summary follows:

100 Yard Dash—Won by Thorne, '04; second, C. C. Morris, '04; third, Lowry, '04. Time not recorded.

Half Mile Run—Won by H. H. Morris,

'04; second, Hilles, '04; third, Phillips, '03. Time, 2 minutes 31 seconds.

Putting 16 Pound Shot—Won by Folwell, '04, distance, 32 feet 2 1-2 inches; second Perkins, '04; third, Schrag, '03.

220 Yard Dash—Won by Thorne, '04; second, C. C. Morris, '04; third, Worthington, '03. Time, 26 1-5 seconds.

Standing Broad-jump—Won by Dean, '03; distance, 9 feet 1-4 inch; second, Thorne, '04; third, Bevan, '04.

440 Yard Walk—Won by Worthington, '03; second, Tilney, '03; third, Bevan, '04. Time, 1 minute 49 1-5 seconds.

Running High Jump—Tie between Bevan, '04, C. C. Morris, '04, and Perkins, '04. No height recorded.

Throwing Cricket Ball—Won by Cornman, '03, distance 307 feet 3 inches; second, H. H. Morris, '04; third, Folwell, '04. (record.)

AN UNFINISHED TRAGEDY.

"It's been twenty years an' more sence I walked last with a gal," said he slowly, eyeing the muddy red liquid in his glass and measuring its depth with a favoring nod. "Yes, in my time I could count the gals in ev'ry port, an' I wasn't slow in countin' neither, but sence when Bill Gale made love in old Orbitto to a Tuscan gal I gev' it up." He rolled back his sleeve and showed me a scar on his left arm where the marks of teeth stood out white on the sunburned skin.

"When I looks on that mark, commodore, I thinks of the night I got it, and ef you know what that means—but she weren't to blame!" and he was silent for a time. Out in the street, under the doubtful flicker of the gasoline flares in the sidewalk booths, the crowd was passing and repassing. A steady hum of voices rose and fell like the patter of rain on the roof on a gusty March day. Laughter of women and shrill falsetto mingled with the deep voices of men. Now and then a drunken sailor raised his curses as he staggered on, or a crowd of men and girls, with arms locked, swung along the pavement sweeping all before them, and singing with hearty will a popular air. So, as we sat in the open window of the old tavern and watched the

ebb and flow of the city's human drift-wood float, the voice in the semi-darkness oposite me, slow and uncertain at first, gaining in volume as the story went on, told of the Tuscan girl and the sailor Bill Gale.

Natur' made Bill handsom' and sailorin did the rest. He took to the ways of the sea like he was born for them and in his first voyage he gets into a fight that nigh ends his days for good an' all. He werent over popular with the boys an' didn't chum with no one but me, so's I came in fer all his troubles. Down by Gibraltar we has to swim fer our craft becos he insists on takin' too free with a English gal what's engaged to a soldier, least Bill says he was told that before he hits the biffer an' runs, an' in San Pietro, where we touches for water, some fool Eyetalian shoots us full o' bird shot, an' mighty hard to get out too, all 'cos Bill kisses a nice lookin' darter o' his on the street. Bill was hurt in feelin's, I could see, fer he argues that a gal likes kissin'.

None of these things cures him at all. Why, 'twas three days before he could mind the helm after that little eppysode in Pietro. The old man, bein' the captain ef you don't understand, says that

Bill is too set in his ways about wimmen, but I took it he was too upset, which were why he come to grief as he done.

There ain't a better nor a nicer port fer a bark to harbor than Orbitto, an' the old man says, when we sails in and makes all sing, "Boys," he says, "'taint likely our cargo will come 'till Friday, so ef you want the nex' few days, it bein' Monday then, to yourselves, take 'em and for Davy Jones' sake keep out o' mischief. Bill ought to have enough to warn you."

Well, we cheers the old man and hurries into our store clothes. Bill and I gets the dingy and rows fer shore in mighty happy frame o' mind. We'd saved enough to take us comfortable through the time, and barrin' the sore feelin' from the bird shot we was lookin' our best. Both in blue blouses and red ties knotted loose, and hats to a side, we landed sort of impressive like at the wharf. After we made fast and pushed through a gang of what looked like patches of yeller and blue and green cloth hung on some dirty scarecrows, what ogled us 'till we swaggered them away, we comes into the town.

"No savey English?" asks Bill, with his choicest smile, to a nice lookin' gal we passes, but jist then a ugly lookin' man comes up sort o' in a hurry and Bill does some sign talk to straighten up his mistake. That feller had blood in his eye and follers us a couple o' hundred yards ruminatin', but we dodges him.

"Ye Gods!" says Bill, some flustered. "I wonder ef every damsel has a swain like him." Bill had read some po'try on ship bein' eddycated at school, an' he use to air it pretty free when we was alone. Long about the third street we comes to prospect gets brighter. We come to a fruit store and Bill spies a nice lookin' gal inside. She were a beauty, an' no mistake. Dark hair hangin' in a big fat plait down her back, a pretty face some dark, an' eyes—Lord, they makes your head swim. Well, I gets out, promisin' to meet Bill there at night, but

after I meets the rest of the boys I clean forgets and we has a quiet time in a tavern. I ain't much on views, but from where we was that green hill country and the blue sky an' sea was heaven. Yes-sir! an' for a few cents it were surprisin' how full o' liquor we got. Well, I finds my dingy at last and has just enough strength to get in her and fall asleep in the stern. 'Bout mid-night some body wakes me with a shake.

"Where in tarpalin' you been?" asks Bill pushin' me into a seat and shovin' an oar in my hand. "I been waitin' for you to show up and nigh got hurt. You're a nice pardner," and with that he shuts up and never speaks to me till we gets aboard. The cold air of the harbor wakes me at sunrise, and I rolls out. There was Bill a fixin' up already. He never gives me a word, however, and after while he goes on deck, me followin'.

"You goin' ashore?" I asks, when he comes aft, but he climbs into the dingy and never says a word.

"I'll be up fer you shore on time," says I, tryin' to make it up.

"Suit yerself," he snaps, an' goes on rowin'.

Well, I walks with him up the same road, only he turns off and cuts through an alley half way, and I keeps mum. The gal was waitin' and her face brightens up when she sees him, you jest bet. I leaves as soon as I sees her and goes fer a walk back in the hills.

It were a great day, jest hot enough to be comfortable. Along to noontime I comes up to a feller setting by the road in the shadder of the wall an eatin' his lunch. His mule was grazin' near by. The feller was sociable and I sets down and starts in to make signs. Well, we gets on nicer I think, and by mentionin' places I finds he is comin' home from Pionbino, further up the coast, an' by the way his eyes look I sees he has a sweetheart somewheres.

We shares our meal, or rather my drink and his catin', for I allus was thirstin', and we walks on to town after restin'.

He seems sort o' uncertain of his road at times and I pilots him along, maybe he ain't used to so much cargo, but anyhow we comes to town, an' blow me for a whale, ef he don't aim for the very shop where that gal is.

"Here's a mess," says I, an' I tries to get him down another street, but he gets ugly and a big crowd collects. We was both gettin' warm, when I sees a sailer hat comin' through the crowd, an' Bill looms up smilin' as ef he never were mad at me.

"All right, mate," he says, with a look at me that no one else sees into. "I'll help you get him home!" and together we takes him to the shop. He tries to thank us, but his tongue won't go and his arms is paralysed so we drops him on the floor to sleep it off, an' I an' Bill slips away.

"Why in thunder does he want to come back?" says Bill, half to hisself.

"Who?" asks I. "You ain't put me on to the thing yet. What is he?" "Her husband!" says Bill, "and we was just enjoyin' ourselves great. She didn't think he'd come 'till to-morrer, an' I got to see her to-night, sure. Now how's it to be done?" and he whistles sort o' puzzled like.

I wished myself clear of the whole thing and I tells him so. "Bill, 'twon't be bird shot," says I. "I don't stand in fer no shenanigan like this."

He quit whistlin'. "That's right," says he, bitter. "Go back on a mate because you're afraid," and he shuts up.

"I never went back on nothin' I knows of yet, but you're playin' a losin' game," says I, flarin' up. "Who swum with you at Gib, an' who stood by you at Pietro, anyhow?"

"Throw it up at me while you can," says he. "I'm goin' to see her to-night fer the last time, an' ef you're what you says, then help me this time an' I'll never ask you agen!" He was in earnest, I could see, and I tried to get him to give it up. "No use," says he, "Show that an' be on hand to-night at the end o' the

alley by twelve. I'll tell you all then!" and off he went.

I were restless all that afternoon and didn't enjoy a thing. The boys got to chaffin' me so bad that I went off to a quiet place and set down to think.

I got to dozin', seems to me, an' all my old times came back again. I dreamed I was in school with the boys and girls and right in front of me was Sally Larkin. It seemed so natural I jest reached out my hand to twitch her pigtail, when the teacher hollered, "James," an' I fell off my bench and woke. It were dark, the moon were high, and near me was grazing a dunkey. he'd pulled at the wood on the bench an' caught my coat. Well, I hurries off to meet Bill. There was a chill fog comin' from the sea and I could jest make out the brig's hull, her masts were shut in by the mist.

That fog got in my bones, an' before I reaches the alley I was bluer than blue. Well, Bill weren't there, an' I thinks it queer. Then I hears some one walkin' an' I slips into the dark, an' now comes the queerest part. The foot-steps gets louder and I see two people comin' towards the alley. I lays low in the shadow. Soon they comes near an' stops right beside me. Talk—well, they jest did, hard and strong, moving their arms and heads and I catches sight of a knife in the hands of one o' them. Well, I gets one chill on another. There they was, so near I could touch 'em and I know they are waitin' for Bill an' me. I can feel the wall shake every time I gets a chill, an' my teeth rattle so's I have to stuff my kerchief in my mouth. An' to finish it off, with them outside, I hears a noise like some one creepin' behind me. "Lord," I thinks, "James, you have done lots of evil things an' ef that ain't Bill you won't do any more, ef it is you won't mutter." I got pious then. I could hear that pusson sneakin' up 'till he touches me an' I darent move. "Bill," I whispers grabbin' at the thing, an' then I feels something snap my arm hard. I darent

yell, an' all the time them fellers is keepin' up their lingo. That thing holds to my arm an' I know its a dog, but I can't kick it 'cause ef it barks that gives me away. Jest then—well, you can believe or not—them two fellers bust out laffin' and goes off. That scares the dog an' he lets go. I kicks him clean into the street and lights out for shore, not stoppin' 'till I gets to the dingy. Next day Bill don't show up, nor he next. Nobody cares but me, an' I puts in my time worryin' an' a huntin' fer him. I goes to the shop, but theres a strange man in it. I asks and can't get understood.

"Bill's deserted," says the old man, an' on Friday our cargo comes an' we keeps busy loadin' it. I don't get time to think

on him. We intends to sail Saturday an' at daybreak I slips ashore to try my luck—a dirty little eyetalian gal meets me at the wharf and hands me a paper, then she runs off.

It were Bill's handwritin', short and to the pint.

"Dear James—I concludes, with the advice of several of the relatives of the damsel who has guns, an' the gal ain't married but will be, to stay here an' marry her. It ain't no use to hunt fer me. I hev reformed. ours for keeps. BILL."

We sails that day, an' thinkin' the matter over, I guess those fellers had a right to laugh that night. Any how, I'm sorry fer Bill, but he done it hisself."

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

Edited by President Sharpless.

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ALUMNI NOTES.

'92. This class held their annual class supper at the University Club on the evening of November 24th. The members of the class who were present were E. S. Cary, B. Cadbury, H. L. Davis, Jr., W. R. Jenks, Jno. Muir, W. H. Nicholson, Jr., Dr. G. J. Palen, W. E. Shipley, W. N. L. West and S. R. Yarnall.

'92. Walter M. Hart is spending the year in the Harvard Graduate School, studying in the English department.

'93. William S. Vaux, Jr., has been appointed Assistant Clerk of the Twelfth Street Monthly Meeting.

'96. John A. Lester, Instructor in English at the Hill School, Pottstown, visited the college on December 20th.

'97. Francis B. Jacobs has been ap-

pointed a resident physician at the University Hospital. He will enter upon his duties on January 1st, 1901.

'97. William J. Taylor, a resident physician in the Cincinnati Hospital, spent a day at the college early in December.

'97. Roswell C. McCrea is in the Graduate School at the University of Pennsylvania, studying Economics.

Ex-'98. C. Arthur Varney has been elected manager of the Quaker City Hockey Team.

'96. C. Russell Hinchman has announced his engagement to Miss Elizabeth Hopkins, of Baltimore.

SIRMIO.

While the rich Italian sunset
 Streaks the lake with dazzling splendor,
 While the shadows trespass slowly on the
 light,
 While the "Aziola" whimpers
 And the boatmen homeward hasten,
 Then Benacus fills my soul with sweet de-
 light.

Do away with puffing engines
 And the modern Desenzano
 To the grand old lake its solitude restore.
 From the stones beneath the water
 Build again the poet's villa,
 Bring the phantoms of the past to earth once
 more.

Let us wonder round the ruins,
 Let us marvel at the beauty,
 Let us hear the Lesbian passions from his
 lyre;
 In our scientific bustle,
 Naught enthral us that is noble;
 But the blame of Eros burned Catullus' pyre.

SKETCHES.

Appreciation.

The pleasure of viewing any great work of nature or of art is considerably lessened by a compulsory visit, with a family or a crowd of tourists, Baedekers in hand. The picture may be starred or even double-starred in the guide-book, and the sight-seers all gasp with admiration artificially excited by its stereotyped and conservative praise. "Yes, the picture is fine," you say; "how beautifully the light and shade effects come in! This must go down in my journal, and will furnish good material for home digestion." Do not adopt that plan. Stroll through the gallery unhampered and at your leisure with your senses "accommodated" to receive impressions readily. You are in the Louvre, before some fine Madonna, celebrated in every quarter of the world. You do not have to like this because the guide-books say you must. You may be better pleased with the small Claude Lorraine that hangs next it. Sing the Claude Lorraine's praises,

if you prefer it, and don't be afraid that anyone will tell you that you should not cleave to the charm of the Frenchman's quiet rural scenes rather than the stately Madonna over which the artist has spent a decade. Praise what you like and do not rave after the guide-book glories of a picture-gallery which you have never appreciated.

Beer.

The Freiburg Kopf, or Restaurant, is a sunny building in the heart of the town, and forms the usual afternoon resort for professors, students, and soldiers. The band plays in the hall every Sunday, affording a pleasant afternoon, especially for a foreigner, who would be amused and enchanted at the peculiarity of German customs. One afternoon, I entered, ordered a cup of cocoa and put myself on the watch for objects of interest. On one side of me are two professors, surrounded by an atmosphere of beer and tobacco-smoke, dis-

cussing the latest MSS. discoveries in the Troad. At the end table are three officers, discussing those exceedingly burning questions, Women and Wine. The most interesting group of all is on my left, and comprises a whole family, complete and bizarre. Beer mugs stand before them all, even down to the little five-year-old, who seizes his stein and drains it dry like any connoisseur. This is the period of life during which all good Germans enter hard training, as it were; and by the age of manhood, they have turned themselves into veritable beer-tanks and furnished promise of fu-

ture greatness at some student tables, "Who knows," says the admiring mamma "whether our little Hans will not some day become the beer-king of his corps." This plan evidently was receiving serious consideration in the little fellow's mind, for he did not seem to regard the amount he had already imbibed as large despite the fact that, like Sam Weller's relative, he was "a-swellin' wisely." I thought, in connection with this little scene, of Cicero's son, who could drink down eleven pints at one draught, and not be affected in the least.

COLLEGE NOTES.

With the near prospect of a splendid Gymnasium at the college much wider interest is being taken in gymnastics. The candidates for the team are: Rossmasseer, '01 (captain), Neilson, '01, S. Brown, Fox, Grant, Garrett, Jones, Scattergood, of '02, Dean, Drinker, Duerr, Eshelman, of '03. A second Gymnasium Team has been formed including Yearsley (captain), Dewees, Wirgman, of '01, Haviland, Thomas, of '02, Semkin, Tilney, of '03, and C. C. Morris, H. H. Morris, Perkins, of '04. Manager Brown has arranged meets with Rutgers, at New Brunswick, and with Lehigh, at Haverford, also a joint exhibition with Columbia in Philadelphia.

L. W. DeMotte, '01, has been playing regularly on the Quaker City Hockey Team.

The second monthly meeting of the Classical Club was held on the 21st of December. E. M. Scull, '01, gave an interesting talk on the ancient ruins and classic sites in and about the City of Athens. R. M. Gummere, '02, read an exhaustive paper on the struggles between the Patricians and Plebeians of the Roman Republic, tracing their gradual equalization, first political, then social.

The candidates for the Hockey Team have begun regular practice at the Ice Palace. Among those trying for the team are: DeMotte, '01, (captain), Kirkbride, '01, Neilson, '01, Patton, '01, Winslow, '01, Gummere, '02, Nicholson, '02, Drinker, '03, Tilney, '03, Warrington, '03, Worthington, '03, Thorn, '04.

The following is a partial schedule of the Hockey team as arranged by Manager Kirkbride:

Jan. 8.—University of Pennsylvania.
Jan. 17.—Brown University.
Jan. 22.—Philadelphia Dental College.
Feb. 1.—Quaker City Team.
Feb. 16.—Princeton University.
Feb. 20.—Columbia University.
Feb. 26.—Jefferson Medical College.

President and Mrs. Sharpless gave a reception to the Freshman Class on Wednesday evening, December 6th.

On the evening of December 20th, the Musical Clubs gave a concert in Alumni Hall. The program included selections by the banjo and mandolin clubs, a piano duet, a piano solo, and a cornet solo.

The Y. M. C. A. has taken charge of the Sunday evening meetings of the Galilee Mission at 326 N. 9th street Philadelphia.

The banjo and mandolin clubs gave an entertainment to the Star Library, Philadelphia, on December 14th.

The pond was first opened for skating on the 13th of December.

The President of Alford University, New York, addressed the students in collection on December 3rd.

A Prohibition Club for the study of prohibitory legislation has been formed with the following officers: President, W. V. Dennis, '02; Vice-President, R. L. Simkin, '03; Secretary-Treasurer, G. S. Garrett, '02.

At a college meeting the question of sweaters for the Second foot ball team was discussed and their adoption was authorized.

The College has also authorized the wearing of college jerseys, with, or without, class numerals.

J. K. Worthington, '03, has again loaned his piano for use in the Gymnasium this year.

The Class of '96 cup, offered to the man who has done the most conscientious work on the scrub foot ball team

and not played on the first eleven, was awarded this year to George J. Walenta, 1901, with honorable mention of Caspar Wistar, 1902.

The following note was crowded out of last month's issue:

A regular meeting of the Classical Club was held November 22nd. Dr. Mustard read an interesting paper on "Classical Allusions in Matthew Arnold." "Balder Dead" is an Icelandic saga embellished by Arnold's genius and a comparison of this poem with parts of Homer reveals many striking similarities, especially between Hoder's journey to the realm of Hela and the visit of Odysseus to Hades, and between the funeral of Balder in Arnold and Homer's burial of Patroclus. Similarly in "Sohrab and Rustum," a Persian tale is treated from Arnold's classical view-point, and is merely a Homeric combat in a foreign setting. These comparisons caused some interesting discussion as to how far such combinations of the classic and unclassical are legitimate and within the bounds of poetic propriety and licenses.

The following officers were elected for next year: President, Prof. Gifford; Secretary, R. M. Gummere '02; Executive Committee, G. J. Walenta, '01, W. P. Philips, '02, and H. S. Cadbury, '03.

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As upon our bikes a-ridin',
Yehs, a-ridin', both a-ridin'!
We jes' give dah cops de sack,
When 'dash 'w'n' 'is at our back!
O stop dat a-pushin' dar behine !

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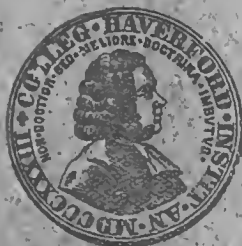
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THE HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXII, No. 9

FEBRUARY, 1901

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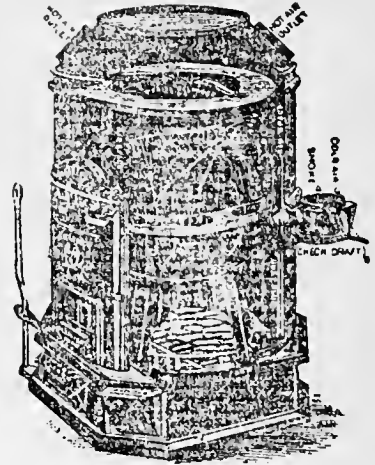
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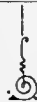
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VOL. XXII.

HAVERFORD, FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 9.

The Haverfordian

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WITH this number the Senior members of THE HAVERFORDIAN Board retire from active service. While none of those radical changes have taken place at which the parting Editor loves to level the index finger of pride, we hope that the volume closed by this issue may be not unworthy of a long undisturbed rest on the College Library shelf. Many improvements have been suggested in the course of the past year but it has not been thought best to alter any of the present forms under the existing conditions. As THE HAVERFORDIAN now stands it is a cross between the daily or semi-weekly news sheet of a large university and the monthly literary magazine. In the midst

of these circumstances we have many defects of each type and very few of the advantages of either. Considered as a newspaper it purveys bits of interest to the Alumni and friends of the college and forms a record of current events. It also serves as a vent for the occasional literary outbursts that are apt to occur in a college. It is interesting to the student body mainly to gratify that strange yearning which longs to see self in print and that equally curious desire to read accounts of events which the reader knows all about. This is one of the most interesting of psychological phenomena; every man is anxious to compare his powers of observation with those of some one else. If Haverford were a larger college it would be advisable to found a weekly newspaper for the student use and reserve the more general work for the monthly as is done in many of the middle-sized institutions at present. We should like to be on less formal terms with our readers; that is the feeling of the literature. Again we stiffen and speak oracularly,—the editor; but we are like Jekyll and Hyde in the same body and must neither jest nor scowl, hold in one hand the essays, in the other college notes and try to bring them together on friendly terms. We hope that in the near future it will be possible to effect a peaceful settlement of this sleep-walking subject and give the editors broader paths in which to amble.

AT this time of the year when the sun sets early and rises late and when the evenings are bleak and long, there spring up in college-life numerous in-door games which tend to

take the place of such out-door recreations as are prevented by the severity of the weather. There is the epidemic class of games, which seem suddenly to infect the whole college; every one plays them incessantly for a few days or weeks, but gradually their popularity fades away, and the crokinole-board, or whatsoever it may be, is relegated to some neglected closet-shelf to gather dust in undisturbed repose. A second kind of games, if we may thus arbitrarily classify them, does not to be sure, enjoy such a wave of popularity, nor on the other hand is so easy to get rid of. There are always a number of college men who employ much of their spare time in friendly games of checkers, of cards, or of chess. Such pastimes are certainly not wrong in themselves; they are as clearly a recreation after the fatigue of study; and they all afford a certain amount of mental training, in astuteness, or in reasoning, or in the power of conjecture, while a class or college tournament may at times be the source of universal interest and pleasure. But despite all this in our opinion the prevalence of these games in a college cannot be otherwise than detrimental and their spread should not be encouraged.

In the first place the four or five months from Thanksgiving to April is the time when the hard studying of the year is supposed to be done—a fact which hardly a professor fails to emphasize. Debating in connection with the Loganian Society and oratory occupy a share of the attention of every undergraduate, who can fairly have a claim to a well-rounded mental development. What little time remains to the student can be most profitably spent either in an alcove of our library or in reading in his own room, and incidentally competing for one of the reading prizes offered for the Sophomore and Junior years. Again such recreation as is essential to keep the mind clear and the health perfect, should be in the form of physical

exercise and preferably out of doors. With skating, hockey, two gymnasium teams and practice in the cricket-shed, there seems to be no dearth of such recreation, and the completion of our new gymnasium will certainly put the athletic charms of winter on a par with those of any other season of the year. Finally these indoor games are in themselves of so fascinating a character, that indulgers will be inclined not to confine them to moments of lawful recreation, but to let them encroach on study, physical exercise, and sleep, to the ultimate demoralization of their college work.

WE have received the following announcement with a request to publish it; as it is of direct interest to college men we give it in full below:

Pan-American Exposition.

The President of the Pan-American Exposition recently appointed a Sports, as follows: Jesse C. Dann, Chairman Dr. Charles Cary, J. McMitchell, John B. Olmstead, Charles M. Ransom, Seward A. Simons, Wm. Burnet Wright, Jr..

Soon after its appointment the Committee invited the following named gentlemen to act as members of an Advisory Committee on Amateur Sports: Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Walter Camp, C. C. Cuyler, C. S. Hyman (Canada) C. H. Sherrill, A. A. Stagg, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Casper Whitney. The appointment of this Advisory Committee emphasizes the desire of the Committee to have all amateur competitions occupy the highest possible plane.

The Stadium, with a seating capacity of 12,000 is beautiful in design and promises to be one of the most successful architectural creations of the Expositions. It will surround a quarter mile track with ground area ample for the requirements of all the events proposed.

As to the nature of the athletic events planned, it may be said that amateur sports of all kinds will be encouraged as representing the most desirable of athletic competitions and the members of the Committee on Sports being college graduates, particularly wish to make a special feature of college sports. In the management of Inter-Collegiate events, it is the desire of the Committee that the various College Associations be invited to undertake as far as possible the arrangement of the necessary details connected therewith.

Although amateur sports will comprise a large part of the programme, it is proposed to have such a number of professional events as will allow visitors an opportunity to witness the athletic skill of the best professionals. The character of prizes that will be offered has not yet been definitely determined upon, but the assurance may be given that prizes of value will be awarded as lasting souvenirs of athletic success at the Exposition.

It is proposed to arrange a number of college Base Ball games, and Foot Ball games, and it is especially desired by the Committee that the Eastern Inter-Collegiate (I. A. A. A.) Track meeting be held in Buffalo next year.

An ideal programme might be to hold in the Stadium the Eastern Inter-Collegiate

meeting, then the Western Inter-Collegiate meeting; these to be followed by a Pan-American meeting open to competitors in the two previous meetings and to representatives of other Inter-Collegiate Associations.

Other Inter-Collegiate events have been considered, such as La Crosse, Cross Country Running with start and finish in the Stadium, etc., etc.

The Committee on Sports hope that the Exposition may have a full college representation. It is proposed to hold many other sports in the Stadium, the A. A. U. Championship, Lawn Tennis, La Crosse, Cycling, Association Foot Ball, Water Sports, Trap and Target shooting, etc., etc.

All communications should be sent to Jesse C. Dann, Chairman, No. 433 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SCRAMBLE UP THE MATTERHORN.

Extract from Diary of 1889:—

Sept. 10. Went up to Schwartz-See in P. M.

Sept. 11. Ascended Matterhorn. Left Schwartz-see at 2 A. M.; back at 3.30 P. M. Guides Perren and Moser.

THERE is perhaps more misconception about the delights and dangers of mountain climbing than about any other sport. To condemn without consideration an amusement which brings health and strength and mental relaxation to the many thousands who look to climbing as their one chance of sweeping away the cobwebs of the office or the study because accidents occur is, to say the least, not quite fair. And yet this is so frequently done that I shall be pardoned for putting in a plea for a form of recreation which is one of the few that men past the age when they can indulge in football, cricket, and track sports, either from incapacity or want of opportunity, can enjoy. It is true that the accidents which are published every summer in the daily papers give some reason for the objections raised. But one might urge on the other side the dangers of football. A catalogue of the injuries received from the latter would not show a large disproportion to

those received from climbing. In the one case the accident (?) frequently causes a permanent injury; in the other it is generally fatal. The preference will be a matter of choice. I will admit that the premium against carelessness is very high in the case of climbing; about ninety per cent. of the accidents which do happen could have been avoided by taking proper and well-known precautions. But this only means that one of the first essentials for mountain climbing is great care. Anyone who is not willing to use his best efforts should not climb at all. Efficient guides can now be found at all the climbing centres in Switzerland, the weather can almost always be predicted for at least 12 or 15 hours by the natives, properly tested ropes can be purchased for a moderate sum, warm clothing and strong boots are easily provided. With these a man need not fear to wander all over Switzerland. A few preliminary tests will soon convince him whether he has a "head" for heights or

not. These tests, however, must be made in the mountains and not on the Statue of William Penn. Many climbers never think about a precipice of a thousand feet who would not willingly stand on the top of a 20 foot wall. "Head" is not a question of actual height but a mere mental effect which seems to be mainly dependent on one's surroundings.

Of all the mountains which have appealed to the imagination none bears a worse name than the Matterhorn. As seen from Zermatt it stands up, a rugged pyramid, some five thousand feet above the slopes which lead to its base. No peak stands near enough to compete with it. The two visible faces of the pyramid seem to be almost perpendicular and to be so little broken up that one is surprised to see snow lying on any part of them. The long ragged ridge which culminates in this peak is entirely hidden from sight by the mountain itself. Little wonder that those early enthusiasts who looked longingly at the mountain from Zermatt pronounced it impossible, and directed all their efforts for its conquest to the southern side. And yet the mountain yielded to the first assault which was made from the north and has never been anything but a climb of great difficulty from the Italian side.

Of the two faces which are seen from Zermatt the northern one is much the steeper, as can be seen by the fact that but little snow is ever lodged on it. The eastern face is the barometer for the mountaineer. After a snowstorm it will appear to be almost a white sheet, but two or three days of bright sunshine reduce the snow to isolated patches; the sizes of these patches tell the expert whether the Matterhorn will "go."

The meeting of the two faces forms a long ridge—usually called an "arrête" which leads very nearly from the base to the summit. About 800 feet below the top, the arrête ends and leaves a kind of inclined platform on which snow can

rest; this platform is known as the shoulder. After many fine days this snow by frequent melting in the day and freezing in the night becomes solid ice. The most difficult part of the climb is above the shoulder. The eastern side of the arrête which has been used hitherto now becomes almost perpendicular, and it is necessary to climb partly on the arrête itself and partly on the northern face. Here we find slabs of smooth rock which have either to be turned by bearing to the right or left, or are climbed by means of the little roughnesses which the weathering action has caused. In one place of this kind, for a distance of some 30 feet, a shallow trough has been formed by water, and one goes up the trough on all fours, or more accurately, on all sixes, for the knees are more useful than either hands or feet in a place of this kind. This, the most difficult part of the climb, is not of any great extent, and in one or two places where there is likely to be danger from slipping on the icy rocks, ropes are placed. Then 200 feet of easy snow leads to the summit. The deceptive appearances of the difficulty of the climb are due to the eastern face. From Zermatt and the Riffel it appears quite precipitous, and it is not until one chooses a point where it can be seen in profile that the actual slope of it is appreciated. Moreover, the rock slopes the right way, that is, inwards, so that footholds and handholds are good almost everywhere. The one danger is falling stones, of which there are many. To avoid them climbers now keep to the arrête as closely as possible, for the arrête is the line of least slope, while the stones of course follow the lines of greatest slope.

It was in 1889 that my friend F. and I found ourselves after nearly two day's travelling one Monday evening early in September at the Mont Cervin Hotel in Zermatt. As we crossed the veranda filled with Germans gulping beer and English drinking tea, a hearty welcome

from M. Seiler compensated us for the long hot ride up the Rhone and Visp valleys. But the tourists had little interest for us. Wandering along the village street and sitting here and there on the low stone walls were stalwart figures in rough homespun with faces the color of mahogany. As we passed through them a quiet greeting reached us, and now and then an old friend would step out and tell us in broken English of the events of the season. With old Moser—I forget his first name—everyone knew him as old Moser—and Peter Antoine Perren we had a long talk, and arrangements were made to start somewhere the next morning. Then a dinner of many courses and a long night's sleep in the scent of the fresh unvarnished wood.

Long tramps over ice and snow, a climb up the ice-fall of the glacier, a scramble up one of the steep rock gulleys of the Riffelberg filled up the rest of the week. At the end of it we were in condition to undertake something longer and harder. Some training is necessary before any attempt should be made to go up a high mountain or to cross a long pass. Good guides may take one almost anywhere, but the pleasure of the physical exertion and the beauties of the scenery will be lost to anyone not in condition to enjoy them. As the weather looked settled and the mountain had cast off his outer covering of snow, we decided to try and ascend it on the following Tuesday. On Monday afternoon under a blazing sun we started off from the village, and after a short walk by the side of the foaming Visp began to ascend a path which led by zigzags up the green slopes right in front of us. Two hours of steady walking at the usual mountain pace—about one mile of actual distance walked per hour—brought us well on to the brow of the hill and in sight of a wooden building known as the Schwartz-See Hotel. It is one of the six places of accommodation for tourists which the

enterprising M. Seiler has erected in and near Zermatt. Quite deserted all the year round except for the two or three months of summer, it stands near the limit of vegetation and close to a small lake from which it has taken its name. We had to decide now whether we should spend the night, or rather part of it, here or go on to the hut which stands on the arrête of the mountain some two hours or more from the hotel. The choice lay between a comfortable bed up to 1 a. m. in the hotel or straw and blankets and draughts until 3 a. m. We decided on the former. While we discussed our plans over tea and biscuits the guides arrived, and final arrangements about the hour of starting and the quantity and nature of the provisions were made. In the early evening the guides went to the tiny little chapel which existed there long before the hotel was built, and made their offerings and prayers for protection against accidents.

A heavy knock on the door of the room which F. and I occupied aroused us at the hour of 1 a. m. We dressed without a word—at least I did—conversation seemed superfluous while dressing in a room with the thermometer about 40 at that time in the morning. We wondered how anybody could be so foolish as to turn out of a comfortable bed into the cold world in the middle of the night, and the feeling was not diminished when the guides came to the door with a portable and collapsible lantern containing a tallow candle to show the way. However, after some hot coffee and rolls a sense of shame kept me at any rate from turning back to bed. We started off, picking our way by the light of the lantern, stumbling over loose stones, stepping carefully on the frozen rivulets which crossed the path, but ever approaching the great black mass which loomed up before us. "Take care," said Perren, while we walked on what seemed almost a knife edge for two or three yards. It was the end of the path

crossing a little arrête which was bounded by steep slopes on both sides. A fall either way would have meant sliding over smooth ice at an angle of 70 degrees for some thousand feet or so. There is a story of one who carelessly slipped here; he was found alive and not very seriously injured about 800 feet below but with his clothes nearly burnt off his back by the friction. That seems to be no fairy tale on looking at the spot in broad daylight, and it certainly is the most "heady" place of the whole ascent.

The real work now commenced. The rope was put on, Perren and I being tied together with about 30 feet of rope between us, Moser taking similar charge of F. This kind of arrangement was adopted for greater speed. At least three on one rope is advisable when crossing snow covered crevasses, but on rock no additional safety is gained, and our route was quite free from glaciers. I forgot to mention that another party, consisting of an Englishman and his two guides, started with us—much to our regret—for he was quite untrained, and we afterwards learned that he was a reporter who was "doing" the mountain for copy. I hope he regretted it. On the Matterhorn it is necessary for all the parties to keep together or to be separated by at least an hour's climb, owing to the danger of starting loose stones. We kept him behind on the way up and in front on the way down and, to make a long story short, he went to bed directly he got back to the hotel.

The pace was now quite slow. The ice axes were slung by a piece of string or leather to our wrists, and we began using our hands and arms as much as our legs for climbing over the boulders which form the arrête. Twenty or thirty feet straight up, a few feet to the left to turn a boulder too big or too smooth to climb, a little drop into a gully, eight or ten feet of level (?), so it went on hour after hour. About four o'clock we passed the hut, tenantless that night, and soon

after our rewards began to come. The full moon disappeared behind the distant mass of the Obergabelhorn, and a faint light appeared in the east. The deep blue of the star-lit sky began to pale, the snow beneath us took a deadly white hue, while the rocks above stood out pale and cold. Then pink streamers shot across from the east, gradually spreading until all around seemed to be tinged with their glow. A sudden deep scarlet fire glowed like a furnace on the snow tip of the Lyskamm and then mountain after mountain showed its beacon fire. As the sun mounted higher the pink changed to a brilliant yellow, gradually turning into a glowing white. As we watched the great transformation scene, the valleys below were hidden from sight by thin clouds slowly rising from them, only to be dispersed in the bright sun-light. All was cheerful now, troubles vanished, and even the cold cutting wind seemed to brace one up to further exertion. Every two hours or so we would stop in some sheltered spot for a few minutes to rest and consider the more prosaic necessity for food—to be taken often and in small quantities. Then on again over the boulders and around the pinnacles, until we suddenly found ourselves bathed in the warm sun. The rocks, too cold to touch without gloves earlier, now began to be easily grasped, then the nightly coating of ice melted, and all around us cracklings were heard. A stone dislodged here, a little stream of water there, far away the sound of an avalanche, everything seemed to be in motion which before was bound up with ice.

At last we emerged on to the shoulder and slowly crossed the ice in the big steps which Moser dug with his ice axe, sending showers of flakes down to the glaciers below. No slipping is allowable in such a place. Our friends in the hotel could watch us through the telescope here and know that we had so far arrived without accident. After a rest we started on the final stretch. The

rock became more difficult. In one or two places ropes attached to iron pegs driven into the rock were found, but we were told not to use them except to steady ourselves; they are in positions where the rock is smooth or at times covered with ice, and are used rather for the prevention of accidents by slipping than to help one up. At such places the guide goes first, climbing to the full length of the rope until he can find a spot to anchor himself, the others follow one at a time, the slack of the rope being drawn in as each man climbs. In the gully I have mentioned before a thick iron chain is placed. We went up this chiefly on our knees, the rough serge giving a hold on the rock which boots or hands could not get. The rock then ceased, and we tramped up an easy snow slope which seemed to stretch far above us. However, it was only a couple of hundred feet. All of a sudden Perren said, "You go first," and with two steps we landed on the summit, 14,705 feet above sea-level.

A glorious panorama was spread out on all sides. Away to the west the huge snow mass of Mont Blanc seemed quite close. Far off to the south Monte Viso stood out of what seemed a flat country with a form which at that distance looked like a sugar loaf. The western view was blocked by the six summits of Monte Rosa, the highest of them some 500 feet above us. In a circle stretching from east to north the peaks of the Dent Blanc, Obergabelhorn, Rothhorn and Weisshorn had sunk and appeared only as higher points of a long broken ridge, while the distant summits of the Oberland, the Jungfrau, Monch and many others were seen with their outlines softened but distinct. Ten thousand feet below was a collection of tiny roofs near a stream, which we recognized as the village we had left the day before.

The summit of the Matterhorn is a ridge of startling sharpness, dropping almost perpendicularly on the southern

side but sloping to the north sufficiently for snow to accumulate. The edge runs nearly north-east and southwest, with a considerable dip in between. At the time we were there a snow cornice occupied the north-east end, which is the higher. A north wind during the last snow storm had blown the snow and deposited it on the top in such a way that it overhung the southern precipice some two or three feet and blocked the view below. A few blows with an axe soon cleared the vista.

It was too cold, even with the bright sun, for us to stop long. After some twenty minutes' rest we started down about 10 o'clock. The descent is much more trying to the beginner than the ascent. He has a strong inclination to turn round and face the rock, a proceeding which is rarely necessary; or if he does not do that, he even more strongly prefers to go down sitting than upright. On a steep ice-slope this would be highly dangerous, on rock he is apt to leave some portion of his apparel to greet the next comer. I remember my own inclination that way. It was especially strong on that occasion, for Perren was now behind, and there was apparently nothing between me and Zermatt. However, after struggling for the first five minutes I managed to conquer it, and afterwards stepped gaily from rock to rock. We went down the smooth gully with great care, steadying ourselves by putting one hand on the chain, a quite sufficient support, and so on with bumps, twists, wriggles, very rarely a half-jump. We left the great mass above us. But how changed was everything! Instead of the cold rocks, the hard breathing and general impression of "don't-care-what-happens" which I had felt in the ascent, the rocks were warm and frequently wet with the melting ice and snow, the brain resumed its usual activity, and the exercise of it to see the best foot-and-hand-holds was a pleasure in itself. With hardly a stop we arrived at the base of

the peak, crossed the dividing arrête, took off the rope, and tramped at a lively pace down the path to the hotel, where we arrived about half past three. We had been out for thirteen hours and a half, of which twelve had been occupied in actual walking and climbing. A

cup, or rather many cups of weak tea, a bath, change of clothing, dinner and a long night's rest followed, in preparation for the next day's movements which were to cross the Furgen pass over into Italy and so on to Aosta. But that is another story.

ERNEST W. BROWN.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

Edited by President Sharpless.

William Wistar Comfort has been appointed Instructor in Romance Languages for 1901-2. This represents an addition to the Faculty, and will provide courses in Italian and Spanish, and additional ones in French. He is an A. B. of Haverford of 1894, of Harvard of 1895, and an A. M. of Harvard of 1896. In 1897-8 he was Instructor in French and German in Haverford. For three years he has been a student in his department in France, Italy and Spain. He will return to America in time to begin his work in the fall.

Prof. William C. Ladd will spend the spring and summer terms in the University of Chicago, engaged in the study of Hebrew and Biblical Literature.

Dr. Bolles has been selected by the Department of the National Census to

prepare the introduction to the report on the manufactures of Pennsylvania. He also has just completed a report for the Department of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania, relating to the Legal Relations between Employed and Employers compared with the relations existing between them in other States. When he was chief of the Bureau of Industrial Statistics, he prepared a report on the law in Pennsylvania; but in this report the law of Pennsylvania is compared with that of other States, describing all the points of similarity and difference.

In April the Macmillan Company will publish a historical novel by Dr. Hancock, entitled "Henry Bourland: the Passing of the Cavalier." The book deals with the Reconstruction period in Virginia and with the Extinction of the Southern aristocracy after the Civil War.

LA PIAZZO SAN MARCO.

THE most inspiring spot in Venice is its Piazza San Marco. Of all the world's public squares, this one holds a coign in the memory in which no other forum exactly fits. Trafalgar square, the Place de la Concorde, the Piazza in Florence, the Dam in Amsterdam, all have many points in common, but from the jumbled images

of all these the noble quadrangle of St. Mark stands out and forms a single distinct figure to gloat upon.

To gain the most imposing first impression the wanderer must leave his gondola somewhere in the blind end of a nameless little capillary back of the Piazza and then guide his steps (with some vagabond's aid) to the northwest

corner of the noted plaza and thence let its beauties suddenly burst upon his eyes for the first time. First impressions are the ones that stay and this one will beyond all the others. A sheet of grey stone for a floor, the cloudless blue sky for a ceiling, (infinitely better than any of Tiepolo's) and for walls the royal library on the right, San Marco fronting him and the Senator's palace to the north. There never was a grander room than this one; only the low roof of the arcaded palaces on three sides make it appear a chamber without a covering and the rough irregular fragments of an end-wall formed by the Cathedral and the Ducal palace force the thought that a giant's hand has rudely torn away the ceiling and left the ruins of some great feasting hall. The southern side is plain, even with its delicate gothic-arched arcades, and the lavish magnificence and beauty of the northern side is plain compared to the eastern aspect. "We will have our court the envy of Europe," said the builders to each other, and they had the good sense not to make its every cranny vie with every other, but to make all handsome and substantial and to exhaust themselves upon the salient point of the scene, where the Piazzetta joins the Piazza. And so we have today the church of Mark and the Doge's state house, just what they are, the finest jewels in the crown of Italy. It cannot be but that it is unspeakable admiration that draws the row of weary loafers to the foot of the Campanile to twiddle their thumbs and gaze upon their fathers' masterpieces. However that may be, after the passing thrusts of centuries we still may mark the delicate pink and cream colors of the Ducal palace and the rich display of purple, red and gold upon the Cathedral front.

The bold Venetians drew from many a mine in ancient Greece for their mosaics, their bronzes and their columns. The Parthenon is many centuries the worse for their invading feet and it was not out

of the earth that the insolent doge created those wonderful bronze houses that prance on the cathedral's brow. The full cycle of Grecian shrines was ravaged for the five hundred and sixty marble columns which stand under the dome of San Marco, and yet we thank the pirates for their robbery.

The very pavement of the square is a carpet of intricate design; trachyte and white marble are worked together into a regular harmonious pattern which doubtless gave no small delight to the noble Lord of old when he took the air in the Piazza on a summer evening. This in the heart of Venice of mediaeval power was the center of her social life, and in its spacious extent, surrounded by sheltering buildings decorated by the clock tower's blue, the cathedral's variegated tints, the royal pink beside it, and watched over by the peaked-capped white-collared cardinal the Campanile, the haughty Venetian pirate drew up his chest and looked with scorn on the rest of the earth. Even to this day the place has preserved its former character; all day long the throngs of natives and foreigners glide through the arcades at the sides from east and west and as the sun's rays cease to beat so warmly on, the figured flags, they they flow out into the space and promenade till mid-night, only pausing now and then to eat an ice at Florian's or the Quadri. Five hundred little iron tables with four chairs to each mark the estuaries of three or four cafes and after eight o'clock people wait their turn to pay high charges to the busy waiters for little fare. Till late, the industrious shopkeepers sit in their webs watching for hapless souls to stop for an instant at some gewgaw, dart out, snap them in, and in the course of half an hour thrust out the impoverished wretch loaded down with gay parcels. Or else they stand without their snare and gaze into the windows just as interestedly as does the intended victim. Many a strange secret is there revealed as the eager seller

wrestles with heartrending English words. "How much pray is that fine meerschaum pipe?"

"Thirty-five lire ignore."

"And how much for that one?"

"Fifteen lire only—if you would wish—"

"Oh, no! but they look the same; what makes the difference in price?"

"Well, sir, you see this one here for thirty-five lire is guaranteed genuine meerschaum while this other one is guaranteed meerschaum, but not genuine."

So the endless barter goes on, all over the Piazza; the countless numbers walk to and fro, sip their chocolate or coffee, talk, flirt, and go to their numerous homes, repeating the same routine every livelong day, with little or nothing in view except the easiest possible life.

Every day Charybdis draws in its human tide and pours it out again, passive-

ly, regularly, like a great heating heart. Of all cities, Venice accomplishes the least with her hundred thousand souls. A strange contrast to what she was half a thousand years ago; no longer is the Rialto the place where "merchants most do congregate;" the once dreaded lion no longer crushes the world beneath his paw, nor flaps his brazen wings. His mouth is closed, his foot raised never to strike again, and under it lies graven on the tablets the city motto, which, after centuries of stirring wars has at last proven true: "Paxtibi, Marce, Evangelisto meo." All the while those magnificent surroundings stand, unheeded monitors of what man has done and may still do, and the massive campanile stares gloomily over the deserted lagoon longing in vain for the times that are no more.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

EDWARD Pease Allinson, of the class of 1874, who died at his home in Philadelphia on the 16th of January, in the forty-ninth year of his age, was one of the most active and widely known graduates of this college, and one of its most useful friends. In physical and mental characteristics he resembled his father, the late William J. Allinson, of Burlington, New Jersey, at one time editor of the Friends' Review, a man of wide reading and distinctly literary tastes, and acquainted more or less intimately with prominent Quakers on both sides of the Atlantic. It was this quality of making and keeping friends, this alert interest in the welfare of places and institutions with which he was connected, that became even more pronounced in the son than it had been in the father, and found in the circumstances of the younger man a wider field of action.

After a few terms at Westtown School, and a brief existence of business life in Philadelphia, with the firm of Whitall, Tatum and Co., Allinson entered in 1870 the Freshman class at this college. Of his activity in those days when students were kept in the background to a degree now hard to appreciate, and when no one dreamed of an undergraduate taking part in the outside affairs of the college, two cases may be noted, one of them of particular interest to readers of THE HAVERFORDIAN. With the aid of one or two seniors, he organized in his junior year a debating society which ran a brief but extraordinarily eventful course; and as an "organ" of this society, and of the higher life of the institution itself—so, at least, the society viewed the case—he and his friends published surreptitiously, at commencement, 1873, the first printed periodical which represented the college. This adventur-

cus sheet was called after the debating "Grasshopper" being turned into Greek; to Homer's description of the voices of the men who held debate near the Scaean gate of Troy. The next year, 1874, the paper appeared with a more signified but less intelligible name, "Grasshopepr" being turned into Greek; the approbation of the faculty, however, rested on this sheet; and once more, in 1875, commencement saw the third issue, with still another name. Some years later, Allinson formed a board of editors among graduates and friends of the college, and not without some personal expense, published for a season or so "The Quaker Alumnus."

But there is a still more striking proof of his early energy in suggesting and working out plans of improvement for the college. About the time of his own commencement, he collected from the classes already graduated, and from those in college, a sufficient sum of money to pay for the planting of an avenue of oak trees, which should in time take the place of the button woods on the college lane. The oaks were bought and planted; for whatever reason, they were not properly watched, and the majority of them afterwards died, but it was not Allinson's fault that a fine avenue of oaks, destined some day to match the maples westward, does not now greet the visitor and delight the resident.

These were early schemes. In his successful and busy life he found time to promote the interests of Haverford in many ways. As secretary of the Alumni Association he worked steadily to raise the standard of the oratorical contests, and year by year brought to the college as judges for the annual prize some of the most distinguished members of his profession. His activity in securing the new gymnasium is so recent as to need no emphasis here; and almost the last occasion for which he left his house was to attend the annual dinner of the Alumni.

Of his wider interests, of his legal at-

tainments, his zeal for his profession, his services in founding the Bar Association of Pennsylvania, his literary and historical work, his discovery of the old charter of Philadelphia we have no space to speak in detail; the eulogies pronounced by some of the ablest lawyers in the State, at a meeting of the Philadelphia bar held in his memory on the day after his funeral, bear ample testimony to the place he had won in their esteem. These things are written on a larger page; but THE HAVERFORDIAN counts it a privilege as well as a duty to put on record its grateful sense of the services rendered to this college by one of its most devoted graduates, and to mourn the untimely close of a useful and honorable career.

G.

Notes.

'36. An honored guest at the recent mid-winter banquet of the Alumni Association was John Collins, of the class of 1836, the first class to graduate at Haverford school. John Collins was one of the organizers and the first secretary of the Loganian society, was subsequently a teacher and is now the oldest Haverfordian.

'54. John B. Garrett has tendered his resignation from the vice-presidency of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

'55 John Cooper died on Monday, January seventh, at his home, 1607 Arch street. He had been in failing health for several years but the end was not so soon expected. He was born in 1837, son of John and Elizabeth Coper; his mother was a niece of John Adams. After his marriage to Miss Alston, of Charleston, S. C., he moved to Philadelphia from Baltimore and had been connected with the Insurance Company of North America. His widow and one daughter survive him.

'60. Clement L. Smith read a paper at the meeting of the American Philological Association, held during the vacation in Philadelphia.

'72. On the 18th of January Richard T. Cadbury lectured before the Women's College Club on "Etchings."

'78. Samuel Hill was elected last summer by a large vote an overseer of Hodges.

'84. George Vaux, Jr., recently addressed Friends' Institute Lyceum on "Mountaineering in the Rockies and Selkirks." Walter W. Haviland, '93, is President of the Lyceum.

'84. Francis A. White has been elected President of the Baltimore Y. M. C. A. He has been vice-president for three years and also chairman of the committee in charge of the Central building.

'89. Victor M. Haughton was married at Roxbury, Mass., on the 16th of January, to Miss Jennie Leonard.

'90. The regular reunion of the class of '90 was held at the University Club in Philadelphia on the evening of January 19th. On account of sickness and the unavoidable absence of some of the members the gathering was not as large as usual. The following men were present: Audenried, Butler, Coffin, Darlington, DuBarry, Janney, Lewis, Steere and Walton.

During the evening Walton announc-

ed his gift to the college of a silver cup to be held by the man winning the greatest number of events in Athletic contests both at Haverford and with outside teams, the governing rules to be arranged with the Athletic Association and the winner's name to be inscribed each year on the cup.

'93. Dr. Edward Rhoads is spending the year in scientific study at Cambridge University, England.

'97. Francis B. Jacobs is now a resident physician at the Pennsylvania Hospital.

'97. Alfred M. Collins has been elected Vice-President of the A. M. Collins Mfg. Company.

'99. The engagement is announced of William A. Battery to Miss Rhoda A. Birdsall of Leptondale, N. Y. Mr. Battery is New York manager of the Philadelphia Pneumatic Tool Company.

Ex-'99. Arthur Haines has announced his engagement to Miss Elizabeth Reeves, of Germantown.

'00. W. W. Justice, Jr., has been elected to the Board of Editors of the Harvard Advocate.

The oldest living alumnus of Haverford is now Dr. Richard Randolph, of the class of 1849; while the oldest Haverfordian is John Collins, who was here at the opening of the school, in 1833.

THE ALUMNI DINNER.

ON January eleventh the Alumni Association held its fourteenth annual reunion and dinner at the University Club. John Collins, of the class of '36, was present. Nathaniel B. Crenshaw, '67, acted as toastmaster and the following speeches

were delivered to the members: President Sharpless, "The College;" N. Dubois Miller, "The College Man and What the Non-College Man Expects of Him;" Edward Grubb, of England, "England and America;" William B. Bell, 1900, "The Younger

Alumni;" Richard H. Patton, 1901, "Experiences of the Cricket Team in England."

The following Haverfordians were present:

- '51—Philip C. Garrett.
 '54—John B. Garrett.
 '56—Elliston P. Morris, Johnathan Evans and B. W. Beesley.
 '60—Theo. H. Morris.
 '62—Henry T. Coates.
 '63—Wm. M. Coates.
 '64—J. Pres. Thomas, Alvin Garrett and Chas. Roberts.
 '66—Henry C. Brown.
 '67—Walter Wood and Lewis J. Levick.
 '69—Henry Cope and Wm. S. Taylor.
 '70—Howard Comfort and T. Alven Hiles.
 '71—Wm. H. Haines.
 '77—Dr. F. B. Gummere and James C. Comfort.
 '74—Edw. P. Allinson and James Emlen.
 '76—Frank H. Taylor.
 '77—George G. Mercer.
 '78—E. T. Comfort and Albert L. Baily.
 '79—John B. Newkirk.
 '80—Samuel Mason.
 '81—John C. Winston, Isaac T. Johnson, E. Y. Hartshorne, William H. Collins, Professor Levi T. Edwards and J. Horace Cook.
 '84—A. Percival Smith and Frederick C. Butler.
 '86—William P. Morris and Horace E. Smith.
 '87—Frederic H. Straw, William H. Futrell and Hugh Lesley.
 '88—J. W. Sharp, Jr., Dr. W. D. Lewis, John C. Corbit and Howell S. England.
 '89—J. Stoddell Stokes.
 '90—Jonathan M. Steere.
 '92—Stanley R. Yarnall, Benjamin Cadbury, Henry L. Davis, Jr., William E. Shipley and W. N. L. West.
 '93—John M. Okie, William S. Vaux, Jr., Carrol B. Jacobs, Clarence G. Hoag, Dr. J. Gurney Taylor, Charles J. Rhoads and Edward Woolman.
 '94—Jonathan T. Rorer, Jr., Louis J. Paimer and Fred P. Ristine.
 '95—Walter C. Webster, Allen C. Thomas, Arthur M. Hay and Erroll B. Hay.
 '96—Paul D. I. Maier and J. Henry Scattergood.
 '97—Charles H. Howson, Alfred M. Collins, William G. Rhoads, Charles G. Tatnall and William H. MacAfee.
 '98—Alfred G. Scattergood, Samuel Rhoads, Thomas Wistar, Joseph H. Haines and Frank R. Strawbridge.
 '99—Alfred C. Maule, J. Edgar Butler, Joseph P. Morris, F. Algernon Evans and Ralph Mellor.
 1900—Abram G. Tatnall, Horace H. Jenks, John T. Emlen, Frank M. Eshleman, William B. Bell, Christian Febiger and Henry L. Levick.
 1901—Richard H. Patton, J. Keyser De Armond, A. E. Freeman, Walter H. Wood, William H. Kirkbride, Alexander C. Tomlinson, Edward C. Rossmassler, Frederick W. Sharp and William L. C. Neilson.

LIBRARY LECTURES.

EDWARD Grubb, M. A., of Eng'and, gave two lectures in Alumni Hall on the evenings of the 10th and 17th of January. "The Teaching of Jesus," especially in the synoptic gospels, was clearly and forcefully outlined.

Jesus Christ was not only an ideal man but an ideal teacher. His teachings, although they may seem to lack system are nevertheless simple, striking and of universal application. With the exception of the inspired scriptures, whose authority He acknowledges, but with great freedom, Christ never depends on other teachers, but always speaks "as one having authority" and with an originality which demonstrates the divinity of both the teaching and the teacher.

The main theme upon which Christ taught is denoted by the words, "King-

dom of God." In adopting this term, so common among the Jews in the expression of their Messianic hopes for political supremacy, he retained only, the words, not their meaning. By the kingdom of God He did not mean a national theocracy, or yet merely a future or transcendental state, but rather the double relation of man to man and man to God. And this spiritual kingdom sometimes defined as present, sometimes as future, is explained in both aspects by the natural principle of the secret growth of a living seed.

In His teaching about God, Jesus does not change the outline of Jewish metaphysics but revises the details. In strict accordance with His changed interpretation of the kingdom of God, He substitutes for the old idea of the king-

ship of God an entirely new and original conception found nowhere in the Old Testament. This conception of the Fatherhood of God He doubtless derived from His own experience of the love, authority and the other paternal attributes of God which such a phrase implies. He emphasizes, too, the necessity of men's becoming sons of God as a requisite for admission into His family and kingdom, although the universal forgiveness of God, as disclosed in the parable of the prodigal son must banish all ideas of merit or reward.

Christ's teaching about Himself may be summed up in the two phrases, "Son of Man" and "Son of God,"—phrases of much deeper interpretation than the mere expression of His humanity and divinity. In view of the popular misconception of the mission and office of the Messiah, it

was important for the success of His purpose that Jesus should at first generally conceal His identity. This He did by using the enigmatical term "Son of Man." But when at the crisis of His life, in the confession of Peter He sees His church firmly founded on the rock of inspiration, the veil is dropped and there come those words, "Thou art the Son of God." It is by this phrase that He taught His disciples to understand Himself as the Christ, anointed, sent and empowered by God. He is, therefore, the messenger and representative of God revealing Him to men. As "Son of God" He claims a particular relation of perfect obedience to His Father's will and harmony with Him, and as man's Mediator and Saviour He promises the same relation to all who will become God's true sons.

FOOT BALL TREASURER'S REPORT.

We would advise comparison of this report with that of last year, to note the great difference in expenditures and gate receipts.

DR.			
Received from former Treasurer.....	\$626.59	To rubbing.....	19.00
Received from dues.....	203.00	To telegrams, postage, etc.....	15.00
Received from season tickets.....	59.50	To printing.....	34.00
Received for guarantee.....	225.00	To one knee brace.....	5.00
Received from gate receipts.....	146.25	To sewing clothes.....	3.00
Received from Swarthmore game.....	467.91	To examination by physician.....	2.00
Received from interest.....	5.92	To money loaned.....	33.00
Received from money loaned.....	33.00		
Total Receipts.....	\$1767.17	Total expenditures.....	\$1449.94
CR.		Balance on hand.....	\$317.23
To Coach Minds.....	\$400.00	Respectfully submitted,	
To medical supplies.....	58.40	ARTHUR S. COOKMAN,	
To foot-ball supplies.....	361.20	Treasurer.	
To expenses for games.....	227.41	Examined and found correct.	
To traveling expenses.....	291.93	WALTER MELLOR,	
		WILLIAM E. CADBURY.	

AFTERNOON TEA

The air is laden with moisture and the clouds drive hard to the westward over the summits of the Malvern Hills, letting fall, at varying intervals, light showers of rain which leave the atmosphere

even more English than before. The state of the weather is, however, not uppermost in our minds, as we enter the house of our host and are ushered into the broad well-lighted hall, and here, in

that delightful shuddering state of uncertainty which an utter stranger always feels, we wait the coming of his august grace. He comes genial, bright, and hearty in his greeting and straightway, begging us to lay off our over-coats, he asks us to "come into the library and have a cup of tea." Now afternoon tea is a strange ceremony, at least so we have been told. One must, at the same instant, sit straight, talk pleasantly and appear to be enjoying it all, the tea in-

cluded, which seems manifestly impossible. Our hostess, however, is charming; there is a bright fire crackling on the andirons; roses are piled in luxuriant profusion in every available corner and scent the air with their fragrance, while the tea and cake are most undeniably palatable. For these reasons we soon cease to sit straight and talk in strained tones, but become, little by little, perfectly at home. We highly approve of afternoon tea;—to-day at least.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On January 3rd, Mr. E. M. Wistar, of La Motte, spoke to the Mission Class on his personal experience with the missions and missionaries of Armenia.

The Foot Ball Association has elected the following officers: President, A. C. Wood; Vice-President, E. W. Evans; Secretary-Treasurer, J. B. Drinker; Manager, W. W. Pusey, 2nd; Assistant Manager, C. C. Morris.

On Wednesday evening, January 9th, Prof. F. H. Green, of West Chester State Normal School, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the subject of Bible Study.

The Freshman Class have elected as officers for the second half year: President, W. S. Bradley; Vice-President, C. N. Sheldon; Secretary, T. J. Megear; Treasurer, S. C. Withers.

A. G. H. Spiers, '02, was chosen captain of the second gymnasium team in place of A. R. Yearsley, '01, who has joined the first team.

In a college meeting the following design for the scrub sweaters was adopted: Black body, three half inch scarlet stripes on the neck, waist and wrist-bands, and the letters H, 2nd XI, on the breast in

scarlet. Rules for the regulation of the wearing of class numerals were also passed.

The class of 1904 has adopted the Honor System for Mid-Year and Final Examinations. The Committee of Five consists of Withers, Bonbright, C. C. Morris, Sheldon and Hilles.

Since the reopening of college after the holidays, there has been an unusual amount of sickness among the students. Many of them have gone to their homes, and the infirmary has been crowded. The epidemic gripe is largely responsible for this condition.

The committee of the under graduates chosen to confer with the committee of the Alumni about athletics is Patton, '01; Stone, '02; Yearsley, '01 and Rossmaster, '01, captains of the Cricket, Football, Athletic and Gymnasium teams respectively, and DeMotte, '01; Wood, '02, and Drinker, '03.

The following men have been authorized to wear scrub sweaters: Rossmaster, Scull, Tomlinson, Walenta, '01; Cookman, Haviland, Scattergood, Spiers, '02; Drinker, Duerr, Tilney, '03.

EXCHANGES.

WE have reason to congratulate our exchanges on their very uniform omission of editorial comment on the birth of the new year and century—a practice to which we had occasion to allude in our editorial columns last month. Above all things should a college magazine avoid what is commonplace and trite. The cartoon in the *Harvard Lampoon* is worth a dozen such editorials.

It is with a Utopian “sigh for that which is not” that we read the following announcement in the *Lehigh* semi-weekly, the *Brown and White*:

“The competition for the vacant places on the *Brown and White* board has shown that there are a number of competent contestants for the positions, and if they keep up their work and get in a little longer articles, it will not be long before some of the vacancies are filled.” And then follows a long list of the “pen-names” of would-be editors who have handed in five, six, or eight literary articles, respectively! The notice concludes with the encouraging statement that “It is not yet too late to try for a place, and any man who starts now will be given a fair trial if his work indicates that he is willing to work hard from now until the election.”

We are curious to know whether such a phenomenon is common among our sister institutions or whether there is some pecuniary or other inducement at *Lehigh* to account for this extraordinary and inspiring state of affairs.

Several of our larger exchanges devote considerable space to book-reviews. We are at somewhat of a loss to know the reason for this, especially in the case of books in which college men have no distinct and abiding interest. For instance we find in the *Columbia Literary Monthly* four pages on Tolstoi's latest book, very well summarized but very much out of place. From this same monthly, let us add, we have selected the

most pleasing literary article of the month, entitled “Epitaph Hunting,” and there are several short stories, which, though they cannot be said to lack originality, end rather disappointingly. “An Eventless Day” is the only exception.

We are glad to welcome the *Lesbian Herald* to our exchange-table. The word “enterprise” is written all over its very readable pages, from an amusing psychological sketch to the classified list of advertisers at the back. A lucid essay on the value and influence of “Cartoons” is the sole redeeming feature of the *Index* (Pacific University), which comes loaded down with a local department entirely disproportionate to its literary efforts. Surely the mouth-piece of a university is worthy of better paper and cover than that in which the *Index* has lately appeared! As much might be said of a rather voluminous number of the *Susquehanna*. The *Howard-Payne Expowent* deserves commendation for its refreshing series of articles on lyric poetry of the Elizabethan and Victorian eras.

The *Brooklyn Polytechnic* comes to the front this month with a scholarly essay on Lincoln. We should like to be able to say as much of a ballad, apparently imitated from Browning, with a regularly-recurring “flop” in the last line of each strophe, that bears a distant resemblance to the *Nibelungenlied*.

We thoroughly enjoyed the humor of the “Polywogs.”

From over the water comes the *Marlburian* with a gem of an editorial on our “later-day poetry.”

We clip the following from an exchange:

There was a sign upon the fence,
 ’Twas “Paint,”
 And every sinner that passed by,
 And Saint
 Touched finger to it, and
 “Gee Whiz!”
 They’d say, and wipe it off,
 “Why, so it is.”

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1902

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THE HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

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MARCH, 1901

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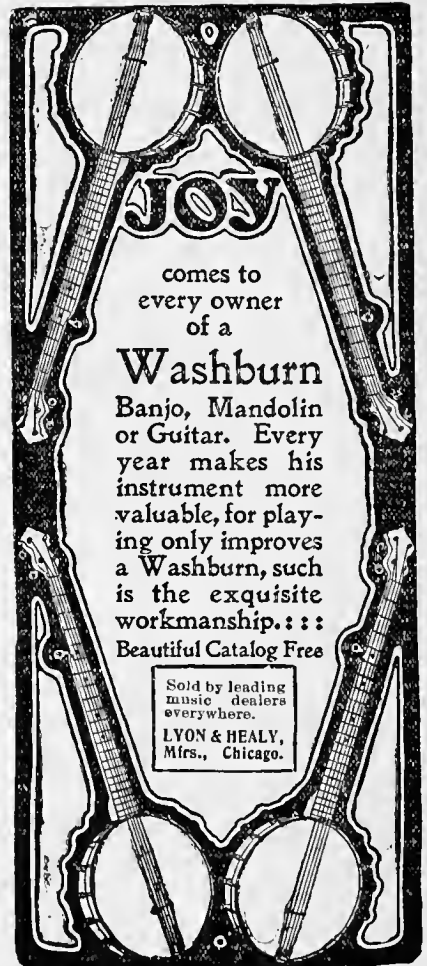
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXIII.

HAVERFORD, MARCH, 1901.

NO. 1.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

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Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

IT becomes our pleasant duty to announce that the recent competition for the vacant positions on the HAVERFORDIAN board has resulted in the election of William P. Bonbright and Robert P. Lowry, both of the Freshman class.

THE editors who by the annual change of administration have assumed control of the editorial staff of the HAVERFORDIAN would be altogether lacking in politeness, did they not conform to the time-honored custom of making an initial bow to their circle of readers. To begin the new volume without recognition of the services of the de-

parting editors or reference to the policy of the new, would be self-sufficiency in the extreme and could not otherwise be interpreted. To lose such an opportunity as a first issue invariably affords, of mapping out in an unpretentious manner the general course they intend to pursue, would be equally as unsatisfactory. It would moreover prevent our readers from seeing at the close of the year how far we have fallen short of our rosy aspirations!

Believing that the accumulated experience of twenty-two years more than outweighs the hasty conclusions of a rash zeal and is worthy of respect, the board proposes to work along conservative lines. Nothing can be more harmful to a college organ having so many offices to fulfill as does the HAVERFORDIAN, than by frequent and radical changes of policy to weaken the respect for it of faculty, undergraduates, and alumni. The balance between literary effort and college news will henceforth continue to be maintained. The alumni body, which furnishes so large a proportion of the subscribers to the HAVERFORDIAN, must not in justice be disregarded, whereas the doings of the undergraduates, if unrecorded, speedily lapse from view.

The exchange department—of universal interest if well conducted—should not be regularly squeezed out. It would seem to be the policy of a truly economical management, not to condense unduly news of general interest, but rather to add extra pages as they seem necessary and thus extend the usefulness and incidentally the circulation of the magazine. As we reflect on the prosperity that now attends everything connected with the name of Haverford, we cannot but have

a cheerful outlook for the twenty-third volume of its official publication, but we would add as a word of reminder that the earnest co-operation and support of our friends is absolutely essential to success.

HAVERFORD has for many years enjoyed the distinction of being, we believe, one of the few colleges which make no official effort to present their claims to the public. In many institutions agents are regularly employed to travel among the preparatory schools of the country, who, by setting forth the merits of the college they represent, draw many to its ranks. Other colleges makes extensive use of their presidents and, if denominational, of their pulpit and ministers of the gospel, as an advertising medium. Haverford has wisely refrained from such methods in the past, and has depended for its annual supply of students entirely upon the personal influence of disinterested alumni and the reputation of the college.

At the last meeting of the Alumni Association the subject of enlarging the number of undergraduates was discussed. A committee of that body was appointed to consider the matter and also an auxiliary committee from the undergraduates, who, by virtue of their more recent connection with preparatory schools, were felt to understand more clearly the problems and circumstances involved. The method of work which this joint committee has outlined is briefly as follows. They will approach the members of the lower classes in college and obtain from them the names of desirable students, now in the schools of which they are graduates. These men the committee will endeavor in various ways to interest in the college. They are now preparing a number of handsomely illustrated pamphlets descriptive of the college, which they will use for this purpose. Such a scheme seems both practical and

in accordance with the past policy of the college. With her large endowment, with constantly growing accommodations for students, with a corps of professors, which compares favorably with those of the large universities, Haverford will do well to distribute her advantages more widely. The general interest, shown in this movement by both graduate and undergraduate body, is a most encouraging sign and strongly indicative of a healthy condition at the college.

FOR several months the board has been considering the advisability of a change in the system of election to its membership. The custom heretofore has been to post on the college bulletin-board a conventional notice of a competition; open theoretically to any undergraduate, but confined in practice to members of the two lower classes. Under these conditions the number of papers submitted has always been small and seldom representative. Too often promising candidates have failed to contest, either from a misunderstanding of the conditions or from lack of encouragement. Several times a re-competition has been necessary, before an election has been possible. In other colleges a plan of restricted competition is working well. Whenever vacancies occur on the editorial staff, the editor-in-chief, at the instigation of the board, invites in writing a number of the representative men of the Freshman and Sophomore classes to enter a contest for those positions. Such an invitation is in itself an honor, indicating as it does that the particular Sophomore or Freshman invited possesses a certain degree of literary ability. By a judicious exercise of it, the board tends to become, not an uncongenial aggregation of stars, but a unit, mutually helpful, sympathetic, and honestly interested in its work.

After considerable investigation of the systems in operation elsewhere and much

discussion of the peculiar conditions existing here, the Haverfordian board has unanimously decided in favor of the arrangement, briefly outlined above. The competition the result of which is announced in this issue, has been held on this basis. Its results have entirely fulfilled the expectations of the board.

AS all have noticed lately in the columns of the "Ledger" and other leading newspapers, the game of association foot-ball seems to be taking considerable hold in Philadelphia, the Belmont Cricket Club having organized a team and arranged a schedule. Not long ago they met and defeated a team of English professional cricketers selected from the staffs of our leading cricket clubs. Opinions have been expressed by several leaders in various branches of sport, that if the game could be developed to a sufficiently high standard, international contests with British teams could be brought about. In short it seems likely to become popular.

The advantages of the introduction of this game at Haverford would be obvious. Under present conditions, Rugby foot-ball is confined to about thirty or forty men out of a college of one hundred and twenty. The other eighty or ninety men have no approved game to fall back on for exercise, as it is too late in

the year for cricket and tennis, and gymnasium work does not begin until the second quarter. These men usually take cross-country walks, or else are out watching the scrub practice. Our suggestion is one which would in no way compromise the popularity of the Rugby game. All the men wanted on the scrub and Varsity could be claimed, while if the regulation English Association rules were put into force, and games played every afternoon on some other part of the campus, it would afford athletic opportunities for those who would not or could not indulge in the harder sport, and at the same time would keep them in good physical condition. When we add to this the fact that Association can be played right through the winter (except when there is snow), Haverford has a game that can afford every student in college, from the weakest to the strongest, both profit and amusement. Let us hope that the game will be introduced.

THE annual index to the HAVERFORDIAN will hereafter appear with the March instead of the February issue. Such an arrangement is desirable, if the contents of the last number of the volume are to be included. The index for volume XXII is sent out with this issue.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

THIS world is in many respects a restless, discontented, little sphere, and the cry of its people is even and always, "give us something new, something different. We are tired of the old, give us something new." Or as the poet puts it the cry of its people is ever and always,

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

So it is whenever, in any field whatso-

ever, be it art, literature, or science, there appears a production that differs from what has been, that treats of new themes, or, perhaps, only dresses up the old ones in a new style; in a word, when any thing is produced that is unique and original, then it is that the fretful, little public dries its eyes, and shouts and claps its hands in delight over this new rattle. Sometimes the pleasure is but momentary, and the new toy is soon consigned by this imperious, young Sultan

to a hopeless oblivion; but more often, if it be the right sort of rattle, and of the real, genuine, "made-in-Germany" type it will be put away safely in the cupboard, to be taken out, and played with again and again in the long years to come. And "Alice in Wonderland" is one of these same, reliable, kind of rattles, one whose paint, as far as I am concerned, never seems to get scraped off, and I sincerely hope it will never be lost in the chaos of play things that crowd this big nursery of ours. Excepting, of course, its delightful twin, "Through the Looking-glass," there never was, and I doubt if there ever will be another book like it. It stands alone; it is unique, even in its own realm of fairy tales.

Its author too, I imagine, was, if the term may be so applied, a unique man. A great mathematician, and revelling to such a lamentable extent in the horrors of mysterious unknown "x's" and "y's" that he would lie upon his bed pondering some 'abstruse and utterly useless problem instead of putting the midnight hours to their proper use. It grieved him sore, I understand, that his fame should be based upon such a paltry book as "Alice in Wonderland" rather than upon his mathematical treatises. And I have heard that, when a copy of this same "Alice" found its way into the royal family, and met with such favor that the Queen ordered upon the spot all the other works of the author, Reverend C. L. Dodgson packed up his problematic "x's" and "y's" and cruelly sent them after Alice. Poor little princes and princesses! I can see them pulling out their royal little handkerchiefs, and mopping up the effusion of their royal disappointment!

Yet Mr. Dodgson, or as I would rather think of him, Lewis Carrol possessed a deep sympathy and tender love for all children. Had he not, he could never have produced "Alice in Wonderland." The very circumstances under which the book came to be written

prove this; and one of the greatest charms of Alice is her naturalness. She thinks the way children really do think; she does what one would naturally expect a child to do. And this, I think, is largely the cause of her popularity among children. When the other children are going on some grand adventure, and have hinted with unnecessary candor that they do not want you tagging around, or when, perhaps, they have, with an evil delight, run off and hidden from you, and you feel a little, watery film on your eye-lashes, an uncontrollable quiver around your lips, and at your heart a great sickness, then is the time, my little friend, for you to get Alice down from the shelf in the book-case yonder, and she will play with you I assure you, and take you through wondrous, undreamt-of adventures in that strange land of hers. She is a playmate that will never run off and hide, but is ever the same little natural Alice, who can smile at herself in all her moods as well as ever any April day. Her fairyland, too, is one of the best fairy-lands I know of, and a hundred times more interesting than the proverbial one with the beautiful princess, and the handsome prince, who "lived happily ever afterwards." But Alice's is a land full of strange beings whom you will never find any where else, and it is worth your while to go out of your way to, meet them.

Yet I would not have any one think that this is a book to be enjoyed by children only. No indeed! it has qualities to interest the older and wiser heads too, provided, of course, they are the right kind of heads. Three of these qualities are, its imaginative quality, its psychological quality, and, not its nonsensical quality, but the quality of its nonsense, which is quite a different matter.

The first of these is perfectly plain, and easily seen. From beginning to end the story is imaginatively conceived, and imaginatively carried out. The second,

however, may not be quite so clear, yet just stop and think for a moment. Did you never have a dream where one thing seemed to glide into another in a perfectly impossible, yet natural way? If you never did, I advise you to fall asleep immediately, and try to experience the sensation. And now look at "Alice in Wonderland," and you will find one of the best representations of dreams ever written. Take, for instance, the scene that changes from the shop of the old sheep into the boat on the river, with knitting needles changed to oars, or the baby of the Duchess that was transformed gradually into a pig, (and judging from most babies that have come within my limited experience this does not seem so impossible after all), and then tell me that this is not psychologically and dreamologically correct, and that it does not give you a better idea of a dream than the eight syllable words and twenty line sentences of a psychology book.

And now for the quality of its nonsense. Perhaps you have the idea that nonsense is nonsense the world over, but I say there are many different kinds of nonsense. There is merry nonsense, and grave nonsense, reasonable nonsense and unreasonable nonsense, stupid nonsense and entertaining nonsense, and whatever else it may be Lewis Carroll's nonsense is

undeniably entertaining. It is nonsense from a master hand, which few, if any could ever imitate. In fact to write good, genuine nonsense requires the greatest skill, and I am sure there is a vacant place in the library of the world for a book on "The Art of Nonsense."

Yet notwithstanding the multitudinous nonsensical phrases that are put into their mouths these creature-characters of Alice's stand out with a distinct individuality. And if there be any such thing as a world peopled by those dear, delightful personages of literature, whom you and I and every one knows, and if, by some kind fate I ever am allowed a peep into the hidden precincts of that mystic realm I trust I may see there among the rest our nervous little friend, the White Rabbit, with his gloves this time, I hope; and I am sure I shall be just a little bit frightened when that fearfully passionate queen roars "Off with his head"—yet I would not for the world miss seeing her, nor the ugly old sharp-chinned Duchess, nor that famous trio of the tea-party, the Halter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse, nor the Clushire Cat, nor—but what is the use, for you know them all, or, if you do not, I counsel you, gentle reader, hide as best you can your blush of shame, and take up your Alice and read.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

THE contracts already entered into with regard to the Gymnasium will be completed by the time this letter reaches the readers of the HAVERFORDIAN. The building, however, is still in an incomplete state; neither the heating nor the lighting arrangements are entirely provided. About \$5,000 more are needed to finish the building. The main hall will be partially furnished by some of the apparatus from the old Gymnasium and by certain new purchases. The other rooms will be entire-

ly unfurnished. In the basement the large east room is in a rough state, awaiting the decision as to what shall be done there. It is not probable, however, that much more can be added to the building at an early date, and as it is desired to use it during the short balance of this winter, it has been concluded after some hesitation to have a formal opening on Third Month 16th. The program will be something like the following:

John H. Converse will make a short address. J. Henry Scattergood, of

the Class of 1896, will follow with some remarks on the Haverford spirit in athletics. Other brief remarks may be expected from invited guests. This will be in the afternoon. It is proposed to offer a simple supper at six o'clock. In the evening a gymnastic entertainment will be provided by the combined gymnasium teams of Lehigh University and Haverford College. Opportunity will be offered in the meantime for a general inspection of the building.

Admission will be by cards, one of which admitting two people will be sent to each subscriber to the funds of the Gymnasium; others, up

to a limited number, may be secured on application to the Secretary at the College. There will be no charge for admission, and we should be glad to have the attendance of a large number of Haverfordians. Cards will also be sent to boys contemplating attending at college if their names and addresses are forwarded to the Secretary by any Haverfordian.

It would be satisfactory to announce at this meeting that funds were in possession of the college sufficient to complete the building and its equipment, and any aid in this direction would be much appreciated.

GIOTTO.

GIOTTO was the greatest man of his time; Giotto the gentleman, wit, good Christian, painter and architect; Giotto bending over his brush with alternate plays of humor and earnestness in his face; he who worked so hard and well for art, won his reward, and out of the jumbled syllables of that time, Giotto is the name, Giotto the man.

He was a shepherd's son, born near Florence in 1276, taken under the wing of Cimabue, then master of the new formed *Gothic* art, and educated at Florence. He soon surpassed his foster-father and at the age of twenty was summoned to the Vatican by the Pope. From this time till the end of his life, Giotto travelled continually, through many cities of Italy and even to Avignon, in the whole-souled pursuit of his art; and attained such fame, that Vasari, writing two centuries later, accepts him as the artistic mile-stone, while he refers to Dante as a poet who "has been warmly praised by Mr. Boccaccio." He was an indefatigable worker, good-natured, always ready with a jest, a man of limitless creative imagination, just the one to succeed in any great undertaking if the impelling mo-

tive were behind to urge him forward. If he had not been a painter, sculptor, or architect, he would have been a great poet or statesman. It only chanced that Cimabue found him at a pastime which he turned into a practice. The yeast that made Giotto rise was his Christianity. He was a bright man, simple towards his faith, who painted on the walls of churches in every available town and city, scenes from the life of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and yet he was a jolly good fellow, and was so proverbial for his wit that France Lacchetti has turned the painter into literary capital. One story will suffice to show the delicacy of his hand when a verbal retort would have been inappropriate. He was asked by the King of Naples to paint a picture of his kingdom, and with true raillery presented to his majesty the portrait of a saddled ass sniffing tentatively at a new mount before it on the ground. "How now," cried the king, "what is this beast doing here?"

"That is your people," replied the painter, "its present saddle is your majesty, and the other is a new ruler for whom the nation is somewhat anxious."

"I comprehend," returned the sovereign.

Whether or not his spirit of good fellowship brought him more orders for work, Giotto has left behind him a great number of wall-paintings in Pisa, Verona, Padua, Assisi, Florence, and Rome, besides others in more scattered towns; and "at length," in the words of Vasari, "shortly after his return from Milan, he rendered his soul to God, in the year 1336, to the great grief of all his fellow citizens, and of all those who had known him or even heard his name, for he had produced so many beautiful works in his life, and was as good a Christian as he was an excellent painter."

What he did for art is not to be told in the space of a few short pages. It is the highest praise to say that except in the gradual perfection of details and method, no new department of technique has been added to the curriculum of painting. True, his art of Chiaroscuro did not attain the perfection of the "night watch," but the lighting of Giotto, though stiff and formal, is well advanced for his time. The Dutch first illuminated pictures by a light within the scene; of this trick Giotto is quite ignorant.

Lessing's famous principle of art applies no less to Giotto's work than to the Laocoon the copy of nature is perfect effective representations the passions are fixed at a moment just before their culmination may be extended in a slightly modified form to the master's frescoes, with this distinction, that whereas in Laocoon the copy of nature is perfect and the climax of the death-struggle but impending, in Giotto's work the accessories are thrown in by a few simple lines and the figures do not faithfully portray their originals. Whether or not feet and hands are distorted, drapery in unnatural folds, postures racked; whether Giotto could or could not display a mastery of technique, his meaning is more clear than in many of our modern realists. To appreciate Giotto is an acquired taste, it may be, but the observant can

see more in a peculiar turn of the arm or a fit of the clothing in one of these master pieces, than in many whose absolute conformity of familiar nature awakens no notice. Extremely rapid snapshots of athletes in motion produce much more grotesque effects than any of the works we now are reviewing, because, though with exceptional intuition Giotto saw the different positions of every gesture, he chose to depict the one which would give an idea of incomplete action without too ludicrous a result.

As in the Japanese symphonies there are beats of silence which the Eastern wind can fill with melody, so in these paintings, the critic must be prepared to lend his imagination and clothe with form the suggestions before his eyes. In color, Giotto used lighter tones and broader breadths; his pigments are brighter than those of his Byzantine models and chosen symbolically, if Ruskin may be believed.

But it is not in painting only that Cimabue's pupil held influence over his time. The cunning decorator was a skillful architect as well; in every branch of art he seems to have had the aesthetic eye which marks the true artist from the false. When Arnolfo died and left the cathedral of his native city unadorned, it was Giotto who designed and finished the facade; when the people of Florence decided to raise a campanile beside the Duomo, it was Giotto who reared that most perfect building of its kind,—in form, proportions, and decoration. This tall square tower is built in three Gothic-windowed stories; and the master mind relieved a threatened topheavy effect by making the windows of the highest landing the longest of the three.

Giotto holds to his age a relation somewhat analogous to that of Leonardo da Vinci, Petronius, or Sir William Temple, with this difference; that though Petronius, Temple and Leonardo were only the "Arbitri Elegantiarum." Giotto was also the greatest workman; Leon-

ardo left only one picture great enough to sustain his fame, and wrought countless others through his disciples, but Giotto fixed examples of his art to the walls of nearly every great Italian church, with an industry not excelled by that of Titian in his long sedentary life. Could we but look backward something over five and a half centuries into the lowering interior of some little chapel, we might see the man, old at three-score, back timidly down the ladder, put

away his brushes and oils, falter to the doorway, and turn for a last glance at his work; we might observe his smile of triumph, the tremor of slight disappointment, his vague unsatisfied sigh as he fastened the gate and set out for home; and we would say that this was one who struggled with unresponsive tools and material,—one who by virtue of his lofty ideals and hot zeal forced inanimate things to shine with the spirit of his genius.

LECTURES.

A PUBLIC meeting of the Campus Club was held in Alumni Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 6. After briefly reviewing the history and objects of this young organization, President Dennis introduced William L. Bailey, of the class of '83, who gave a very interesting lecture on "Bird Studies With a Camera." He described the life and habits of many of our "little brothers of the air" that are located in Eastern Pennsylvania, and later talked of the birds of the New Jersey swamps, and of the sea-coast from South Jersey to Rhode Island. He illustrated the subject with a large number of lantern slides, made from photographs taken by himself, often under the greatest difficulties of time and circumstance. Several of the slides were beautifully colored, showing with striking clearness the actual surroundings of the haunts and nests of the birds. He explained the methods of photographic bird-study, in which he has been pre-eminently successful for a number of years. The use of the camera enables man to examine birds under natural conditions and entirely avoids the cruel slaughter of ornithological specimens for a museum. He closed with an earnest appeal to all to assist in protecting and sheltering the few bird friends remaining in our neighborhood.

THE college and some of its friends were entertained on the evening of Feb. 20, with an illustrated lecture on the Nicaraguan Canal, by Dr. Emory Johnson, a former instructor of Economics at Haverford. Mr. Johnson was appointed by President McKinley to investigate the canal routes of Central America and ascertain their feasibility for this great waterway. As a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission he was able to gain a profound knowledge of circumstances and afford the government the necessary information to decide on the route most suitable. As a result of his observations, Mr. Johnson showed a most interesting collection of lantern-slides, which confirmed his arguments in favor of the Nicaraguan route, upon which the commission decided. The fact that this route is shorter between New York and San Francisco by four hundred miles, and between New Orleans and San Francisco by six hundred miles is greatly in its favor. Then, too, locks are cheaper and more feasible than a tunnel which would be essential for the other proposed routes. Peculiar circumstances seem to be connected with all the other routes, as if the fates had long decided that this should be the acceptable one. An interesting fact about the Darien route is that the proposed Atlantic open-

ing is eighteen miles west of that on the Pacific.

The fitness of the Nicaraguan route was also emphasized on the canvas by the collection of slides illustrating the productive possibilities of that section of the semi-known world and also by the argument in favor of governmental rather than company ownership.

The following report was crowded out of last month's issue:

On Friday evening, January 4th, John B. Garrett delivered a lecture in Alumni Hall on "The Anthracite Problem, with Some Features of the Recent Miners' Strike."

The anthracite coal region occupies about one per cent. of the area of Pennsylvania and includes the basins of the Delaware, Schuylkill and Susquehanna rivers. Although discovered as early as 1768, the coal was not very extensively

used until the opening of the Lehigh and Schuylkill canals, in 1820. Since then its distribution has greatly increased, reaching forty-eight million tons in 1899. During the present century, however, the supply will probably be almost entirely exhausted and the cheaper and more plentiful bituminous coal will take its place altogether.

In reference to the recent strike, Mr. Garrett said that it was the most disastrous event that had ever occurred in the region. It originated from without, having its headquarters in the Indiana district, a bituminous coal district. In blind obedience to the officers of the Union, the miners entered the strike, and endured great suffering while it lasted. Although they finally gained their demands, the accessions have decreased their temperance, industry and loyalty to their employers, and they have been left in a deplorable and almost desperate condition.

REGULATIONS FOR THE WEARING OF COLLEGE COLORS AND H.

(Revised)

FIRST. All committees for awarding college emblems shall be held responsible to the College Association.

Second. The cricket colors shall consist of the cricket sweater, the scarlet and black striped blazer and cap, and the scarlet and black sash. The cricket sweater shall be white, with low neck and a lower waist-band of scarlet and black one and one-half (1 1-2) inches wide, and shall have on the breast a scarlet cricket H. Cricket H shall be a block letter H four and a half (4 1-2) inches across the top and five (5) inches in height.

The cricket colors shall be worn by the members of the first eleven of any year, when such members are formerly given their colors by the Ground Committee of the Cricket Club.

Third. The foot-ball colors shall be

awarded after the last game of each season by the captain and manager of the Foot-ball team and the President of the Foot-ball Association. These three men shall select the first fourteen players, including the captain, who shall be entitled to wear the foot-ball H.

The foot-ball sweater shall be red, with black neck, wristlets, and waist band. The foot-ball H shall be a black block-letter H six (6) inches across the top and seven and a half (7 1-2) inches in height. The wristlets and waist-band shall each be three and one half (3 1-2) inches in width.

Men who are not entitled to wear the foot-ball sweaters shall not appear with the foot-ball H on any sweater, nor shall they wear the scarlet and black striped stockings or jerseys, except upon the foot-ball field.

Fourth. The Track Emblems shall be

awarded by the Ground Committee of the Athletic Association, and shall be worn only by men winning a point in an inter-collegiate scratch contest, except in dual meets, when the winners of first place only shall receive the track H.

The track uniform shall consist of a scarlet and black striped sleeveless jersey; white running trousers, with red and black ribbon stripes down the sides, and the track sweater, which shall be a plain cardinal red sweater with the track H on the breast. The track H shall be five and a half (5 1-2) inches in width by six and a half (6 1-2) inches in height, and is a black block-letter H.

Fifth. The hockey colors shall be awarded by the captain and manager of the Hockey Team and the President of the Hockey Association. These three men shall select the first eight players, including the captain, who shall be entitled to wear the H. C.

The hockey jersey shall be as follows: A black body with striped sleeves, a scarlet neck and a scarlet waist-band. The stripes one (1) inch in width shall be alternate scarlet and black. The H. C. shall be scarlet block letters four and one-fourth (4 1-4 x 2 1-2).

Sixth. The gymnasium sweater shall be awarded by the captain and manager of the Gymnasium Team, who shall determine the number of men to receive these emblems. The gymnasium uniform shall consist of a jersey, a sweater, black tights, black trunks and white gymnasium shoes. The gymnasium jersey shall be scarlet with short sleeves. The gymnasium emblem shall be a monogram consisting of a black H (4 1-2 inches in height and 4 1-2 inches in width), a black C (3 1-4 inches long and

2 1-4 inches wide) and a black G of the same dimensions. The C shall be placed upon the upper right hand section of the H, likewise the G upon the lower left hand section. The design shall conform to that of previous years. The gymnasium sweater shall be black throughout. The emblem shall conform with that of the gymnasium jersey. The letters shall be scarlet. The H shall be 6 inches by 5 inches. The C and G each shall be 4 inches high by 4 1-2 inches long.

Seventh. The scrub foot-ball sweater shall be awarded at the end of each foot-ball season to those men who in the opinion of the 'Varsity captain, the scrub captain and the 'Varsity manager, have done the best work throughout the season. The number of sweaters shall not exceed eleven.

The sweater shall be of a black body with striped alternate scarlet and black neck and wristlets. The stripes shall be one-half (1-2) inch in width and the wristlets four (4) inches in width. The monogram shall consist of a scarlet H, (seven inches in height by six inches in width). A scarlet Arabic numeral "2" (2 inches by 1 1-2 inches) and a scarlet Roman numeral eleven (XI) of the same relative dimensions. The Arabic numeral "two" shall be placed within the H above the cross-bar and the Roman numeral "eleven" below the cross-bar.

Eighth. The managers of the various teams may wear the sweaters and jerseys of their respective teams without the emblems.

Ninth. No person shall be entitled to wear any of the emblems, uniforms, or parts of uniforms, above mentioned, until that person shall have been authorized to do so by the committees having charge of the awarding of the same.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

THE first of the series of inter-class debates for the Triangle Cup was held in Alumni Hall, on

Monday evening, February 11th. The Sophomores were represented by Hoffman, Schrag and Simkin; the Freshmen

by Helbert, Thorn and Withers. The alternates were Phillips, '03, and Bonbright, '04. The Freshmen had selected as the subject for debate: "Resolved, That the railroads and telegraphs of the United States should be owned and operated by the government." The Sophomores had decided to support the negative.

The first two speakers of the affirmative, Thorn and Withers, showed that, under the present system of private ownership of the railroads, there are many grievances in construction, in rates, and to private individuals, and they declared that these would be removed by government ownership. Helbert argued that the rates exacted by the private telegraph companies of our country are disproportionate to the cost and much higher than those of the National Sixpenny Telegraph system of Great Britain.

For the negative Schrag and Hoffman showed that in the United States the cost of railroads is less, the rates cheaper, and the profits greater, than in countries where governmental control exists, supporting their statements from various authorities. Simkin urged that the government would be unable to make sufficient profits on their investments, and that national control in railroads and telegraphs would be a source of debt to the country as it is in the case of the Postal System.

Each man then spoke for five minutes in rebuttal. After deliberation the judges, who were Prof. S. K. Gifford, J. D. Carter, '99, and C. H. Carter, 1900, decided in favor of the negative.

In accordance with the time-honored Haverfordian custom, immediately after the debate the Freshmen participated in the annual cake walk in Barclay Hall.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'64, '72, '72, '73. Dr. Morris Longstreth, Richard T. Cadbury, Dr. F. B. Gummere, and Alden Sampson, attended the Harvard dinner at the University Club on February 9th.

'72. Dr. Richard H. Thomas preached in Friends' Meeting, February 21st.

Ex-'82. Richard Mott has gone South for a stay of three weeks or so in Florida.

'84. George Vaux, Jr., addressed the combined Senior Ethics and Junior Political Economy classes, Friday, March 1st, on "Prison Reform."

'85. Dr. Rufus M. Jones came down from Harvard three weeks ago and preached in Friends' Meeting.

'85. Thomas Newlin has been elected Vice-President of Wilmington College, Ohio.

'94. William J. Strawbridge is head of the Drafting Department of the naval shops at Cavite, Philippine Islands.

'96. John A. Lester has accepted the position of Instructor in English at the William Penn Charter School.

'96, '98. J. H. and A. G. Scattergood also attended the Harvard dinner at the University Club.

'97. Morris B. Dean has left The Proctor & Gamble Co., and is now a partner in The Samuel C. Tatum Co., general hardware, Cincinnati.

Ex-'98. C. H. Bell graduated at Harvard with the class of 1900 and is now with Samuel Bell & Sons, flour merchants, Philadelphia.

'98. The engagement has been announced of Miss Marguerite Perry, of Philadelphia, to Arthur S. Harding.

Ex-'98. John S. Jenks, Jr., of Edward B. Smith & Co., bankers, on January 21st opened the New York office of that house, of which he expects to be in charge for the next two years.

'98. On January 27th Joseph W. Taylor left for the West. Eight of his classmates assembled to see him off. After meeting W. C. Janney in Arizona and riding northward to Wyoming, he expects to enter the cattle business.

Ex-'98. A. G. Varney has left the employ of the Girard Trust Co., and is in the office of C. B. Prettyman, real estate, Philadelphia.

'99. Royal J. Davis is doing journalistic work on the Evening Bulletin.

1900. H. S. Drinker, Jr., W. W. Justice, Jr., and S. W. Mifflin visited the college from Harvard during the Mid-years.

HAVERFORD-COLUMBIA EXHIBITION.

THE Second Gymnasium Entertainment with Columbia was held in Witherspoon Hall on Saturday evening, February 16th. The unfavorable conditions of the weather, which regularly for the past five years have accompanied Haverford's Mid-winter Gymnastic Exhibitions, this year were very fortunately absent and a large audience watched the feats of the athletes. All the events had been prepared with great care, successfully maintaining the interest of the spectators to the very end. Both teams appeared quite up to their standards of last year and neither received any undeserved applause. Financially, also, the efforts of the committee were well repaid. The program was as follows:

PART I.

- Music.....Haverford College Mandolin Club
1. Side Horse.....Columbia University
C. Eastmond, 1901 C; E. Ward, 1901 C; O. Pullich, Jr., 1902 C; F. E. Benjamin, 1904 C; J. C. Smallwood, 1903 S; E. Schuster, 1902 C.
 2. Parallel Bars.....Haverford College
E. C. Rossmassler, 1901; J. S. Fox, 1901; S. Brown, 1902; G. S. Garrett, 1902.
 3. Single Stick Contest..Columbia University
R. Seikel, G. Bojus.
 4. Juggling.....Haverford College
A. L. Dewees, 1901.

5. Horizontal Bar.....Columbia University
C. Eastmond, 1901 C; C. T. Swart, 1902 S; C. W. Ward, 1901 L; V. de La M. Earle, 1903 C; O. Pullich, Jr., 1902 C; J. C. Smallwood, 1903 S.
6. Fancy Club Swinging..Haverford College
A. L. Dewees, 1901; A. G. H. Spiers, 1902; J. W. Cadbury, 1901; J. J. Barclay, 1902; A. S. Cookman, 1902; H. J. Cadbury, 1903; N. A. Scott, 1902; S. C. Withers, 1904; W. P. Philips, 1902; W. P. Bonbright, 1904; C. Evans, 1902; B. Lester, 1904.
7. Tumbling.....Columbia Gymnastic Team

PART II.

- Music.....Haverford College Mandolin Club
1. Horizontal Bar.....Haverford College
E. C. Rossmassler, 1901; W. L. C. Neilson, 1901; S. P. Jones, 1902; O. E. Duerr, 1903; A. G. Dean, 1903.
 2. Parallel Bars.....Columbia University
C. Eastmond, 1901 C; E. Blakely; O. Pullich, Jr., 1902 C; J. C. Smallwood, 1903 S; H. S. Osborne, 1903 S.
 3. Wrestling.....Columbia University
R. Seikel, G. Bojus.
 4. Tumbling....Haverford Gymnastic Team
 5. Slack Wire..... Columbia University
E. Blakely.
 6. Sparring.....Haverford College
W. H. Kirkbride, 1901; P. L. Woodward, 1902.
 7. Pyramids.....Columbia Gymnastic Team
 8. Electric Club Swinging..Haverford College
A. L. Dewees, 1901; N. A. Scott, 1902; W. P. Philips, 1902.

Midnight.

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I slumbered
 tired and weary,
 Dreaming over Algebra, and half-forgotten
 lore,—
 As I slumbered, almost snoring, suddenly
 there came a roaring,
 As of evil spirits soaring up and down the
 corridor.
 'Tis some fellows, late carousing, sleeping
 ones with water sousing.
 Or perhaps they are "rough-housing;"
 Simply this and nothing more.

During sleep I then was musing, dreaming
 over things confusing,
 Wondering which of all my studies was the
 greatest bore;—
 But just then came in the dumping;—I awoke,
 my head was bumping
 And my cranium was thumping, thumping
 on my chamber floor,
 As my blankets I was flurring, down the hall
 I heard a scurrying
 As of many footsteps hurring;
 Simply this and nothing more.

SKETCHES.**A Mystery Explained.**

He had passed a most disappointing day, and now throwing himself disconsolately upon the couch he fell into a profound reverie. The sound of a voice suddenly attracted his attention, and it flashed upon his mind as something perfectly natural and commonplace that his Greek Dictionary was speaking. "I did my best to make his life miserable," it growled, and its voice rumbled around the room, "I made my pages stick, and whenever he did succeed in finding the place I referred him to the other end of the alphabet." "I," said the Psychology-book pompously, "aroused a confusion in the organs of his cerebral hemispheres, together with their concomitant consciousness, that would be calculated to considerably disarrange the functions of the brain of an otherwise than extraordinary human being."

"I broke my point seven times in succession, and he wouldn't sharpen me the eighth," remarked the pencil in an injured tone.

"Well," snickered the golf ball aggravatingly, "The mutilated ground—" and then he stopped abruptly for human nature had asserted itself, and the victim had started up.

"Never mind," he said as he rubbed his eyes, "I have learned one of the most mysterious secrets of life."

Hans Arnold.

One of the most delightful of modern German novelists is Hans Arnold. His volumes have had such a wide circulation in all parts of German-speaking Europe, that it seems remarkable that they have not yet to any great extent appeared on this side of the water. The prob-

able explanation is the fact that his sketches are so thoroughly national and so permeated with distinctly German customs that their charm is wasted on the uninitiated. Arnold has published nearly a dozen little volumes, each a collection of romantic short-stories in their most popular form. He takes his love-tales entirely from the upper circles of German society, makes good use of the handsome young officer, does not slight the jolly university-student, and summons up the whole of his art in dealing with the pretty eighteen-year daughter of some phlegmatic and most tyrannic "Geheimrat." Arnold's literary productions have been confined so far to this single, rather narrow mode of composition, but for that reason his originality is all the more striking. Indeed, for a man who has an intelligent insight into modern German life, and who enjoys light reading for the sake of naivete of style and enchantment of plot, I know of nothing more ideal.

Dreaming.

The storm is over, and the inward man quiescent. The sky is deep blue and utterly cloudless, and ocean is laughing aloud, rippling gently in the warm, summer sunshine, flashing back its light from a thousand shimmering points, while it assures us positively, that there never was such a thing as a storm in the history of the world. A glorious idleness has taken entire possession of us, for we are now in blue water—crushed sapphire—and a little breeze is bellying the white awnings, whispering softly to us, that exertion of any sort is sinful, and that the only proper thing to do, is to sleep, or lie down with half-closed eyes, watching the dancing sea and serene sky. We say, "nonsense!" and pick up a book to read, but, before we have glanced over a page, the subtle influence of our surroundings creeps over us again and we fall once more to dreaming. This and

this only, we know; that the only real things in the world are crystal seas, clean-swept decks, soft rugs, warm sunshine, the smell of salt in the air, and blissful, blissful indolence.

The American Girl Abroad.

Know you this, you who have never crossed the brine to "the other side the world," however much you may admire the American girl as you see her in your daily walks of life, you do not appreciate her fully, until you have visited the lands over seas. The English damsel may be pleasant in her way, and she may seem beautiful to her countrymen, but "Oh! my prophetic soul!" to me loving the charming vivacity and splendid carriage of my American cousin, she is "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." I walk the roaring streets of some great foreign metropolis, surrounded by faces which are unknown and strange, and I feel truly "a stranger in a strange land." When, of a sudden, there flashes before my startled gaze, a vision of beauty, dressed in perfect taste, queen-like in her grace of motion and altogether fair to look upon; and straightway I stop, and, turning squarely about watch the vision until it passes out of my sight, whereupon I heave a sigh and say—inwardly of course—"now, my dear, it has done my heart good to see you; you are from my country; you are all right." And I pass on, refreshed as though by some healing draught.

Hypocrisy.

Everybody has elements of hypocrisy in his repertoire, and this is more true of some than of others. How often do we see a fellow who goes into some religious meeting and there develops enthusiasm which prompts him to resolve that he will subject himself completely to the noble and the good, and scrape all the barnacles of temptation—weakness off

the keel of his moral vessel, who mixes with his comrades a short time afterwards, and undoes all the good resolves he has made! Perfection in college life is the quality resultant from a banishment of all these temptations, and few there are who attain to it. In the silence of Friends' Meeting we make resolves to try and approach as near as possible this goal of perfection as applied to college conduct especially. By this is meant the exclusion of all mean acts, of refrain-

ing to pluck the mote from our fellow-students' eye before plucking the beam from our own,—in short, from doing anything when under the stress of excitement which would not pass a strict examination in communication with "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." This is the fault of every college man. It lies with his friends to help him outwardly, and with his own soul to take on stronger tissue and work slowly toward mortal perfection.

REGULATIONS FOR THE WEARING OF CLASS NUMERALS.

AT a recent meeting of the Haverford College Association numerals on class sweaters were authorized to be worn as follows:

First. In the Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game, by eleven Freshmen, in case the Freshmen win. In case they lose the captain and the manager of the 'Varsity foot-ball team shall determine how many and whom of the Freshmen class are privileged to wear the numerals. In the Sophomore class no more than eleven men, selected as above.

Second. In the annual Sophomore-Freshmen sports, any man of either class

making one first or two seconds.

Third. No more than eleven members of a class cricket team, selected by the coach and captain of the 'Varsity team, for their good playing in any class match.

Fourth. Members of any class winning five points in the annual Spring Track meet.

Fifth. Members of any class winning in any college indoor meet one first or three seconds.

Sixth. These rules are subject to revision by the College Association.

HOCKEY.

Haverford vs. Pennsylvania.

The first match played at the Ice Palace by the hockey team was with the University of Pennsylvania on January 8th, and Haverford won by a score of three goals to one. The game was rather of the rough-and-tumble order, since it was too early in the season for concentrated team-work; but there were no serious accidents. Wallace was struck in the ribs by a skate in the last half, but was not badly hurt.

After some preliminary practice the puck was faced and soon Haverford was menacing Penn's goal. Play gravitated considerably, and Haverford was several times prevented from scoring by Climen-son's fine work at goal. One minute before the close Freeland scored, and the half ended, Pennsylvania 1, Haverford 0. In the second half, Haverford braced, and three minutes after play commenced Thorn scored on a pretty shot from the side of the rink. Better passing by our

forwards enabled DeMotte to tally twice more. Haverford played a much better game than her opponents; Demotte and Thorn playing best for the former, while Climenson's, goal keeping in the first half was especially good. The line-up:

HAVERFORD.	PENNSYLVANIA.
Neilson..... goal	Climenson
Worthington..... point	Gardiner
Thorn..... cover point	Kier
De Motte..... rover...Wallace (Atlee)	
Winslow (Drinker) left forward ...	Whetstone
Warrington.... centre forward.....	Brown
(Nicholson)	
Tilney..... right forward	Freeland

Goals, Freeland, Thorn, DeMotte (2). Referee, G. S. Robertson, Q. C. Hockey Club. Umpires, Klipper and McHose, of Bala. Timekeeper, W. B. Roser. Time, 15 minute halves.

Haverford vs. Quaker City Hockey Club. Played at the Ice Palace, February 4th. This game, although one-sided, did not evidence the fact that Haverford was absolutely ground into the mire of oppression with regard to fast hockey, as the criticism of the "Ledger" for the next morning would seem to indicate. The fault lay in the fact that our team-work was not developed sufficiently, and it was only the good work of Warrington and DeMotte that enabled Haverford to do as well as she did. On the whole, the team did fairly well, but they were out-classed by the Quaker City forwards;

Orton in particular making four successful shots at goal. The line-up:

HAVERFORD.	QUAKER CITY.
Neilson..... goal	Rhodes
Worthington..... point	Robertson
Thorn..... cover point	Varney
Demotte..... rover	Gorman
Tilney..... right forward	Devine
Warrington... centre forward	Orton
Drinker..... left forward	Rogers

Goals, Orton (4), Gorman (2), Devine (2), Demotte. Referee, D. G. Harman, Pennsylvania Dental College. Umpires, Messrs. Roser, Pennsylvania Dental College, and Klipper, University of Maryland. Timekeeper, Mr. Supplee. Time of halves, 15 minutes.

A rough and exciting game was played at the Ice Palace with the Philadelphia Dental College on January 22nd. The Dental's were several times penalized by Referee Gorman; and their style of hockey savored too much of the knock-down-and-carry-out order. Haverford lost by a score of three goals to their opponents' five.

HAVERFORD.	DENTAL COLLEGE.
Neilson..... goal	
Worthington..... point	
Thorn..... cover point	
Demotte..... rover	
Tilney..... right forward	
Warrington... centre forward	
Drinker..... left forward	
(Winslow)	

Score, Dental College 5; Haverford 3. Time of halves, 15 minutes. Referee, Gorman.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The committee of the undergraduates, chosen to co-operate with a similar committee of the alumni, in advertising the claims of Haverford in preparatory schools are: Kirkbride (Chairman) and Scull, '01; Pusey and A. C. Wood, '02; Drinker and A. J. Phillips, '03; Lowry and Withers, '04.

The Senior class elected the following officers for their last half year: Presi-

dent, H. V. Bullinger; vice president, L. W. DeMotte; secretary, W. H. Wood; treasurer, W. W. Woodward.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association an invitation to join in a Quadrangular Track Meet with Franklin and Marshall, Rutgers and Swarthmore was laid on the table.

On Friday evening, February 15th, the

Mandolin Club played at an entertainment of the Young Ladies' Friendly Society of St. John's Episcopal church, Third and Reed streets, Philadelphia.

E. W. Evans, '02, was elected manager of the Track Team for the coming season.

The officers of the class of 1903 for the second half-year are: President, J. B. Drinker; vice president, A. G. Dean; secretary, S. N. Wilson; treasurer, H. J. Cadbury.

Haverford sent seven delegates to the annual State Convention of the Y. M. C. A., held this year in Lancaster, Pa., February 21-24.

The annual dinner of the Freshman class was held at the Manufacturers' Club, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, February 23rd.

A. G. H. Spiers, '02, has been added to the first gymnasium squad and C. R. Cary, '02, has been chosen to succeed him as captain of the Second team.

With a view to renewing interest in inter-class hockey, the Sophomores challenged the Freshmen, but the latter were unable to organize a team.

A departure from the regular work was made last month when the members of the Ethics and Political Economy classes, representing the majority of the Seniors and Juniors, met together to listen to a course of five lectures on economic subjects. The first three, on February 5th, 8th and 12th, were by Edward Grubb, M. A., of England, and dealt respectively with "Trades Unions and Their Policy," "Industrial Co-operation in England" and "Socialism" On the 26th Clinton Rogers Woodruff, of Philadelphia, spoke on the subject of "Municipal Expansion," and on March

1st George Vaux, Jr., (Haverford, 1884) on "Prison Reform."

The Athletic Association sent Kirkbride, '01, and Reeder, '02, to represent Haverford at the annual business meeting of the I. C. A. A., held in New York, February 23.

A monthly meeting of the Scientific Club was held in Founders' Hall on February 26th. Dr. Baxter, former instructor at Haverford, but at present professor of Chemistry at Swarthmore, spoke on the newly found radio-active substances, polonium, radium, and actinium, mentioning briefly their discovery and some of their characteristic chemical properties. Dr. Saunders described, from the view point of physics, several of the chemical and electrical rays which have come into prominence during the past few years, illustrating his subject by the Cathode Rays. These, according to the most widely accepted theory, are caused by the rapid oscillation of charged particles of matter, or corpuscles, each of which is equal to about one thousandth part of an atom.

A monthly meeting of the Classical Club was held on February 28th. Professor Gifford spoke to the members of the club on "The Plastic in Greek Literature." The epithets, plastic and sculpturesque, generally, suggest the specially fine parts of sculpture and painting; yet in Greek art the words are quite as applicable to the masterpieces of Homer and Aeschylus as to those of Phidias and Apelles. And this property, which in statuary reveals itself in well-rounded, well-proportioned beauty and the expression of spiritual emotion by the human form, but in poetry takes the form of concreteness and vividness of expression and simplicity of plot and motion, is in either case but a fundamental quality of the Greek taste and genius.

EXCHANGES.

Our February exchanges show a decided tendency to appear on time—surely an encouraging sign. While we cannot honestly say that they have brought us anything of very striking merit, yet the general run of literary articles is satisfactory. The “eagle eye” of the editor has more difficulty in picking out “space-fillers” than has sometimes been the case.

The *Georgetown College Journal* arrived bright and early on the first day of the month. It more nearly approximates our ideal of what a college publication should be, than any other with which we are acquainted. To finger its varied pages, enjoy its elegant etchings, laugh at its flashes of humor is a positive pleasure. “College Chameleons” this month, as a bit of realistic experiences, is above criticism.

The editor of the *Lafayette Touchstone* is to be commended for his enterprise in ferreting out a pretty piece of plagiarism at one of our large universities. It appears that the winner of the McLean oratorical prize at Princeton made use of material of a Gettysburg man, published in the *Gettysburg Mercury*, in such a way as to leave no doubt as to the identity of portions of the two orations. The Princeton man has manfully acknowledged his connection with the affair. While the fault seems a trifling one inasmuch as it is perfectly proper to avail oneself of all sources of information, yet we cannot help thinking what a world of annoyance and chagrin would have been saved by two little quotation marks at the right place! Such revelations though harsh, are useful at times as preventive measures. We feel very sure that it will be long before we are called upon to record a similar occurrence.

We have a warm spot in our editorial bosom for the *Brooklyn Polytechnic*. There is always some genuine humor

to be found within its covers. Last month began a series of selections from Noah’s diary, which refreshed us immensely, though we have a horror of continued stories. The anachronisms are so transparent as to remove any lingering accusation of triteness. “Acc High” is a clever sketch from the same monthly. The *Penn Chronicle* gives us something out of the ordinary in its “Three Historic Arches.” The *Pacific Index* affords little opportunity for attack in its attitude on “The Trust Question and Its Solution.” The *Dickinson Literary Monthly* comes in such an attractive cover and is so beautifully printed that we are prepared to overlook blemishes within, but this is unnecessary.

The *Brunonian* for January, though rather late, is an imposing-looking specimen and quite readable. Eleven pages seem, however, rather too much space to devote to *Exchanges*, excellent though they may be. “McGordon’s Brake” is a well phrased story. The *Howard-Payne Exponent* expatiates editorially to the extent of more than three pages on the death of Queen Victoria and the trousseau of Queen Wilhelmina. Both articles are cleverly handled, but we question emphatically the wisdom of opening the sanctums of college publications to purely non-educational matter.

We clip out the following at second hand and cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement:

“The anti-hazing movement keeps spreading. The Princeton faculty has ruled that hereafter no graduate student shall enjoy the privilege of selling his old furniture to a Freshman for more than it cost when it was new. Very soon all the dear old higher educational customs will be relegated to the limbo of the things that were.”

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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIII, No. 2

APRIL, 1901

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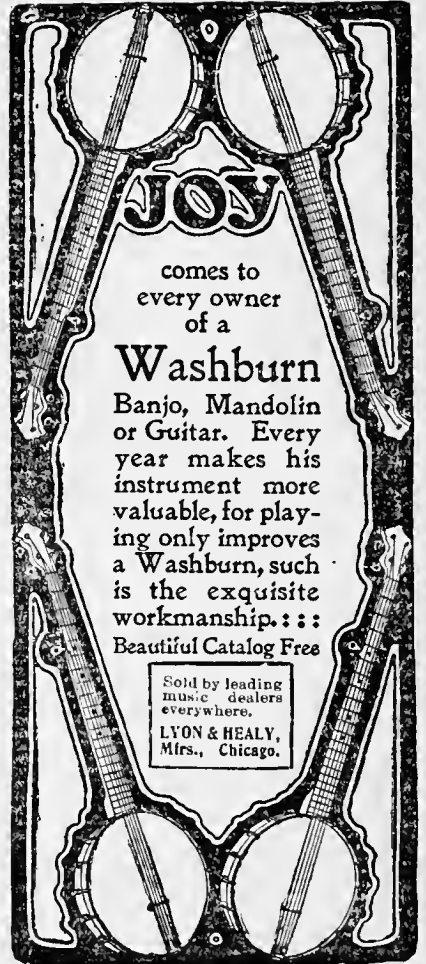
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HAVERFORD, APRIL, 1901.

NO. 2.

The Haverfordian

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Editor in Chief.

RICHARD M. GUMMERE, 1902.

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OTTO H. DUERR, 1903.

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H. A. DOMINOVICH, 1903, *Business Manager.*

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

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Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WITH this issue we make our readers a modest offer of some representative college fiction. While contemplating no serious departure from our customary contents, you will look this month in vain for the bit of travel or more solid literary article—not that we love the essay any the less, nor that we love the novelette the more, but rather as a sympathetic response to the quickening throb of spring, so unmistakable just now in every nook of nature. Moreover whisperings have found their way to our ears, not complaints,—for they were couched in the politest of terms—but bashful suggestions, and such we are ever ready to entertain.

SPRING is here and Haverford Campus is putting on her witching clothes. With the spring comes cricket, our Haverford game. Now we are to see what our long winter practice in the shed has done for us. Since January we have been growing rapidly in our little nest, the shed,—lazily allowing Coach Wooley to feed us. Now he is walking busily about the grounds seeking to tempt us to try our wings. But we don't like those balls, which stop and stare us so impudently in the face, and somehow we can't get used to our new surroundings. But we hope to in time—indeed, we must.

For everything depends this year upon hard steady conscientious work. We will have no stars on our team,—men, whom the rest of the team may passively watch with folded hands. Ours will have to be a team which works as a team and not as individuals. Every man will need to have the spirit of those men who last summer at Eton College so gloriously batted out a draw for us and stayed off defeat. Every man will have to master those three axioms, "Practice, Pluck and Patience." With these weapons we can fight with all the strength that is in us. And then if we lose, we will know that we have done our best.

THE gymnastic season just closed has been unusually satisfactory. Aside from the direct physical benefit always to be derived from systematic physical exercise, two lines of work have been carried out with great success. The organization of a second team served to arouse twice the inter-

est in advanced gymnastics existing before, and incidentally developed a number of valuable members and substitutes for the first team. Although the annual mid-winter inter-class contest was omitted because of pressure of other interests, the exhibitions given exceeded anything of former years both in quality of performance and popular interest. In the second annual entertainment with Columbia, Haverford compared favorably with last year's inter-collegiate champions. After two years of defeat the tables were turned on Rutgers in her own gymnasium, and our first banner was brought home in triumph—largely owing to the earnest effort of every member of the team. The non-competitive meet with Lehigh upon the occasion of the opening of the new gymnasium established pleasant relations with that university, which we hope to be permanent. In the contest at the Academy of Music, although Haverford was little successful numerically, her inter-collegiate reputation was upheld by the number of her entries and the uniform excellence of her performance. The season was brought to a close by an entertainment, given in connection with the musical clubs of the college before a large audience at Wayne. With the departure of but three members of the team, and with the impetus given to every phase of gymnastic work by the completion of the new gymnasium, the outlook for the winter of 1902 is highly encouraging.

IT is discouraging that "college-spirit," that term so slippery as almost to defy definition, should occupy the position of an *independent* variable at Haverford. No well-informed person would ask that the sentiment of the under-graduate body remain a constant toward all matters of collegiate interest between October and June. Certain of these are held to be more important than others, and rightly so. One can

find no fault, if foot-ball occupies a larger share of attention in the universal mind than do either track or gymnastic meets. A consistent attitude toward all recognized Haverfordian interests would seem to be that of a *dependent* variable. As each interest is of more or less importance, its support by the college should be of greater or less degree. The ratio of "foot-ball spirit" to the importance of foot-ball should be the same as the ratio of "debating-spirit" to the importance we attach to inter-collegiate debating.

Unfortunately the interest and support of debating at Haverford has been fast approaching an infinitesimal limit. The revival of the Senior-Junior debate was a step in the right direction, although a purely class affair, and one that is dwarfed in comparison to the Loganian-Philomathean contest. Heretofore the competition for the latter has been spirited, six men being first chosen at a free-for-all preliminary debate, and from these later four. Despite the fact that the debate takes place this year at Haverford, but five men, all from the two upper classes, signified their intention of trying for the team, thus making a preliminary contest ridiculous. It should hardly be a matter of indifference that only five men out of one hundred and twenty should be willing to compete for such an important affair as the Pennsylvania debate. We go to press too early to announce the outcome of the debate, but this in no wise affects our sentiments. Pressure should be brought to bear on all members of class debating teams, of the delinquent lower classes especially. College sentiment should frown upon really talented men, who have no legitimate excuse for failing to participate. We have no desire to commit ourselves either to the "barking-at-the-moon" or to the "crying-over-spilt-milk" policy, but we feel strongly that the principle involved is too urgent and too far-reaching to be overlooked.

FOR years past the predominant spring sport at Haverford has been cricket, and while track athletics have received the attention of a limited number of men, they have never been developed to any considerable extent. In a college of the size of Haverford, the problem of maintaining these two branches of sport simultaneously, with adequate attention paid to each, becomes a difficult one; for when thirty-three men are chosen for the three cricket teams there remains a comparatively small remnant from which to choose a good athletic team. However, a scheme has recently been adopted, which will, it is believed, stimulate college interest in this branch of sport.

According to this scheme, prior to the spring vacation, all students are encouraged to appear on the athletic field between four and six, where under the supervision of the trainer all branches of track and field sport will be practiced, the individual and class doing the most conscientious work to be awarded a silver cup and silk banner respectively.

While such a plan does not provide a larger field from which to select a Track Team, it will, it is hoped, serve not as a mere inducement to men to work for the prize, but as a means of affording to the student body, irrespective of any one branch of sport, a wholesome and beneficial form of exercise.

PRESIDENT Sharpless has frequently commented upon the sensible and well-read attitude of the average Haverford graduate. With an increasing tendency to specialization, wider reading must be maintained in order to keep up to this standard of the past; therefore for this reason the resources of our excellent library should be put to a better use than at present.

In times past, the curricula at Haverford and most other educational insti-

tutions did not permit such scope in electives; the required all-round course was the rule, often for Seniors and Juniors as well as the two lower classes. This encouraged outside reading exclusive of college studies; hence the student acquired an independent knowledge of good literature and the broad mind that accompanies it. But within the last few years, Haverford has been offering courses of such varied character that, the classical man is no longer bound down to mathematics throughout his course, and *vice versa*, the linguistic man can specialize and the mechanical turn of mind can also be given free play. This makes patent the fact that unless some effort is made to gain general information by reading outside the curriculum, the student will become narrow-minded.

Take books from the library overnight, spend some of your spare time every day in thorough reading; but let it be thorough. Let us agree with Horace when he says "Nil amplius oro, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis."

THE opening of the new gymnasium was an occasion that will long be looked back to with pleasure by those present. Social, intellectual, gastronomic—every side of man's insatiable nature was bountifully taken care of. No loyal son of Haverford could have failed to feel a thrill of pride at the words in her praise and the tributes to her sportsmanship, coming from the lips of such prominent speakers. The social features upheld a well-established reputation and the gymnastic exhibition with Lehigh in the evening was delightfully informal. Such entertainments, where scoring has no place, are invariably enjoyable, and at the same time conducive to most cordial relations with other institutions.

“THE SOILED PAGE OF THE LOG.”

“YOU may remain with him half an hour, no longer!” said the hospital nurse to me as she went out and closed the door.

I sat down beside the cot and looked at the spectral face, and the bony hands resting on the coverlet. He lifted a claw slowly and held it out to me while his mouth wavered in a feeble smile that was pitiful to see. “Shoalin’ fast, commodore, my rudder’s gone, my cargo’s shifted, an’ this cough,”—he burst out in a fit of coughing that shook his whole body, “is strainin’ my timbers. Et won’t be long before I sink, but commodore,” he leaned out over the edge of the cot and fastened on my coat with his trembling hand, “I want a drink—I’m dyin’ fer one, they won’t give me it.” His eyes burned with an eager fire as he watched my face and I, though I knew I disobeyed explicit rules by the act, drew my flask from my pocket and handed it to him.

As a horse, far travelled on a dusty July road, drains in with great sucking sighs of relief the water from the trough, so he drained the flask, and only when his tongue had caught the last drops round the bottle’s edge did he hand it back to me. The smile I loved to see drove out the lines of suffering on his face and he lay back with closed eyes.

“That’s life,” said he at last, “I’ve been afraid of even the dark, commodore, an’ I couldn’t bear to have the nurse leave me at all. Man an’ boy, nigh thirty years, I’ve faced the sea an’ all she holds with hail an’ thunder, with the biggest seas an’ a lee shore threat’nin’ an’ never shivered. Many’s the time, with rocks to stabboard, rocks to port, and a big cliff dead ahead, I’ve seen death face to face an’ cleared my craft, but there’s

something in me that makes me afear’d. God knows I’ve kept my log book straight—.” He paled and burst into another severe coughing fit. “No, no, wait commodore, let me tell you. My life’s short. I’m sinkin’, an’ there’s no use ly-ing. I’ve got to face my great Captain an’ I want you to set me clear—to tell the truth. Say ye will?” He pierced me through with his glaring eyes that came from hollows dark with wasting disease. I could not speak; my throat was choked, but I nodded and pressed his hand. He closed his eyes again, and his fingers tightened their grip. “I’m afear’d, Lord help me. Taint the sea I’m coming to, fer its too smooth,” and then with an effort he began haltingly to tell of the only soiled page in the log book of his life.

“We both, Jack an’ me, loved Mary. From little kids up we growed together and played, an’ sometimes Jack were her best beau, an’ then I’d get my turn. Now Jack were natural handy with the gals, an’ I were shy; an’ he were handsome. An’ the more we grew the more he got handsome, an’ Mary, she were prettier too, but me, I used to think the Lord forgot my figgerhead when he finished me, an’ hurried up his work. Wall, we grows to men, an’ Mary were a woman fore we thinks, an’ Jack with all his winnin’ way sets out to get her. Sometime I thinks that mebbe there’s a chance for me, but Mary, with her sense, were only a gal, an’ Jack could be the nicest man, an’ so I sees the end.

“But I goes in an’ saves, while Jack he spends, an’ drinks!” That last word came with a hiss that roused me, so deep was the emphasis. “Yes, he drinks, not like a man o’ sense, but like a beast, an’ many’s the time I drags him home from

the tavern, drunk, an' I lends all I have to spend, the more fool me. But that don't trouble her. Ef I'd a done the like she'd never looked on me. Wa'll, 'tween the times he ain't a-drinkin' he goes down to her cottage, an' by an' by she tells me,—can't I see that night yet, with the sun a settin' across the water an' the risin' tide moanin' across the sands before her house, an' her like a angel standin' in the door, an' me awkward thumbin' my hat on the step,—'twas all over, fer Jack loves her," says she, blushin' pretty," an' he wants to marry her, an' he won't drink no more. An' I smile bitter, fer I knows he's down at the tavern drinkin' then.

"I mind that night as clear as then, how the moan of the sea seem'd to sing as I stumbled along home with murder in my heart. 'You ain't her choice, you ain't her choice.' An' I cursed the sea an' pleaded there with my fists shakin'. 'He ain't wuth her. He's drunk an' shiftless, an' I'd do my best!' An' an old sea gull from the white flicker of a wave top shrieks in answer, 'Go home, go home, an' kill-ll!' " He coughed and coughed until I raised his head and gave him water, and then he sank back weakly, but the fire in his heart kindled his voice beyond natural strength. "I went to sea next day an' never come back for two years, an' never in all that time did the sea wash out her face from my heart—nor his. An' when I saw her as I landed, she were there with a little 'un in her arms. I didn't hardly know her as the Mary I used to know. Fer her eyes had a scared look in em, an' her face were pale, an' the clothes she wore were neat, but not what she used to wear. I tried to gulp it down, the lump in my throat, an' not to see too much, so I laughs a laugh that didn't have no feelin' in it as I dangles the kid.

" 'How's Jack?' I asked. She started like. 'He's—,' but she couldn't talk. 'Here, I fetched the kid a present,' says

I, laughin', an' I tries to put in her hand the money I've been savin' to treat the boys. The little feller laughed and crowed, an' when I held the silver out he grabbed it. I made for the tavern fust thing, an' I never quarreled with Jack before, but he went out cursin' when I got through rakin' him down.

" 'He'll beat her sure, again!' says one 'Poor gal,' says another. I gets her story straight. He'd used her bad from the fust, never worked himself, except for drinkin' money. He beat her an' abused her, but she used to come and take him home at night, he cussin' her all the way.

" 'He'll go to Fencore to-night, see if he don't, an' she'll walk all the way to fetch him home,' says Jerry.

"By an' by in comes old Harvey, the butcher. 'Wot ye do to Jack, Jeems?' says he, 'I met him on the road to Fencore a cussin' you an' well nigh murderin' you with his tongue!'

" 'Did you tell his wife where he's gone?' puts in I.

" 'She asks me,' says he, 'an' she sets out after him.'

" 'Damn,' says I, an' I goes out in a hurry.

"She had a good start, an' it takes all my runnin' to catch up with her, but I does. 'Mary,' says I, when she looks around.

" 'I'll fetch him back, it's too much for you. You go home!'

" 'Oh! James, you're so good!' says she.

" 'There, you get home an' rest. Four miles ain't no woman's walk,' an' I hurries on. 'Taint no easy tramp, cross the sand dunes an' 'twas dark when I reached Fencore. Jest outside our town, along the bend of the shore, where the rocks stick out like teeth, there's the quicksand bar, an' at low tide you can jest make out a sure path. When I goes its low water, but the tide's risin'. I knows that no man, sober too, can pass

till mornin', 'less he knows the way, an' few besides me does.

"I hunts the tavern an' goes in, but no Jack. The barkeeper knows me. Lookin' for Jack?" says he, with an uneasy laugh. 'Well he's bought his stuff an' gone home. He don't favor you none to-night.' 'I knows that, Harry,' says I, 'but I want to take him back to his wife. Where'd he go?' 'Same's he came, James,' says he. 'I tell him he ain't in the shape to do it, but he knows best!'

"Well, my heart stops beatin'. I'd told Mary that I'd bring him, an' I meant to. I hurries back in the dark, stumblin' over the sand hills, an' sweat-in' with somethin' I can't tell what, fer the air from the sea strikes chill. Sometime I runs, an' then I walks, an' I'm nigh out o' breath when I hears a woman scream. Wall, I runs, I don't know how, an' soon I sees two figgers strugglin' on the beach. 'My baby, oh, my baby!' calls the one, an' I knows its Mary. She'd gone home an' brought the kid in hopes it might tender him towards her when he sees it. But the brute. He were beatin' her an' it, an' he'd pulled it from her an' throwed it in the water.

"I just gets it, thank God! Poor little cuss, I crawls out o' the water an' drops him on the sand. An' then I make at him. He lets go of her and runs, an' she hurries to the baby and falls down on the beach beside him. The devil in me keeps egg'in' me on an' I gain on Jack, for he ain't steady.

"Sudden I feel the sand shift an' shake, an' I puts my strength to turn and run higher towards shore, an' I does, but it nigh tears my legs out to fight through that sucking slipp'ry sand. Then I stops on a rock an' looks back. Jack were sober now, the awful sand pullin' him down brings him to his senses. I can see he's sunk clean down to his knees already. 'Jim, for heaven's sake, Jim!

Help!' he calls. An' I stands there an' never speaks. 'Jim, I swear it, Jim, I'll treat her right ef you help me!

"An' somethin' in me opens my mouth an' says, 'No, Jack, you can't heal the scars that way—you had your chance!' 'Will you murder me,' he yells. 'Jim, old comrade, who'll take care of her?' An' I reasons on that rock like as if he weren't dyin' before my eyes. 'Jack, ef I come there we both go down, an' she'll be left alone. If you get out you'll do the same as always. If I stay here I'll care for her the rest of her days. No. You beat her. I can save you, but I won't!

"An' then I held my fingers in my ears and watched."

The nurse opened the door quietly, "You must go in two minutes," said she.

The old sailor propped himself on an elbow and leaned towards me. "Closer, commodore, I'm gettin' weak. I kept her 'till she died. She never knowed what happened that night, because something went wrong in her head from fright. An' the little feller's with good folks of mine.

"Tell me, did I do right? Did I?"

I thought a moment. "If they were quicksands I don't see how you could have done anything else. You took care of her too. You couldn't do better!" said I, hoping to ease his mind.

He choked violently and rolled his eyes in pain. "I could," he gasped. "I could. He were beside the path of solid sand, an' ef I told him he only had to step once to get out, but I didn't. The water! Help! Com-mo-dore. It's closin' in. It's round my feet. I'm f-a-s-t-!" He writhed and struggled as I held him down. The nurse lent all her aid and soon he fell back exhausted. "Hold him," said she, as she stepped across the room and pressed a bell.

"You need not stay, Miss Worth; send Lewis to me," said the doctor, as soon as he felt the patient's pulse. "He is dead!"

OCEAN IN A CALM.

I awoke very late in the morning for I had tossed the greater part of the night and had not fallen asleep until near daybreak. The timbers of the boat were cracking and groaning and the ship still rolled heavily, I knew. For, one minute the porthole was admitting a flood of glorious sunlight and in the next it was plunging with a gurgling swish into the green sea-water and then rising again, like a dripping diver. In the moments when the sun flashed in, I could see, over the restraining board which held me in bunk, that the sky was blue—that deep, deep blue which no one can fathom. And then my reflections were interrupted by the joyous antics of the porthole, which seemed to be sporting porpoise-like in the waves. And the water rushed by with the same happy swish, exclaiming “Pfff!” as it had been going too fast to take time to say the whole sentence: “Pff-fie, get out of bed. What are you doing there at this time of day. The sun is out, the waves are dancing and the air is fresh and fine. Get up. Get up. Get up!”

I raised myself gingerly on my elbow and, while I was balanced thus, the boat rolled again and I made a little bow to the porthole, as if the fond boat wished to teach me courtesy and a proper spirit of thanksgiving toward my friends. There on the floor lay my wet clothes, just where I had thrown them. I had not been conscious until I had come below that I had been standing in the rain and, once down, I had felt too great a need for haste to assert my usual characteristic of neatness. Strange to say, my headache seemed gone and I found I could turn my head suddenly, rise hurriedly from a lying posture and perform all the various other simple Delsarte and

Swedish movements without any inconvenience. So I determined like a young eagle to leave my eyrie. And I jumped into space, frantically flopped my pinions and was soon perched on a dress-suit case, blissfully pondering over and exulting in the fact that I could soar.

I soon became used to my swaying limb. From that time on, I began to mend,—rapidly too. I no longer kept company with those in the ladies’ parlor, who, “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,” watched Phoebus rise and fall and cared not for the morrow. But I could shave, take my breakfast with the earliest, stoop over carelessly and with supreme nonchalance extract apparel from the roots of my luggage. “I could laugh and sing and turn a hand-spring.” “I could almost climb the mast.” It was with me like that stone age metaphor of the pendulum swinging backward and forward. I went from one extreme to the other. There was no Midway Plaisance for me. It was either “Alas! alas! woe is me” with the cusses going to Aeschylus, or, “Ha! Ha!” said the duck laughing, “and Kipling got the smiles.” But I am previous.

We were riding now upon the multiplied seven hills of Rome. We were going directly with the swells, old, mature, experienced ground swells with none of the white-cap frippery of youth. Great, sericus beings which loomed up at our stern and seemed to threaten to overwhelm us. But they did not. For the stern was raised gracefully aloft, the propeller throbbed spasmodically in air, and the mighty wave went sweeping on before us, while the bow dipped into the trough and sent up a cloud of spray and the water raced down the lower deck and then ran laughing over the side and div-

ed out of sight into the deep blue sea.

And from then on we had glorious weather. "Then, if ever, came perfect days." The ocean seemed anxious to atone for its former ill humor by treating us to a display of its kinder nature. We could not have prayed for more humane treatment. The waves subsided gradually and only a gentle swell and occasional wind ripples disturbed the truly glassy surface of the placid sea. The lower deck was dry—absolutely dry, and the feasible games of every State in the Union were all given a fair trial. Every butterfly in the ladies' parlor left its chrysalis, searching for "more life and fuller." They absolutely could not withstand the appeals of this seemingly spring weather in mid-summer. Perhaps something about a "changing iris" and "doves" might have brought them. No one dare vouchsafe a reply. Suffice it to say—they came—and we were all soon amalgamated into one glowing, fervent mass of versatile Americans, hunting diversion. That crowd certainly was a mixture. The dross was there—and the gold. Geologists would label it "Conglomerate." But I'll mention this again. "On, Stanley, on."

As I said, every game was tried and incidentally improved. All the game laws were revised and a Scotch minister was delegated to interview President McKinley and see if legislation on the subject was practicable. Pictures of everybody, in felicitous attitudes, were taken, to hand down to prosperity. A cake-walk and concert was given and every trunk in the hold was indiscriminately sacked for the necessary apparatus to build up six machines, nick-named "colored loy-dies." The result was general good feeling and an increased desire for novelty.

Then things began to appear on the horizon and in the space between the horizon and our boat, among them being "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," two

fishing boats, a tramp steamer, two whales, some sharks, various pearly-nautiluses, porpoises and hell-divers. Out came binoculars, lorgnettes, and eye-glasses as if by magic. And the aliens were scrutinized and either condemned or acquitted, as fickle fancy dictated. Something of the same spirit prevailed which, generally, prevails, if the comic papers say true, when the stranded summer girl sights a man. We looked with favor upon everything, simply because it was something. Nothing could be black-balled in that weather.

But one day, a few of us were leaning over the rail and watching two porpoises which were racing alongside when we suddenly saw, about fifty yards from the boat, a stream of water like a young geyser and then a large black head. Of course, it was a whale, and that was nothing extraordinary. The exciting part of it all was (my muse chafes here at the awful restraint) that we next saw two graceful sword fish leaping high in the air and trying to stab that enormous whale with their hat-pin nose apparatus. Cries of "Lay on, Macduff," and "hit him in the ankle" soon drew a select few to our side, when the whale sounded and we saw no more.

Previous to that incident there had been no conflict whatever between the classes and the masses. But, coincident with the departure of that whale to realms unknown, there came into our midst that plague, caste. Thereafter we who had seen the struggle were the aristocrats—those across whose life was written failure were the plebes, the bourgeois, the common people. We did not worship in the same temple, our fare was different, and the best was then for us. However, occasionally in our desire to elevate humanity, we delivered valedictories and panegyrics and in words of awful import we pictured as best we could that wonderful sight, while the ship artist sketched our gestures.

And then, after the day was almost over, came sunset. Ah! those sunsets! Every evening for a week the burning sun went down into the cool, refreshing water. Only a few clouds, generally, were there to see,—those beautiful mourners, which always come at evening to lament the dying day, which so arouse all the good that is in us. I remember I was fresh from advice to look “through the clouds and beyond,” and as I liked sunsets anyway, I would hurry through my dinner and come up on deck. And then I would hang over the rail and watch studiously each variation in color. And the pigeons of my thought, though circling for a time about the dear old boat, would always fly straight away to my own native land, to a little place in ——. Oh! Pshaw!! I wasn’t either. But there was a man who said I was. I remember he followed me out on deck on the third night I left the table early, and he had evidently seen me leave early before. He was a kindly old gentleman, with a grey beard and, on the night of which I speak, he stood off watching me, while I was leaning idly against the rail, trying to think of some name for a color of green between olive and emerald. I remember he walked by me two or three times as if he didn’t mean to do so and then he blurted out: “My lad, you’re in love, I believe.” Now this was amusing and—“so sudden.” And rather than quench all his tendencies toward true observation, I humored him and said I was, and I dubbed him “Sherlock.” But bah! I wasn’t. The difficulty was—he wouldn’t have understood if I had told him I was cultivating my artistic temperament.

There was one sunset in particular which had my heart-strings at its mercy. I shan’t attempt to describe it, for after what I’ve said, you will be too critical and I am fallible. But it was off the Irish coast. You who have seen those cliffs, who have seen that “green of all greens,” after a fortnight of ocean travel,

you who knows those fields and those hedges, those lighthouses and those gulls,—will know what I mean. Say with me “Sun, world, stop; and let me gaze—let me gaze.” And we will go off a while together and stand in some secluded spot on the boat. And we will not do as those women did on our sloop, we will not say “Ah! Oh! Ah!” and then chatter about the fried chicken we had for dinner. We’ll just gaze. And then we’ll clasp hands and separate, and maybe we’ll sing or hum something to ourselves. Yes—we might.

And after the sun had gone down and darkness was slowly settling over all, we would lie on the canvass covers to the life-boats, and watch the stars come out one by one. Flat on our backs, we would strive to penetrate the sky and would hail the appearance of each new orb with cries of joy. And thus we would watch, until the sky above us seemed studded with the gleaming jewels and we could not pretend to count them. And then we would snuggle down into our steamer rugs and pillows,—for the air was cool,—and with our hands close together we would grow witty and confidential, and, concealed under a cloak of humor, carefully buttoned with puns, we would send forth some moral truth of deep import out into the storm of satire that was sure to greet it. And then pipes would appear from somewhere and there were fireflies in our midst ere we knew it. And the “minister’s cat” was bally-ragged through “A” until that well was drained dry and another shaft had to be sunk into the second letter of the alphabet.

Silence would reign then for a minute and some one would suggest a song, and no sooner was the suggestion mooted than our voices were rising and falling on the night air. And we would sing from the bottom of our souls. No matter then whether we flatted or sharped or dragged or did not attack our high

notes properly. What cared we! We were happy as could be, very, very happy. And something within us told us to sing. And we did sing. The ropes ceased rattling, the donkey-engine gave up in despair, and the little ripples at the bow rejoiced to hear us singing in the same key with them and played us a delightful accompaniment, so that soon we ceased altogether, and listened enraptured to the musing ripples that danced and sang and never seemed to tire. But the whiff of a bad cigar brought us back from dreamland and we looked up to see our good old Swedish captain standing by us. He took his cigar from between his lips and said "Dot's purty, poys. Zing zome more." And then, for his sake, we repeated our various numbers and hung out a placard "By Request," and this time even the old ship seemed to catch up our tune and croon a low lullaby to us on the boat, probably like an old mammy, trying to put us to sleep. And we would grow drowsy and snuggle closer together and ask the captain for a story and he would tell us one, in his own original way.

His subjects were infinite and on each he had profound knowledge. He would tell us of the monkeys which once beset a supervisor, ransacked his trunks and left him in nature's clothing; and of how the supervisor spent his next two weeks on an island, gathering together his linen, which he found scattered about like daisies on the heath. He would tell us of John Chinaman, how bold and treacherous he was and how he once was cowed by a pistol-case. He would tell us of swimming in a river full of sharks and how he just pulled his last leg over the gunwale out of a shark's mouth. He would tell us the best way to fight a shark, if ever we met one at the bottom of the sea. And then he would give us scraps and motifs, excerpts and briefs of his other principal yarns, of storms and whales and rumors of whales, of icebergs

and derelicts, buoys and floating-bottles; and he would generally serve, as a last course, one story of an immense tidal wave which came in '76, when "I was in port at Valparaiso and when my ship was the only one saved." And then we all would chorus immediately: "That was because she had such a good captain." And he would laugh and say "Ach" and walk off murmuring "Dem's goot poys."

By that time hungry nature was rebelling and we were ready for "lemon squash" and crackers or ginger ale or chocolate. And we would dive down into the lighted saloon, leaving our draperies behind us to show that our claim was staked out in legal fashion.

There, after some moments of conscientious blinking, while the pupils of our eyes played persimmon, we would recognize our friends and chat with them over our cups. The piano would be going and laughter running high when we would catch each other's eyes, and, mindful of our own cozy nook, we would stow our bunkers full of ginger cakes and make for freedom.

And then we would settle once more comfortably in our loved retreat. Lying side by side, with our chins propped in our hands, and munching ginger cakes, we would look out over the sea, trying to find in all that blackness some little red or green light, which might tell us across the water that another ship was there. And once we did see one, and were busily slurring each other's good and bad eyesight, when two long blasts from the horn of the look-out in the bow gave us proof that the ship was there. And then "twelve bells" would sound and from the look-outs in the cross-trees and from the bow would come that comforting call: "All's— Well—," a long drawn out wail, like the cry of a loon in the forest at mid-night. And just above the water's edge, a tip of round light would appear, and soon that

glorious moon would be shining in splendor over all the great scene. And in the calm face of that soothing moon we would see— Oh, friend, do not blame us; with "dolce far niente" in our hearts,

we were "such stuff as dreams are made of." So look for yourself into the confidence of that moon and you will know what we saw.

THE BELL.

Ye tones of dread, and yet of joy profound;
Which through the halls in early morn re-
sound;
Which tell me, blissful dreaming to forsake,
And hasten to th' inevitable "chops or steak."

Oh what a feeling do your notes excite
When calling me unready to recite!
My hopes once buoyant now alas have sunk;
And I go forth to desperate bluff or flunk.

In class time creeps,—would that it would flee!
All is suspense,—will Doctor call on me?
In ecstasy I hear thy welcome chime;
With joy I hear thy umpire voice call time.

"A MODERN INSTANCE."

ERIC Putnam was one of the early prospectors in the great oil-fields of Venango county. A native of Connecticut, he had studied engineering, and his meagre inheritance when he was left an orphan was supplemented by good natural foresight. His derricks, a few miles from Reno, were the first within a radius of many miles, where now, derricks have replaced the primeval forest on both banks of the Allegheny.

By 1875, when the boom in the oil region was at its height, Putnam had amassed a comfortable fortune. It was about this time that trouble began to brew in the industry. One of the agencies of the great Syndicate which was driving the small operators to the wall was located at Reno, and superintended by one Ralph Bell, a New Yorker. Bell

and Eric Putnam had seen much of each other, and had become good friends. More fortunate than most of his neighbors, Bell had with him his sister Alice, a bright girl of nineteen, to cheer his rough shanty. Her flower-like freshness distinguished her among the warped and stale humanities of the oily town, and her presence there drew young Putnam from his lonely hillside hovel to spend many pleasant evenings in Bell's cabin. The agent encouraged their friendship, hoping that it would make certain anticipated business transactions come off more smoothly. Bell persistently refused to part with his wells. He was young, ambitious, and well able to carry on his enterprise in all its details with chances of continued prosperity decidedly in his favor. Bell had had great success in his

district, and had shown marked executive ability in opening up roads over the tree-clad hills, in laying pipes, and in boring and connecting gushers in quick time. The Syndicate had offered him a liberal sum of money if he succeeded in getting every well in the district, and finally, Putnam's alone stood between him and the coveted bounty.

One night in Bell's cabin, the firmness of Putnam and the insistence of the agent grew from a heated discussion to a wordy quarrel, in the course of which, the latter's sister, mildly but unquestionably, showed that her sympathy was with the lone operator. Putnam was encouraged by her gentle interest.

Three times within as many months following that night, parts of the Yankee's property were destroyed by fire. His pipes were cut and his tanks drilled, but Putnam said nothing. He lost several thousand dollars in these ways, but he deemed silence wisdom, for the time being. He employed and armed several men to guard his property at night. Up on the hillside, among the tall trees, he had erected a twenty-thousand-barrel tank beside a seventy-foot derrick. A burning oil-tank at night makes a picture of unsurpassed grandeur, but Putnam did not appreciate its beauty when, two weeks after his quarrel with Bell, his tank went up in great clouds of dense black smoke. Twice the big derrick had gone up in flames, and once with nitro-glycerine.

One warm night, late in May, Putnam himself was guarding his new tank and derrick, as had been his custom for some weeks. He was sitting among the up-turned roots of a large fallen tree, half drowsing in the faint light of the last quarter of the moon. About two hours after midnight, he was satisfied by a subdued voice just the other side of the log. He listened, motionless. Two men were going away from the derrick, toward the adjoining forest. When they had gone some distance, Putnam crawled along

the log, and strained his eyes to pierce the shadows. He could see no moving thing. Nothing could he hear but the distant wowl of a catamount. Several minutes he waited, now scanning the derrick, now the shadows into which the voices seemed to have receded. Presently, from those shadows, close along the ground directly toward him, came a sputtering spark of fire. Putnam watched the little wavering light, ever coming nearer, and in a moment took in the situation. A fuse was somewhere at his feet. He got on his knees, and raked among the chips and leaves, but could find nothing like a string. He approached the on-coming spark, and by its own light cut the slender cord of powder. He followed the fuse, which led to a pool of waste-oil beside the new mammoth tank. Again he cut it, and reasoning that the vandals would come back when, from some distant point of vantage, they saw that their fuse had not done its work, he returned to his fallen tree-trunk, and concealed himself among its tangled roots.

He waited, possibly ten minutes,—it seemed hours. A floating cloud veiled the dim moon. Presently, he heard a crackling of twigs beside the fallen trunk, and the next moment, the tall form of a man stepping cautiously, appeared right beside him. He moved from his concealment, and clicking the trigger of his rifle, commanded sharply, "Halt!" Almost the same instant, he heard the crack of a pistol and felt his whole frame shaken. When he recovered himself, he was sitting on the ground, and several yards away he saw vaguely a retreating figure. He raised his rifle with his left arm, his right was limp, and fired at the fleeing form. It stumbled and fell heavily forward. The young operator found himself bleeding from a clean bullet-wound in his right shoulder. With his shirt he stopped the flow as best he could, and cautiously made his way to the spot wher his bullet had brought

down the fugitive. He found him motionless, and a hole above the ear told the rest. To his amazement and horror, he recognized his erstwhile friend, Ralph Bell.

Two days later, Alice Bell accompanied the body of her brother to their former home in the metropolis. Excepting his sister, nobody in the neighborhood of Reno mourned Bell's death as did his slayer. It was Eric Putnam who closed up Bell's affairs, and turned his property over to his sister.

Ralph Bell, agent, had been far from popular in his district, and many a tank and derriek fire which had ruined its owner, was secretly charged to him.

Now, since he had been caught red-handed, everyone of those who had been thus forced to quit, felt that his suspicions were proved correct.

The following autumn, the body of Eric Putnam was found floating in the Alleghany River, with the skull horribly crushed. Neither friends nor foes of the company doubted that he had been murdered. Immediately, the officers of the Syndicate presented a forged bill of sale, "duly witnessed and recorded." The sale was not questioned, the murderer was not sought; might had made right. The Syndicate had the Reno district *in toto*. The instrument that crushed Putnam's skull had removed "the last thorn."

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

A few days after our last Haverford dinner, I received a letter from Edward P. Allinson, probably among the last letters he ever wrote, in which he expressed surprise that certain statements were made by a junior member of the faculty on that occasion. It did not appear to any of us who know the conditions at the college that these statements were overdrawn, but they seemed to come with some degree of freshness to him, and as he said in his letter, removed the last lingering doubts that he had as to Haverford's usefulness for a twentieth century boy.

It seemed to some of us that if one who had lived so close to the life of the college as Edward Allinson should find a revelation in such statements as were made by Dr. Hagecock, there must be a great many of the alumni who are poorly informed as to the present state of affairs. Other evidences have come to a number of us that many of those who have graduated at Haverford do not really know how good a college they have. It is natural that the statements of the President and members of the

faculty at such times as dinners should be discounted. It is also questionable whether some of the under-graduates and younger members of the alumni, whose experience is limited to one college, are able to appreciate relative conditions.

Such virtues as Haverford has are not of the sort about which one reads in the daily papers. Hence there is a prevailing ignorance, except in educational quarters, with regard to our Haverford situation. It is safe to say that the name of Haverford is more appreciated at Harvard and Johns Hopkins than it is up and down Chestnut Street, even among many of the graduates of the college. To explain to many possible patrons the advantages offered is one of the problems which the college now has to meet. The difficulty is increased by the fact that the boys, who perhaps care more for social and athletic questions than for educational or moral, usually decide as to their college future, and the prestige of a large institution very often wins the day.

It is to do something toward rectifying

this condition of affairs that a committee of the Alumni Association is now working. They have decided to issue the first number of the Haverford College Bulletin. This will be ready for circulation by the time this note reaches the readers of the HAVERFORDIAN. It is proposed that other numbers shall follow this, either yearly or whenever desirable. This number will contain about twenty-four pages, descriptive of Haverford College, going into its educational, moral, athletic and social conditions. It will be illustrated probably better than anything which has ever been issued from the college, having one or more views on every page. These will give either exteriors or interiors of nearly all the buildings and many pictures from the lawn. The purpose of the publication is two-fold; one is to supply Haverfordians with a souvenir of the college; another is to supply information to friends

of the college or those whom it would be desirable to make friends. The cost is very considerable, and in order partially to defray the expense, the price has been fixed at fifty cents a copy. It is hoped that many Haverfordians will join in the task of distributing this where it will do the college the most good. If, however, any of our friends know of places where a copy could be profitably sent and do not feel like purchasing one for the purpose, and will send the name and address to our secretary it is probable that funds will be found to forward it.

Nothing, however, can be a substitute for the testimonials of living witnesses as to the various advantages which a boy can receive at a small college with money enough to hold a first-class faculty, and which cares more for quality of work and influence than for great numbers.

I. S.

OPENING OF THE NEW GYMNASIUM.

MARCH 16th will long be remembered as one of the pleasantest days in the annals of the college. The Alumni Committee had selected that date for the celebration of the opening of the new Gymnasium and for its presentation to the college, and had invited a large number of alumni and friends to the ceremony. The building which has been in the process of erection for over a year was about completed and appeared bright and clean. It was decorated with a number of trophies and banners won in the various fields of college sport, and the floor of the main room was covered with a thousand chairs. The day was clear and mild, and some of the guests found almost greater attractions out of doors on the campus, than in the beautiful new building and in the interesting program which the committee had arranged for the afternoon.

The exercises began at four o'clock. President Sharpless briefly reviewed the history of this movement, which was first agitated among the Alumni two years ago and now has found expression in such a substantial result. He praised the indefatigable work of the committee and thanked the contributors, numbering over four hundred, for their generous donations. Parker S. Williams, '94, on behalf of the committee made the formal presentation. He said that, although this gift of the alumni was not sudden, or a thing done under a bushel, its donors experienced genuine pleasure in giving it over to the college. He expressed the desire that it might stand as a monument to testify to the appreciative and hearty love of the alumni for their alma mater, and to aid in the perfecting of well rounded Haverfordian manhood. John B. Garrett, '54, accepted the Gymnasium for the Board of

managers. He spoke very impressively of the contrast between this building and the gymnasium which the managers had erected in 1852 and since then enlarged and equipped. In thanking the contributors he said that he hoped their descendants might use and enjoy this gift.

After these more formal exercises President Sharpless introduced in turn a number of invited speakers. Dr. Babbitt gave a doleful reminiscence of the appearance of the old gymnasium as he found it eight years ago on his first visit to Haverford. He spoke of this gift as a sign of the development of the friendship of the alumni and as director of the gymnasium he promised them a welcome in it at all times. John H. Converse, of Bryn Mawr, spoke of the pride and interest which all the neighborhood feels in the college. He said that the charges for tuition in our colleges are below the cost price, and therefore the students should try to redeem this loss of the college by their aid and sympathy after graduation. This Alumni interest, so notably lacking in many of our large universities is especially predominant at Haverford and reflects credit on the college.

J. Henry Scattergood, '96, spoke on the spirit of sport. This quality, innate in human nature, has been esteemed by man from his earliest stages of civilization and is observed in fishing and hunting and in other pastimes where there is no enforcement of rules. To be a gentleman, to make a fair fight, to do your best always, to play to win, but not for the winning, to be generous in victory and manful in defeat,—these are characteristics of the true spirit of sport. And collegiate sport, with its work and training, with its standard of fairness, is but a preparation and a lesson for that great game and struggle on the larger field of life.

Provost Charles C. Harrison, of the University of Pennsylvania, who had been invited to speak, was unavoidably

absent and J. G. Rosengarten, of the Board of Managers, was called on to make a few remarks as a representative of that institution. He spoke of the value of gymnastic work for people of all ages and classes, and congratulated Haverford on her new acquisition, as a sign of what she deserves. President Thomas M. Drown, of Lehigh University, the next speaker, said that gymnastics are more valuable to a man in after-life than any other part of his college course, and should have a place in every institution.

President William W. Birdsall, of Swarthmore, after referring to the friendly relations existing between Haverford and her great Quaker rival, said that her Alumni have by their gift conferred on themselves even greater benefits than on the college, since they have shown so clearly their love for their Alma Mater. He mentioned, too, the important sphere of a gymnasium in rounding out the unity of college life and said the smaller colleges by their example should bring this fact to the recognition of many of the larger universities which so sadly neglect it. President Austin Scott, of Rutgers College, gave a high tribute to the spirit of sportsmanship at Haverford, where there are no rules of eligibility but every student may represent the college on its teams. Henry M. Spangler, President of Ursinus College, the last speaker, also testified to the high standard of athletics at Haverford and congratulated the college on her new gymnasium as a means for her further development.

After the exercises of the afternoon a bounteous meal was served in the large room in the eastern wing of the basement, on the customary scale of Haverford hospitality, and was accompanied by delightful social intercourse. Every part of the building was thrown open to the examination of the guests.

About 7.30 the main floor was partially cleared and a joint exhibition was given by the gymnastic teams of Lehigh

and Haverford. Such an entertainment was pre-eminently suitable for the occasion and interesting to the spectators, every event in the program gaining their attention and applause. The work of the Haverford team was especially creditable to the college and was declared better than that of any previous years. The program was as follows:

1. Music.....Haverford Mandolin Club
2. Parallel Bars.....Lehigh University
3. Horizontal BarHaverford College
4. (a) Club Swinging.....Lehigh University
- (b) JugglingHaverford College
5. Side HorseLehigh University
6. Parallel BarsHaverford College
7. MusicHaverford Mandolin Club
8. Horizontal BarLehigh University
9. Fancy Club Swinging..Haverford College
10. RingsLehigh University

11. TumblingHaverford College
12. Electric Club SwingingHaverford College

LEHIGH GYMNASTIC TEAM.

E. S. Harrar, Captain.

- W. L. Terry, A. Farabaugh, W. Cram, C. G. Lord, F. Donaldson, P. L. Anderson, J. F. Symington, H. G. Bayles, E. M. Erb.

S. T. Harleman, Manager.

HAVERFORD GYMNASTIC TEAM.

E. C. Rossmassler, 1901, Captain.

- W. L. C. Neilson, 1901, A. L. Dewees, 1901, S. P. Jones, 1902, S. Brown, 1902, G. S. Garrett, 1902, W. H. Grant, 1902, J. S. Fox, 1902, C. L. Seiler, 1902, W. P. Philips, 1902, J. B. Drinker, 1903, O. E. Duerr, 1903.

SUBSTITUTES.

- A. G. H. Spiers, 1902, E. E. Trout, 1902, A. G. Dean, 1903, G. H. Thomas, 1902, C. C. Morris, 1904, E. Y. Brown, Jr., 1901, Manager.

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD P. ALLINSON.

Friend of my youth, farewell!
Sunlight and starlight fail,
And thou beholdest now
The light within the Veil
Where the immortals dwell.

I that have loved thee long,
Fain would thy chaplet weave,
Twining the amaranth;
Such as I have, receive,—
This wild-rose of my song.

How fair the gates of Morn,
When, pilgrims, thou and I
Stood at the parting ways!
How fraught with purpose high,
The troth that we had sworn!

Bidding farewell to youth,
How did our hearts aspire,
When, on that sacred spot
We built the altar-fire
And sacrificed to Truth!

We bade the Fates unroll;
We cast the horoscope;
Responsive unto thine,
The minstrel of my hope
Made anthem in my soul.

Then did the anthem cease;
Each sped his way, alone,
Not strangers, yet apart,
My strife to thee unknown,
As unto me, thy peace.

Gone, at the noontide, home!
Too soon, alas! thine oar
Hath struck the awful Mount
Where Life, forevermore,
Breaks, wave on wave, to foam.

Not with thy valour spent,
Vanquished, in sore dismay,
But, trophies in thy hand,
Thou goest from the fray,
For respite to thy tent.

Thine was the quiet mien,
Yet thy unwearied hand
Did evermore prevail,
Like the diviner's wand,
Resistless, though unseen.

Thine office and thy seal,
Yield up with willing mind;
For when thou shalt awake,
Thy Lord himself shall find
New service for thy zeal.

New altars shalt thou build
On that serener shore;
And thou shalt know the joy
Of purpose, evermore
Fulfilling, and fulfilled.

Mild was the vernal breath
That out of Eden blew,
Till the o'er-veiling cloud
Burst into rain-bow hue,
Bridging the gulf of Death!

Sweet did Love's tribute seem
And Friendship voicing psalms
Was like a mourner's lute
'Neath the high-arching palms
In some far isle of dream.

Finished; what more to tell?
I, too, have marked the goal;
So, till I clasp thy hand
In that bright realm of soul,
Friend of my youth, farewell.

ALONZO BROWN, '75.

SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE.

AT eight o'clock in the evening of March 20th, President pro tem.

Dennis called the Loganian Society to order and read the question for debate: "Resolved, that, all interests considered, it is advisable at the present time to enforce that portion of the Fourteenth Amendment to the U. S. Constitution relating to the reduction of representation in Congress proportionately to the restriction of the electing franchise." The attractiveness of the question was further enhanced by the enthusiasm which had been kindled in the bosoms of debaters and audience alike by a fire that took place half an hour before the meeting.

W. P. Philips opened for the Juniors, who supported the affirmative. He said that this provision was a just one, and should be enforced on moral and expedient grounds. We are not perfect enough in self-government to disregard one of the plainest provisions of the Constitution. He quoted the alarming conditions in North Carolina and Louisiana, as contrasted with Massachusetts, where 37.5 per cent. and 46 per cent. of electors have been disfranchised as contrasted with 6.6 per cent. G. J. Walenta, for the Seniors, supported the negative by proving that public opinion was the main point, and because of it laws had been laid in abeyance. With a perfect government such laws would not need to be disregarded. He quoted the casting out of worthless laws by the late Connecticut commission; also the liquor-laws, the adulteration of food-stuffs, and the laws against usury, which have all been blunted. J. S. Fox, '02, said that the enforcement of the constitution is not sectionalism. The constitution is wise, and the South is pursuing a wrong policy. Lincoln was right in binding up the Civil War wound with enfranchisement. He gave the history of the Fourteenth Amendment. Led by Mississippi,

which introduced an educational qualification, many Southern States have been violating the Constitution. R. H. Patton, '01, replied that these laws would all be destructive, if, as laid down on the old lines of the Constitution, they should be enforced. We are dealing with all the States; not separately, but as a whole, are we to deal with them. It is impossible to secure the necessary statistics. Theory must succumb to practice. W. W. Chambers, '02, advised that sentiment be left to die a natural death, and that law be instilled with fresh vigor. The South obtained power by forcing unjustly this claim on the North. Is it just for them to use ignorance to gain political power? H. V. Bullinger spoke last for the Seniors. He pointed out that the Fourteenth Amendment was forced down the throats of an unwilling people. He quoted Mr. Underwood in saying that these laws could not be enforced. We must enter upon no impracticable course of action.

In the rebuttal Walenta cited the fact that the South was spending \$40,000,000 annually on the negroes, and that we shall insult the South by forcing the amendment. Philips said that white and black now vote under the same auspices, and therefore the South has obtained larger representation. Patton and Chambers read the Riot Act to each other on the question of sentiment and racial feeling. Bullinger emphasized the importance of bringing out the whole spirit of the law instead of special points. Fox wound up the debate by saying that, if a law is bad, enforcement is the best way to kill it, because it will show the country at large its frailties; but in this case, where the law is one of the primal present-day features in the constitution, it should be given credit as such.

The judges, Dr. Bolles, Dr. Gummere, and Dr. Hancock, awarded the decision to the Juniors.

HAVERFORD-RUTGERS GYMNASIUM CONTEST.

AFTER two consecutive years of defeat the Haverford gymnasium team journeyed to New Brunswick on the 9th of last month, determined to bring back home the banner they bore with them. Their determination was carried out, thanks to the new facilities for gymnastic work which have already had a chance to prove their usefulness. Especial interest was connected with this victory, because of the fact that Rutgers had never been defeated at home, and only once before on strange floors.

The points were awarded by giving five to first places and three to seconds. The final score was: Haverford, 33 1-2; Rutgers, 30 1-2. Individual events resulted as follows:

Horizontal Bar—Won by Rossmassler, '01, Haverford; second, Duerr, '03, Haverford.
Swinging Rings—Won by Herbert, '03,

Rutgers; second, Duerr, '03, Haverford.

Parallel Bars—Won by Brown, '02, Haverford; second place tie between Fox, '02, Haverford, and Williamson, '02, Rutgers.

High Kick—Tie between Ranney, '01, Rutgers, and Simkin, '03, Haverford. Height, 9 feet 3 3-4 in.

Tumbling—Tie between Rossmassler, '01, Haverford, and Williamson, '02, Rutgers.

Club Swinging—Won by Philips, '02, Haverford; second, Dewees, '01, Haverford.

Rope Climb—First heat won by Milliken, Rutgers; second heat won by Miller, Rutgers.

Twenty Yard Dash—First heat won by Elmendorf, Rutgers; second heat won by Van Nuis, Rutgers.

The judges were: Professor L. M. Smith, of Newark Y. M. C. A.; M. Loy Prentiss, of Newark Academy, and Frank Metz, champion amateur club-swinging of America. Timers, Mr. F. A. Dodge, Rutgers, and Dr. J. A. Babbitt, Haverford. Announcer, P. C. Haven. Starter, Terry Lyons.

LECTURE.

ON the evening of March fifteenth Dr. Albert H. Smyth, of the Central High School, Philadelphia, a well known student of Shakespeare, lectured in Alumni Hall on the "Ethics of Macbeth." Much has been written, he said, to show the "infinite variety" and extent of Shakespeare's knowledge. He was, according to some, an expert on lunacy, a great psychologist, a lawyer, a physician, an angler, a soldier, a statesman. He anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. From his use of the Bible he has been shown to have been a Roman Catholic, a recusant, a free-thinker, a Puritan. In reality we know nothing of Shakespeare from his works. He is lost in them. His characters say what such persons would be likely to say under the circumstances, and in no way do their speeches embody the convictions of the author.

The story of Macbeth was taken from Holinshed's Chronicles. In this version the essential facts are different from those in the play, but that is of small

importance, we do not read Shakespeare to learn history. The play of Macbeth is a psychological study of the effects of sin, of the ruin of a soul, and as such it is supreme. Its theme is Nemesis, the inevitable and inexorable retribution that awaits wrongdoing. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Iago is evil to the core, he is the incarnation of wickedness. He does not have to say, "Evil, be thou my good," for it has been so from the beginning. Macbeth on the other hand is a creature of a different motto. At first he has qualms of conscience. He cherished wrong desires, but he wishes to attain them lawfully. His wife, on the contrary, is full of evil courage. Gradually, as the guilty pair sink deeper into the slough of sin, the conditions are reversed. Macbeth becomes hardened, and literally wallows in slaughter, while Lady Macbeth, from being the instigator of the crimes, ceases even to be an accomplice, and last sinks into the black darkness of insanity and suicide.

COLLEGE NOTES.

ON March 2nd, in the Inter-Collegiate Indoor Track Meet at the Academy of Music, W. L. Neilson, '01, won the goal kicking contest, J. L. Winslow, '01, won a preliminary heat in the hundred yard dash, and R. L. Simkin, '03, was placed in the finals of the high kick.

The Second Gymnasium Team was disbanded March 23rd. Trout and Thomas, '02, and C. C. Morris, '04, were taken on the first squad as substitutes.

J. Kennedy Moorhouse, '00, addressed a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday, March 20th.

The water was let out of the skating pond on March 26th. The season has been a very successful one, the net profit of over \$400 exceeding that of all previous years.

At the Inter-Collegiate Gymnastic Contest held March 23rd at the Academy of Music, A. L. Dewees, '01, secured third place in the club swinging. On the strength of this point Haverford won fifth place in the meet. The college was represented in every regular event and by a team of eleven club swingers in the special contest.

During the Hockey season just closed De Motte, '01, played with Quaker City, going with the team to play the Duquesne Club at Pittsburg. De Motte, Tilney, '03, and Warrington, '03, also played several games with the All-Philadelphia Team. In the mixed Haverford-Princeton vs. Pennsylvania game, Haverford was represented by De Motte, '01, Neilson, '01, Winslow, '01, Tilney, '03, Warrington, '03, Worthington, '03, and Thorn, '04.

The question of an interesting debate in a recent meeting of the Prohibition Club was: Resolved, That Mrs. Carrie Nation's smashing crusade is justifiable. Wood, '01, upheld the affirmative; Fox, '02, the negative.

Dr. Babbitt this year offered a prize of \$5 for the best and most systematic plan tending to produce enthusiasm in spring athletics, the plans submitted to be voted on in a College meeting. The plan finally agreed upon is printed in another column. The prize was awarded to Ycarsley, '01, and Winslow, '01.

Coach Minds recently met about 20 of the foot-ball men to consider the subject of spring training. To avoid possible interference with the cricket season it was decided to have only two or three week's work, consisting of kicking, catching and running with the ball.

Steps have been taken toward the organization of a base-ball team with J. L. Stone, '02, captain, and W. Mellor, '01, manager.

On March 29th a combined exhibition and concert was given in the Wayne Opera House, Wayne, Pa., by the gymnasium team and the musical clubs of the college.

President Sharpless addressed a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday, March 27th.

J. L. Stone has been elected captain of the 1902 Class Track Team.

On March 28th the Banjo Club gave a recital at an entertainment in the North Broad Street Drawing Rooms for the benefit of the Deaconesses' Home.

EXCHANGES.

OUR March exchanges have been gradually accumulating upon the editor's table and as we look over the most miscellaneous pile we miss one or two of the periodicals which we most prize and enjoy. This method of intercourse between the organs of related institutions is mutually helpful but the greatest benefits can be obtained only by regularity. Although the HAVERFORDIAN does not wish to pose as an example of perfection in this respect, yet it has ever maintained this ideal and it would thank its exchanges if they would devote a little more attention to this particular.

The best literary articles of the month deal with the English poets. Among them a scholarly essay in the *Columbia Literary Monthly* on "The Shorter Poems of Shelley" takes first place. We would award honorable mention to two papers on Wordsworth, one in the *Ursinus Bulletin*, the other in the *Howard-Payne Exponent*.

The Allentown College for Women send us a dainty paper clothed in a gilt cover which, like King Midas in the Greek myth, turns all that it touches into gold. A cover of such rare and wonderful chemical properties may be useful at times, but we would advise our sisters to find some more common, more stable and less active substance to adorn their cover withal, to conceal this valuable and long-sought discovery and to practice the great art of alchemy upon better materials than the unsuspecting hands of their readers. "He, She and an Ice Pond" is the original and many gendered title of the longest article in the same magazine, a series of pointless and pseudo-pathetic love monologues.

The *Georgetown College Journal* contains a number of clever and quite creditable English paraphrases or imitations of Horace and Catullus. Classical translation seems to be a perfectly legitimate field for college journalism and an interesting and original source for poetasters who delve in foreign tongues.

No less than four of our exchanges have favored their readers with photographs of the retiring editorial boards. It is a character of the *volgus profanum* to desire to see the great men and gods who shake Olympus. We therefore thank our friends for permitting us to behold, even if only in very poor photographic reproductions, the past literary stars in their respective colleges, which doubtless are destined soon to burst forth in the galaxy of letters with even greater brightness than *Nova Persei* itself!

Editorial pens have again been dabbling in the inexhaustible ink-well of public events. The inauguration and the change of British sovereigns have divided the honors this month. We appreciate, however, the feeling of sincere and heartfelt sorrow for the late Queen so beautifully and universally expressed by our English exchanges.

"LEST WE FORGET."

Now betimes the Spring is springing
And the Siren birds are singing,
And the winds are playing rag time in the
trees,
Don't forget to do your grinding,
For the law is just as binding,
That one never passes any thing with Es.
—Dickinson Monthly.

Instructor—Yes, you seem to understand all that. Now, let us pass on to Immortality, the life of the Hereafter.

Bill—Not prepared, sir.

—Harvard Lampoon.

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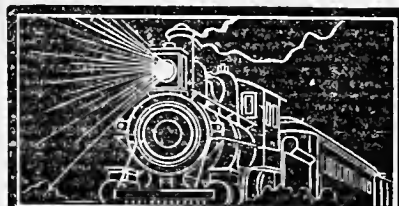
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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIII, No. 3

MAY, 1901

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXIII.

HAVERFORD, MAY, 1901.

No. 3.

The Haverfordian

EDITORS

WILLIAM P. PHILIPS, 1902.
Editor in Chief.

RICHARD M. GUMMERE, 1902.

HENRY J. CADBURY, 1903.

OTTO E. DUERR, 1903.

W. PARKER BONBRIGHT, 1904.

ROBERT P. LOWRY, 1904.

H. A. DOMINOVICH, 1903, *Business Manager.*

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

WE take pleasure in announcing that the prize of five dollars offered to undergraduates not members of the HAVERFORDIAN board for the most work accepted before the first of May has been awarded to Richard Patton, 1901, with honorable mention of Edward Wyatt Evans, 1902. For two successive years Patton has won this prize. We award it ungrudgingly, for it has been faithfully earned. At the same time the fact is undeniable that this offer has signally failed in the purpose for which it was intended—that is, to arouse a more general interest in undergraduate literary work. With the exception of the

two men mentioned, contributions from non-members of the board have been startlingly scanty, wrested away from their reluctant sponsors only after a heartrending struggle on the part of the editor. The good old situation is completely changed. The editor no longer sits in the seclusion of his sanctum awaiting the timid knock of some bashful embryonic man of letters, but must perforce wander out in person through the highways and hedges of literary barrenness in quest of the evasive manuscripts. As a contemporary aptly put it: "The conduct of a college paper is not only a labor of love, involving the sacrifice of much time and pains, but it is a thankless task. As virtue is expected but laxity chidden, so good work on a paper is passed by and accepted as a matter of course, and possible deterioration criticised. This is probably as it should be, but the fact remains that little but discouragement is the result of carping criticism that comes from those who possess the ability to help" but prefer to withhold it.

The complaint is already thread-bare we know, but better strip it completely than forfeit the last benefit to be derived from its rags! At the bottom the question is a serious one. We ask: is it possible to stimulate voluntary contribution from the student body? The prizes offered have thus far failed to accomplish this end. An increase in the amount offered might do so, but we do not feel warranted in taking such a step. We should heartily welcome any suggestions on this point. Unless, however, present conditions are changed it is safe to assume that no prizes will be offered next year.

THE following card, in circulation among the Alumni, has come to hand:

The Class of '99 has decided to erect a gateway at the path entrance leading to Barclay Hall, in memory of their late classmate, EDWARD B. CONKLIN. Should any of the Alumni or his friends desire to contribute to a fund for this purpose, the class will gladly accept such contributions, which may be sent to the Secretary.

ALFRED COLLINS MAULE.

21 S. 21st St., Phila., Pa.

To all who knew Conklin, the scrupulous uprightness of his life, the abiding interest he felt toward his college, this must seem a beautiful and fitting memorial.

CRICKET and springtime are so entirely co-existent at Haverford that the HAVERFORDIAN can no longer remain indifferent to the important claims of our college game. The attention paid to cricket in the past has consisted for the most part in uninspired editorial prospects and a wilderness of scores, batting averages, and bowling analyses. With this issue we install a regular cricket department, to continue until the close of the season, intended to embrace everything of interest connected with the game at Haverford. Scores, notes, "inspired" opinions, letters—all will find their place here. If foot ball and hockey deserve to be written up so elaborately, first eleven cricket matches should certainly be accorded the same courtesy from the standpoint of a cricketer. Both the novice and the adept will take more pleasure in following the course of the match as the runs rolled up and the wickets fell than in poring over unbroken pages of names and figures. Reminiscences of cricket at Haverford as it used to be, open letters, comments and opinions likely to prove of value, are solicited. The department will be in charge of R. M. Gummere, 1902, to whom communications may be directed.

THE prickings of the editorial conscience have been rather lively of late, pursuant to the amount of attention paid to the Alumni in the columns of the only publication, which pretends to represent them. Since Jonathan Steere, of the Class of 1890, ceased to conduct the Alumni Notes, it has required some exertion for the undergraduate editor in charge to collect adequate information. Modesty has doubtless withheld much news that would have been of universal interest. Last month the "Notes" were regretfully omitted altogether and a poem dedicated to Edward P. Allinson published in their stead. During the spring vacation a happy suggestion reached us. It is embodied in the following circular letter which has been sent to a prominent member of each graduate class:

Dear Friend:

For some time the management of the "*Haverfordian*" has been contemplating an enlargement in the scope and interest of the "Alumni Department." The large proportion of our subscribers in the alumni body and the unflinching loyalty which they display toward the Haverford of to-day certainly warrant such a departure. Amid the ever-increasing turmoil of business life the average graduate loses sight of all but his most intimate college friends and gladly welcomes every grain of intelligence concerning them, which may find its way to him. At the suggestion of an interested alumnus, formerly connected with the "*Haverfordian*," a member of each graduating class (the Secretary, if he can be found, or some one known to be closely in touch with his classmates) is asked to send to the editor regular contributions of alumni news, not necessarily of his own class, although more likely to come under his notice.

You have been mentioned as a person well fitted to gather such news. By doing so you will aid us greatly in our endeavor to make the "*Haverfordian*" of interest to all its readers. Contributions should reach the editor not later than the twenty-eighth of each month in order to be published the next month.

We are already in receipt of several letters endorsing our plan and enclosing alumni news, although such were hardly to be expected in time for the present

issue. While but a single member of each class has been thus personally asked to aid us, the contributions of others will be equally welcome. The selection of one individual among so many is but the practical working-out of the old maxim "Everybody's duty is by nobody done."

WE print this month the annual report of the retiring President of the Young Men's

Christian Association. It is far too modest an account of a truly wonderful year. When we reflect on the advancement in every phase of Y. M. C. A. work, the notable rise of moral and spiritual standards, and the earnest Christian spirit that now obtains at Haverford, we cannot forbear paying a grateful tribute to the labors of the out-going President and his associates. The new organization can begin no better than by following closely in the footsteps of the old.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE HAVERFORD Y. M. C. A.

THE purpose of the Christian Association is to promote the spiritual life, activity and influence of the men of our college, and to lead them to choose as their life work that for which God has fitted them, and that in which they will count for most in the advancement of the Kingdom. Our unwritten motto has been: "Seek ye first His Kingdom." Our methods of attaining our purpose have been nearly the same as those of previous years:

Religious meetings have been held every Sunday and every Wednesday evening during the months of the college year. The average attendance at the mid-week meetings has been 65, while that at the Sunday meetings has been 35, out of a total membership in the association of 93. The Sunday meetings are of about the same size as in previous years, and the mid-week meetings are nearly 20 per cent. larger than those of previous years. In addition to the regular meetings, several special ones have been held, and besides our student leaders the following have addressed us: President Sharpless (twice), Prof. F. H. Green, of the West Chester Normal School; Mr. F. M. Gilbert (twice), Secretary of Students' Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions; Mr. E. D. Soper, Student Secretary of the State Associa-

tion; Dr. Charles Wood and J. K. Moorhouse, 1900. The average attendance at the meetings held by these men has been about 80.

Four Bible classes, with student leaders, are held weekly. The total enrollment in these classes is ninety-five (95), with an average attendance of sixty-two (62). It so happens that this enrollment and average attendance correspond almost exactly to the membership of the Association and the average attendance at the mid-week association meetings, respectively.

Last year, it is estimated, about twenty men were accustomed to give a definite portion of their time, daily, to the systematic study of the Bible and to prayer. During this year about fifty men do so. To stimulate this daily devotional Bible Study is the primary object of the weekly meetings of the classes. The Seniors and Freshmen study the Life of Christ; the Juniors Old Testament characters, and the Sophomores The Acts and Epistles—the courses prepared by the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Mission Study Class has continued to meet weekly, and has an enrollment of 36. There has been much interest shown in the books we have studied: "The Evangelization of the World

in *This Generation*," by Mott, and "Protestant Missions in South America," being a series of articles by several men. At a special meeting in November, conducted by Mr. F. M. Gilbert, nearly \$150.00 was pledged, by those present, for the work in the mission at Ramallah, Syria. There are two student volunteers in the college.

The finances of the association, though not in a precarious condition, are hardly flourishing. We would urge that in future the Finance Committee be very active in collecting all the annual dues immediately after the Social Reception in September.

Our little meeting room has been comfortable and very bright, thanks to the untiring efforts and generosity of John P. Carter, 1901, some time chairman of the Room Committee; also to Miss Smith's kind interest and help. The music at the meeting has been very successfully conducted by C. L. Seiler, 1902.

Our Association has been represented at three conventions during this term. At Northfield, last summer, there were 17 delegates. The results of the ten days spent upon those mountain tops that seem so near to Heaven, were very striking; and the determination to do energetic, active work for the Master had not died away when we returned to college in the autumn.

At the District Convention, held at West Chester during the latter part of November, there were five delegates from Haverford. We believe that our stay there was not only helpful to ourselves, but that our mite of influence aided in establishing a Y. M. C. A., which was much needed in West Chester.

To the State Convention held at Lancaster during the latter part of February, the association sent seven delegates. The meetings and conferences were instructive and enlivening, and we returned to our home work with a more intense zeal to leave undone nothing that might advance Christ's cause at Haverford.

We would urge that a special effort be made during the coming year to send as many "key men" as possible to the conventions, for they undoubtedly are a great help not only to the work, but also to the spiritual lives of those that attend them. The prospects this year for the largest delegation that ever represented Haverford at Northfield are encouragingly bright.

In November, 1900, as a result of suggestions of Mr. Gilbert, the association began its work in the Galilee Mission. This mission is situated in one of the worst neighborhoods of Philadelphia—at 9th and Vine streets—and services are held there every evening from eight till ten o'clock. We have taken charge of the Sunday services. Eight or ten Haverford men go to the mission every Sunday night, one taking charge of the order of the service, another playing the organ, one or two making addresses, and the others helping in the singing and ushering. After the service all take part in shaking hands with the men of the audience, and in giving cheering words to some and encouragement to others. The audience usually comprises men of all ages, but mostly those deep in sin and those that have been lately freed from its shackles through the influence of the services, and those fighting for freedom that need help. The wonderful power of the Holy Spirit has been seen in that little room, where men bent on theft and murder and suicide have stopped to await their time, and whence those same men have gone to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel of the Son of God! This may sound like emotionalism, but the meetings are entirely free from that, and the glorious results of those simple services, are due only to the might of God's Spirit.

Those that help in this work receive even greater good themselves than they do to others, and it was with this perhaps selfish motive that we undertook the responsible task of conducting the Sunday meetings at the Galilee mission. It is only, we believe, by continuing in and

by promoting this or similar active outside work, that the Christian Association can increase its own power over the lives of the men in the college for good.

The prospects for more successful years of service in the future are bril-

liant, and we believe that the mistakes and failures of the retiring administration should serve to pedestal the incoming administration in triumph.

WILLIAM E. CADBURY.
Retiring President.

DARJEELING.

FOR majestic grandeur and vastness perhaps nothing in the world can compare with the Pyramids, with Niagara, or above all, with the Himalayas. From the earliest times, mountains have appealed to all races. They are the holy places; on them the gods have dwelt; and by them has the character of surrounding peoples been developed.

At Darjeeling one stands as on a pedestal on a little hill about the height of Mt. Washington and looks up to the roof of the world. Indescribably grand, the Himalayas rise up, peak above peak, mountain towering above mountain until Kinchinjunga rears its massive summit into the zenith, head and shoulders above the others.

Calcutta, as the monsoon is bursting, is not a pleasant spot to linger in; the high humidity and tropical temperature permeate the Great Eastern Hotel, in the halls of which one must thread his way to his room over sitting punkah wallahs, each pulling a cord attached to the fan, which works ceaselessly over some unfortunate being's head. Ice and soda alleviate matters, but it is a relief to take the train for Silliguri, the terminus of the Darjeeling Himalayan Railway.

Here we entered the toy cars of the mountain railroad and began the ascent. Great engineering skill has been displayed on the route, and the road, two feet in gauge, winds and turns, now tak-

ing so sharp a curve one can almost shake hands with the engineer; now stopping, and then running backward along a precipitous chasm, and now, by a sharp loop, going over a bridge, directly above a former position of the track. But though the road itself is unique, the scenery is still more so. At first rice paddies, bananas and bamboos; then, as one ascends, all manner of tropical trees; teak, palms and banyans, with their thousands of arms reaching down to the ground. Trees, not as one sees them in a garden, each standing in stately isolation, but close together, striving for existence, brightened below by clumps of rhododendron and the royally purple bougainvillea, their limbs joined together by blue and yellow flowering creepers, while from the highest branches pink and scarlet orchids are seen, nestling like buds below the green foliage. Soon leaving this primeval, tropical forest we went beside graceful tree-ferns, oaks and chestnuts to the region of firs, pines and the mosses of temperate zones. At the highest point the Witch of Ghoom, shrivelling up for over one hundred years, stretched out her hand for backsheesh from the sahib.

Then a slight descent and we reached the other slope of the ridge and alighted at Darjeeling. Here natives seized the luggage; one little woman swung my trunk from a strap hung over her forehead, and balancing the weight on her back, led the way uphill to the hotel.

The "Woodlands" was comfortable, and after engaging kitmagars to wait on us, we looked out over the town, beautifully situated on the hillside. The bazaar below, then villas with corrugated iron roofs, rising one above another, to the Mall, where the band was playing in the evening.

As for the Himalayas, not a mountain was to be seen, only the black storm clouds of the typhoon, which, after devastating the shipping at the mouth of the Hooghly, had swept on to hurl itself against the frontiers of Thibet.

Soon the deluge started; water came down in torrents, fifteen inches in two days, and still it continued. We amused ourselves watching the natives, another race of beings from those of Bengal. The bazaar was thronged with hillmen—Thibetans, Nipalese, Bhutias. The men, short and stout, with Mongolian features and pigtails, dress in woolens and furs. One, a priest from Lassa, had stolen an intricate little shrine, four feet high, from his temple in Thibet. This he unwrapped, opened curiously hinged doors, showing quaintly colored little cells, and at last revealed in the centre a gold image of the Grand Lama sitting on a lotus. He wanted to sell the treasure for many rupees, and lose himself in India, foreseeing certain death should he recross the home frontier. The women, wearing short skirts and shawls over their heads, adorn themselves with nose and ear rings, necklaces, bracelets and anklets, and all carry babies slung in a basket from the shoulders. The occasional crying of the little ones was the only thing suggestive of home.

After tiffin, cashmere and Paris merchants came to the hotel to bargain with the guests. They brought silverware from Madras and Burmah, embroideries from Delhi, cloths curiously designed with wag figures from the Punjah, turquoise ornaments from Thibet, furs and cashmere shawls. The purchasers, with much chaff, would at last find the bottom price, when the smiling merchant

would say, "Now, Sahib, toss, double or quits."

But even with these diversions the storm became monotonous; the neighboring hotel started to slide down the mountain, and was condemned as unsafe; a landslide fell on the drawing room of our hotel; the tea plantations commenced to go; one could watch acre after acre of the plants drop over the cliffs. At last one morning—an absolute change—down, far down, we could see the valley of the Ranjit, nearly at sea level, then up, over one ridge above another, seven in all, each standing out distinctly, but yet showing the bare and precipitous face of the last and highest range. Up it our eyes traveled over a wall of rock, and above gazed upon the snows. Twenty-nine thousand feet of elevation before one, and half of it snow covered. There was no mistaking Kinchinjunga. The other peaks, some like spires, some with double summits, pierced the sky, but the monarch of mountains rose up, stupendous and sublime; a huge snow-covered mass, surmounted by an immense three-faced pinnacle of rock, and crowned with the purest white. Untouched, unruffled, save by the elements, he stood out against the blue. He dwarfed all else. The Hindus say, "He is the throne of the gods."

But there was yet more to see, so I started forth the following morning on a small but good horse and climbed up past the barracks at Selapahar to Tiger Hill. The sais, who was to act as guide, followed in the rear. From the summit all Bengal seemed spread out at one's feet, the brilliantly green and most fertile plain stretching away as far as the eye could reach. Then turning and looking to the westward rose a perfectly even cone, at first the color of silver, then pure white. This was Everest, the highest point of all, but seeming small from the distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Much nearer, and very much more vast in appearance, Kinchin-

junga showed rose pink in the rising sun, then a change, so that the whole summit seemed of beaten gold, then as the sun rose higher, all immaculately white.

Having seen the snows, let us go down into the tropical valley. Starting very early one morning, with an Italian as companion, we each took three relays of horses, and provisions, then began the descent, over such roads as only the British build. At first, past enumerable tea plantations, laid out in squares; the rich green leaves in some were being gathered by coolies, while in others, one could see the wax-like white blossoms shining under the foliage. Passing through the plantations we skirted the side of the mountain, under tree-ferns, huge teak and bamboos.

The temperature, at first cool and bracing, became sultry and oppressive, and we soon reached the junction of the Rangmo with the Ranjit, then followed the large and rapidly flowing main river, intending to push on to the bridge, ten miles below, which leads into the native state of Sikkin. However, an obstacle, caused by the road having fallen into the river, made us pause; and we decided to leave our horses, climb over the rocks and walk to our destination. At first all went well; we overtook a bow-legged Lepcha, and by signs gave him to understand that he was to carry our coats and cut long sticks for us with his villainous looking Ghurka knife. The road being broken in many places we had to force our way over rocks, logs and through the almost impenetrable jungle. The heat, too, was oppressive, but the luxuriant animal and vegetable life amply repaid the exertion. Hugh boring-beetles, rotating their bodies to force an entrance into the hardwood trees, filled the forest with the sound of a saw mill. Immense butterflies, gold and white, blue and green, yellow and scarlet, floated over our heads. Vegetation assumed strange shapes. Now we

were threading our way through the dim aisles of some huge Gothic cathedral, with stately trunks for columns, slender branches for arches, and the rich foliage for a vaulted roof. Again we were in the vast reception hall of a palace, the walls tapestried with the flowers of a thousand creepers, the ceiling frescoed with many-hued orchids.

Presently we met a Chinaman superintending the work on a small bridge. He made us strong tea, exclaimed in Pidgin English, on hearing of the trouble in China, and as we left, declined any gratuity, saying: "Look, see me velly muchee gentleman."

At last we reached the confluence with the Teesta, a swiftly-flowing stream, into whose waters any one falling has no hope of rescue, being swept down to the Brahmaputra, and soon afterward came to a native settlement of thatched houses set on poles and then the steel suspension bridge. The latter presented a curious appearance, the cables being literally covered with streamers floating in the wind, which, on inspection, we found to be strips of cotton, torn from the scanty clothing of the native Buddhists, who thereby hoped to waft their prayers to Nirvana.

It was now late. We had had no food but a few bananas, apart from the tea, nothing to drink, all the water being filled with mica and jungle fever. Weakened by the intense heat, and climbing over precipices, where the road was broken, we could scarcely regain the horses. At last we reached them; the Italian had to be tied on; he was nearly "done up." I was but little better. After a mile we found the coolie and refreshments and gained new strength to ride up the mountain in the darkness.

A grand spot is Darjeeling; a very paradise for the planters and officers of the plains, who all join earnestly in the refrain, "To the Hills for old sake's sake."

TRANSLATIONS FROM WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

Longing For Spring.

Winter has wronged us in all things around:
 Forest and heath are both dreary and
 browned
 Where I late heard the sweet bird-notes re-
 sound,
 When I shall see the young ladies rebound
 Their ball by the wayside, those birds might
 be found.

Would I might sleep the dull winter away
 If I must wait so long, hate him I may
 That he so far and so wide holds his sway.
 Truly he must to the spring-time give way
 And then I'll pull flowers where frost is to-
 day.

C. H. C., 1903.

Love's Power.

Who gave thee, Love, the pleasant strength,
 Whence thou hast grown so passing strong?
 Both young and old to thee, at length
 Devote their art; to thee, their song!
 Thank Heaven! those sweet bonds of thine
 Have fettered this glad heart—this fleeting
 heart of mine—
 Which to thy will, I dedicate,
 And which—since thou hast favored it—to
 live in thy sweet grace, my Queen I
 consecrate.

E. H. B., '02.

Springtime and Ladies.

When the flowers on the grass are spring-
 ing,
 Each with his face a-smile toward the sun
 that rejoices
 In the Maytime, in the morning hours,
 And all the choir of little birds are singing
 Just as well as they can tune their voices,—
 What rapture can exceed the joy that's ours?
 It is indeed quite half Elysian.
 But if we should make mention of a vision
 To equal this, I'd mention what to me
 Appeared much better once, and would to
 you; if I it now could see

If a noble lady, fair and pure,
 Decked with taste, with wreathes her hair en-
 hancing,
 To pass the time with her companions
 strays,—

Cultured, courtly, with her friends secure,
 Archly now and then about her glancing,—
 (Just like the sun among the stars' faint rays!)
 Then let the May bring out his treasure
 And what among it all so gives us pleasure
 As she, most sweet and wondrous fair?
 We cast the flowers all aside, and after her we
 blankly stare.

Well come now,—if you would decide this
 truly,
 Let us to the springtime's feast be going
 Since he has come with joy the world to
 waken.

Him with my lady fair consider truly
 To find which one excells in goodly show-
 ing,—
 And see how I the winning side have taken!
 Ah! if you should bid one choose,—
 Should bid me take the one, the other lose,—
 How quickly would I reach decision!
 Sir May, you must be March e'er I'd give up
 for you my lady's vision.

C. H. C., 1900.

Beauty and Virtue.

Hail thee, fair hour in which I beheld her
 She who in chains binds the whole of my be-
 ing,

When to my yearning eyes' reverie upheld
 her—
 Eyes which her goodness has robbed of their
 seeing.

That I no longer from her can depart
 Thereto her beauty, her virtue beguileth
 And her rosy mouth that so charmingly
 smileth.

Thoughts, aye and senses, I long have di-
 rected
 Toward the all-pure one, the dear, the abiding;
 Surely for both of us must be perfected
 Whate'er I ask of her favor confiding.

That aught of joy the world brings to my
 heart
 Thereto her beauty, her virtue beguileth
 And her rosy mouth that so charmingly
 smileth.

Under the Linden.

Under the linden
 On the heath
 Where our little lair was made.
 There may'st thou hasten
 And find beneath,
 Grasses and flowers crushed in the glade.
 There by the grove in a lowland vale,
 Tandaradei! !
 Caroled sweetly the nightingale.

Into the mead
 I tripping came,
 Where my pretty love might roam!
 There indeed,
 All free from shame,
 I fell to his breast, to my joy-giving home.
 And a kiss? Yea, more than a myriad!
 Tandaradei!
 For see how my lips are blushing red!

There had he made,
 Passing sweet
 A cosy nook of blossoming sprays;
 Thou wouldst have stayed
 Thy wandering feet
 Had'st thou but chanced to hear our lays!
 Had'st thou seen where my head lay,
 Tandaradei!
 Deck'd with posies, bright and gay!

E. H. B., '02.

A Kiss From Red Lips.

Would that I might live to gather roses
 With the maiden of my heart's endeavor
 While my love a whispered plaint composes
 Would I then our friendship seal forever.
 And if a kiss sometime I might with rapture
 From her red lips capture
 I would be healed, no more from bliss to
 sever.

C. H. C., 1900.

Training Children.

No one can with whipping
 Keep a child from slipping:
 Would you paths to honor show
 Speak a word but spare the blow.
 Speak a word but spare the blow
 Would you paths to honor show:
 Keep a child from slipping
 No one can with whipping.

Curb your tongue's expression
 This will show discretion.
 Shut the door and turn the key
 Let no evil word go free.
 Let no evil word go free
 Shut the door and turn the key;
 This will show discretion.
 Curb your tongue's expression.

Of your eyes be wary.
 Keep them frank and merry,
 Let them note the well deserving
 Tho' the evil ne'er observing.
 Tho' the evil ne'er observing.
 Let them note the well deserving.
 Keep them frank and merry,
 Of your eyes be wary

Put your ears in keeping
 Would you praise be reaping:
 Once the evil word is in
 Mind and heart to lust begin.
 Mind and heart to lust begin
 Once the evil word is in.
 Would you praise be reaping:
 Put your ears in keeping.

Guard these three forever
 With your best endeavor.
 Tongue and eyes and ears are all
 Full of mischief, past recall.
 Full of mischief, past recall
 Tongue and eyes and ears are all
 With your best endeavor.
 Guard these three forever

C. H. C., 1900.

CHENIER, A MARTYR OF THE REVOLUTION.

(Alumni Prize Oration.)

IF there is that which sets into passionate vibration the chords of the human heart, which impels man to leap up in rebellion against his creator and then with overwhelming sorrow to sink down in submission before the Divine will—it is to see a genius, a true poet, thrilled with the love of living and on fire for the cause of freedom, snatched away from life in his prime. The world can but weep until the bitter string of her bereavement has died away, and then she can but pour out a torrent of sincerest love and praise for the dead poet's achievements and of saddest recognition of what he might have been.

No matter what his past, whether lowly or wayward or obscure, the world owes a tender remembrance to a poet dying young. The bough that snapped so early might have grown straight.

Every literature has its representative in this hallowed little group of poets. Keats faded and drooped when not half-blown and the men of England out-do each other in laying graceful and extravagant tributes upon his tomb. Schiller died when hardly in his prime, leaving behind a few master-pieces, foretastes of the gifts with which he might have enraptured Germany—yet Goethe with the most comprehensive mind since Bacon

and a busy life of more than four score years has not been able to supplant him in the hearts of the German people. Our own weird poet, Edgar Allan Poe, the subtlest genius America has yet produced, wandered astray and fell by the wayside, and it is with an unopened eye that we gaze upon the aspect of his ruin and with a deaf ear that we listen to the recital of his faults. These three died before their time; fate was singularly unkind to them. Great not for their achievements, the most they gave was a magnificent promise, yet the world loves to hover in sacred tenderness o'er their memory. She could not save them. Her impotence was appalling.

But there was one whom the world did not treat thus gently and lovingly. He, too, was a darling of the Muses, swayed by the rich variety of his emotions, adorer of the noble, the beautiful, the good—but more than all this, one who took up the cause of the weak and the oppressed—the champion of justice when justice lay trodden beneath the foot of anarchy. He staked his life, his genius, his youthful ambitions, his all for the sake of France, and France slew him. The man was André Chénier.

On the 30th of October, 1764, Chénier was born beneath the crescent banners of Constantinople. His father, a Frenchman, his mother a Greek, he inherited the unbending love of the right and the true of the former, and the poetic temperament of the latter. When but a few months old he was taken by his parents to France—henceforth his native land, and which was destined to be the scene of his tragic life. The training which he received at the College of Navarre, fanned into flame the tiny hereditary spark lurking within his bosom. He became an ardent lover of the classics. At sixteen he began to write poetry—gay, sensuous, reflecting the sudden springing up of a maturer sense of nature's charm within his soul. The sea, the silvery Rhone, the snow-clad tips of the Alps, hitherto looked upon with indif-

ference by the poets of France, opened up larger horizons to his view and dazzled his eyes with their splendor. Nature seemed to grow within him, o'ermastering him gradually with her allurements, until he adored her in all her eternal majesty. His life was henceforth not a life of pleasure, but one of art—striving to purify itself day by day. His poetry became the echo of the experiences of his heart.

It soared first to the heavens, then flew back to earth and made humanity its theme. It proclaimed the infinite progress of science and reason, acknowledging no higher purpose than to sing of man, his achievements in the past, his triumphs in the future. Though saturated with the ancients, steeped in classicism, he was far from believing that the ancients had said all. While unconsciously imitating the poets of Greece and Rome, he was none the less original. He did not create the return to Hellenism, but he alone possessed an infinitely delicate sense of the beauty of antiquity. The language of Greece seemed to him the most sonorous that had ever flowed over the lips of man.

Such was André Chénier when the undating wave of revolution broke over France. This emotional man was stirred to the soul. He foresaw the fulfillment of his most extravagant dreams—the equalization of men, the uplifting of the oppressed, the salvation of France. Blinded with this vision of earthly Paradise of which he—Chénier could sing, he heralded the Revolution with enthusiasm, only to recoil in horror before its atrocities. The shock was tremendous. He saw his visions of glory fade away into nothingness, the hopes, he had so fondly cherished, shattered at a blow. Despotism from below became to him as hateful as that from above. He was changed. No longer the dreamy poet, no longer the happy songster of nature's beauties, but the man of action, the protector of the innocent, the eloquent champion of virtue and justice. Showing

that Demosthenes, no less than Pindar, had been the object of his studies, in the pages of the "Journal de Paris" he poured out anathemas on the Jacobins, models of logic, eloquence and courage. Ignoring the entreaties of his friends for moderation, his lofty patriotism made enemies for him among all parties. He well knew that he was drawing upon himself the wrath of the leaders of the Revolution, but it did not deter him. He defied the scaffold with a sort of bitter gayety, a scornful irony. When the nobility fled from Paris, he sought from Malesherbe permission to attend the king in prison. It was granted. When Louis asked the right of appeal from the assembly that had condemned him, it was André Chénier who wrote the text of the letter, a model of logic and of pathetic eloquence but to no avail. After the execution of the king he retired broken-hearted to Versailles. There he once more found refuge from his overwhelming sorrow in the bosom of nature and poetry, and composed his masterful odes to Versailles and to Charlotte Corday. In the latter he curses his native land for her heartlessness and in his despair he wishes to die with the gentle slayer of Marat.

But the black waves of the Reign of Terror were fast closing round him even in his humble retreat at Versailles. On the 7th of March of that terrible year of ninety-four an agent of the committee of public safety appeared at the door of one Pastoret, bearing a warrant for his arrest. The blood-hound of the assembly found there André Chénier, who had come to warn his friend. The poet was arrested as a suspect and cast within the grim walls of the prison of Saint-Lazarre whence he was to come forth only to mount the scaffold. Even in prison we find him displaying those noble qualities of mind and heart, that had ever been his, and devoting them to the service of fellow-victims. In the freshness and vigor of early manhood, when the goddess of life was beckoning him on in her rosiest

and most seductive attire to long years of beauty and of joy, the very thought of death seemed cold and cruel. Little wonder that he clung pathetically to life; little wonder that he appealed to Justice and Truth to rescue him from the clutches of death. But although Chénier had so much to lose with life, we find him continually bringing words of cheer and comfort to those of no better condition than himself. For a young countess, snatched away from her husband, almost within the sound of her wedding-bells, he wrote that most pathetic poem in all French literature, "La Jeune Captive." A youth, who, when in the shadow of the guillotine, could thus occupy himself with a fellow sufferer, possessed one of the highest gifts of the poet—sympathy.

As the anxious days in prison go by there comes another change over the poet. As the sense of his own innocence, the injustice of the world, the heartlessness of fate rises up before him, all that is sweet and lovable in his nature turns to bitterness and gall. The passion of his soul flares out in his "Iambes"—the most sublime cry of indignation, of irony, of anger, of pity, to which French poetry has given utterance. Though by nature inoffensive, when crime is king, virtue groans. France is in agony; the poet becomes an avenger. When Justice, Truth, country—none will save him, he will curse the tyrants before laying down his life to them; he will weep for their victims, ere he joins them. Events now hurry on with headlong rapidity. A summary order is issued for the clearing of the prisons of Paris. After the mockery of a trial Chénier is declared an enemy of the people "for insulting the patriots, for conspiring with the enemies of the Republic, for mutiny within the prison of Saint-Lazarre." He is removed to that antechamber of the scaffold, the Conciergerie, and on the 7th of Thermidor, but two days before the fall of Robespierre which would have saved

him, he dies a martyr beneath the knife of the guillotine.

The tragedy of André Chénier's life is yet to be written. It will need the touch of a divinely inspired hand. One is tempted to say that he would perhaps have served France better by reserving himself for the glory of her language and of her poetry than by sacrificing himself to her tyrants. But when in the

heart of Paris we stand o'er that simple mound in the little cemetery of Picpus side by side with the grave of our own La Fayette, where even the willows seem to nod and droop in silent sorrow, we can but say to ourselves o'er and o'er: He lived for love of the world; he died for love of France. France and the rest of the world can but join hands in solemn, reverent silence o'er his tomb.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

THE New York Alumni of Haverford College held their annual dinner at the Manhattan Hotel, New York, on Tuesday, April 16th. Although the number of Haverford men in "The City" is not large, there was a very fair attendance. Those present were:

James Wood, '58,
James W. Cromwell, '59,
Arthur Haviland, '65,
Charles Wood, '70,
Daniel Smiley, '78,
Stephen W. Collins, '83,
William T. Ferris, '85,
C. Churchill Carmalt, '86,
Ernest F. Walton, '90,
Minturn P. Collins, '92,
Francis F. Davis, '93,
D. Shearman Tabor, '94,
H. E. Thomas, '95,
W. C. Webster, '95,
Wm. K. Alsop, '96,
Horace Owen, '96,
L. H. Wood, '96,
John S. Jenks, '98.

The success of the dinner can be measured by the fact that it was with the greatest difficulty that the boys could be induced to go home.

Dr. Charles Wood spoke most happily on the position which Haverford men, with the advantages in training which they have enjoyed, should take in the community and deplored the lack of aggressiveness manifested by Haverfordians in the reforms in Philadelphia's political and social life.

He was followed by Arthur Haviland, who gave some of his varied experiences in advocating a reform not of our politics but of our diets. He claimed that the vegetarian's diet strengthened a man both morally and physically and his remarks were far from being as dry as the "Bean croquette a la Haviland" which he had induced the management of the hotel to include as one of the courses of the dinner. The evening closed with a sort of "Experience Meeting," during which James Wood reminded us of the achievements of some noted members of the Haverford faculties past and present.

Ernest F. Walton, whose address is Care Decoppet & Doremus, No. 30 Broad street, New York, was elected Secretary, to whom any communications of interest to the New York Alumni, should be addressed.

Notes.

'46. Samuel Morris, President of the Friends' Peace Association, addressed their annual meeting held in Philadelphia on April 14th.

'48. Elliston P. Morris was re-elected President of the Freedman's Association.

'54. On March 28th John B. Garrett addressed a public meeting held under

the auspices of the Delaware Peace Society at Wilmington, Del. The subject of his lecture was "Our Hope for International Arbitration."

'56. Joel Cadbury has been appointed an Elder in the Society of Friends.

'56. As Chairman of the Allied Organizations of Philadelphia, which opposed the Ripper Bill lately, passed in the State Legislature, Edward R. Wood has been actively engaged. On April 23rd he presented to Governor Stone petitions signed by over ten thousand citizens of Philadelphia urging him to veto the bill, offering strong arguments against it.

'58. On March 28th, James Wood delivered the second "Founders' Lecture" at Bryn Maur College on "Quaker Freedom of Thought."

'65. Allen C. Thomas gave an address at a Bible Study Conference held at Hopewell, Va., on April 13th. His subject was (1) "How to Study a Parable," (2) "How to Study an Epistle."

'72. Edward M. Wistar has been re-elected President of the Philadelphia branch of the Friends' Indian Aid Association.

'82. George A. Barton, Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages in Bryn Mawr College has recently been offered the headship of the school in Jerusalem for Oriental Research. He has not found it possible to accept the position for next year, but hopes to accept it the year following or possibly the year later.

'82. On Monday morning, March 18th, George Laring Crosman was inaugurated as Mayor of Saco, Me. Mr. Crosman has been interested in politics since graduation from college; and we reprint these words from "The Bid-

dleford Daily Journal:" "It was his independence and freedom of thought which was largely instrumental in his being given the best political honor Saco can bestow." The HAVERFORDIAN sends its best wishes to Mr. Crosman for a successful term.

Ex-'84. Frederick C. Butler has associated with him in business a Mr. Smythe. The firm is now Butler and Smythe, paper manufacturers and dealers, 23-5 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

'84. William J. Haines is now connected with the Real Estate Department of the Fidelity Trust Co.

'84. George Vaux, Jr., and Alfred Percival Smith, were of the Alumni Committee to procure judges &c., on the occasion of the contest for the Alumni Prize Medal, and were at the College on the 8th, instant.

'87. Wm. H. Futrell recently gave a dinner in honor of Dr. George T. Winston, ex-President of the University of Texas.

'88. Allison W. Slocum, Professor of Physics in the University of Vermont was married, June 17th, 1900 to Miss Mary Whiting Bowers, of Burlington, Vt. and spent the summer with his wife in Europe.

'89. On April 18th, J. Stoddell Stokes sailed for Europe upon a trip for combined business and pleasure.

'90. Alfred C. Tevis has recently been appointed Vice and Deputy Consul of the United States at Sheffield and has sailed to England to enter upon his duties.

'90. Ernest F. Walton has presented to the College Athletic Association a very valuable cup for individual athletic work.

'91. George Thomas, 3rd, has recently returned from a tour around the world, including side trips to India and the Himalayas.

'92. Stanley R. Yarnall has had two papers in the "American Friend" on "The Part of the Mind, or Education in the Spiritual Life."

'94. Henry S. Conard acted as a demonstrator in the Scientific Assembly of the Botanical Society of Pennsylvania, held in Biological Hall, April 20th.

'96. On April 24th C. Russel Hinchman was married to Miss Elizabeth Schofield Brooke Hopkins, of Whitehall, Highland, Md.

'96. Charles Dickens Nason died at Angola, Ind., on April 21st. He was born at Lagrange, Maine, on April 16, 1874. He came to Haverford from the Philadelphia Central High School in 1893 and completed the course in three years, graduating in 1896. Since leaving Haverford Nason devoted himself to the study of Pedagogy Psychology and Zoology, first at the University of Pennsylvania, where he gained the degree of Ph. D. in 1899, and later at the Tri-

State Normal College at Angola, Indiana, where he was Professor of Pedagogy until the time of his death.

'97. Morris B. Dean paid a brief visit to the college on March 22nd.

'98. The engagement is announced of Francis R. Strawbridge to Miss Anna Estes Hacker, of Germantown.

Ex-'98. Frederic G. Hulme is now proprietor of the Eagle Liquid Glue and Paste Co., Philadelphia. He has recently announced his engagement to Miss Gertrude Parsons, of Bucks county, Pa.

'99. Royal J. Davis has recently been appointed assistant editor of the American Friend.

'99. H. H. Lowry and A. C. Maule were at the college on April 27th.

'00. The engagement has been announced of Mr. E. D. Freeman to Miss Gertrude Dennison, of Pittsburg, Pa.

'00. W. W. Justice has been elected into the Amphadon Literary Society at Harvard.

THE PHILOMATHEAN-LOGANIAN DEBATE.

ON Thursday, the fourth of April, was held the third annual debate at eight o'clock, in Alumni Hall, between the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Loganian Society of Haverford College. Dr. Josiah H. Penniman, Dean of the College Department, U. of P., presided; and the judges were Talcott Williams, Esq., Hon. Maxwell Stevenson and President Henry T. Spangler, of Ursinus College. The Philomathean was represented by C. O. Althouse, R. A.

Biggs, Jr., and H. J. Gibbons, with D. A. Pitt as alternate. The Loganian presented W. P. Phillips, R. Patton and H. V. Bullinger, with W. W. Chambers as alternate. The question for debate read: "Resolved, that (all interests considered), at the present time it is unadvisable to enforce Section two of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, relating to the basis of Congressional representation."

Dr. Penniman, after a few introductory remarks, introduced C. O. Alt-

house, of the Philomathean, who spoke on the affirmative side. He said that this interesting question in current problems was of national scope and importance; and reasoning from this all the Southern States would have their representation reduced. Each locality has its own peculiar interest, hence the injustice of enforcing this clause. It would give free play to boss rule. Compulsory Education would be the best move towards educating the electors. Property qualification is also a remedy.

For the negative, W. P. Philips declared that two courses of action were open; to enforce this definite portion of the Constitution, or else to disregard it utterly. An illegal disregard of the national law is not justified by a measure of doubtful expediency. The law should be enforced for its own sake as well as because it is just and advisable. Unless the gravest conditions demand it, no such law should be disregarded. As an instance, he quoted the spirit of the South in secession. Enforcement of this would in no wise harm the South, while at present it is greatly incommoding the North.

R. A. Biggs, Jr., for the affirmative, pointed out that we are not to look to Constitutionality, but to advisability. Public opinion supersedes law—for instance, Magna Charta, the Declaration of Right, the Dred Scott case, and many others. The basis of his argument was that the representation in the different States is at present unfair, a vote in Nevada being twelve times as powerful as a vote in New York. The question is national, not sectional. R. Patton opposed him with the argument that negro disfranchisement would be the result of neglecting the clause; and that the condition of the Southern States at the present time is anomalous; the proposed arrangement would give the political

boss too much power. We should protect the negro, and ward off the obnoxious "grandfather clauses."

H. J. Gibbons contested the attitude of the Loganian and said that negro domination was not in the question. Enforcement would work industrial injury and would bring out sectionalism. If we do so, we shall bring the South to bay and cause trouble. Enforcement would also place one section in better representation than another. It will injure those States which desire to purify politics. It will militate against one united country. H. V. Bullinger insisted that the basis of representation should be reduced in proportion to numbers; because the power of established qualifications for suffrage rests with the governments of the various States. One man's vote in one State should approximate the same as another's in another State. The Constitution is not to be encroached upon.

In the rebuttals, Messrs. Althouse and Philips parried upon the question of submitting to non-property-owning tax-paying classes, while Mr. Patton quoted the absurd position of the South in disfranchising a selected portion of the population. Mr. Biggs reviewed his previous statements by saying that industrial advisability is most potent. Mr. Bullinger advised that a law should be obeyed until it is proved vicious. Sectionalism also must be debated as a larger question than the negro problem. Mr. Gibbons wound up the debate with an argument for the affirmative, quoting the fact that Massachusetts has six per cent. of illiterates, while Mississippi has forty-six per cent.

The Hon. Maxwell Stevenson made an address and was followed by Mr. Williams. Dr. Penniman read the decisions of the judges, which unanimously awarded the debate to the Loganian.

CRICKET DEPARTMENT

CRICKET, a game which is unquestionably the king of games at Haverford, inaugurates its season under successful auspices. The First eleven, though suffering from the loss of four valuable men, whose services on the English tour were indispensable, has the material for a winning team, if sufficient enthusiasm is maintained. The Second and Third elevens also have bright prospects, having lost but few men by the graduation of last year's Senior Class. What we wish to emphasize, is the importance of hard, conscientious work, in the nets as well as on the field. It is that feeling of reliance upon self and team-mates which has produced champion elevens at Haverford, and that the team will do its best; victory or defeat as the case may be, we are confident.

Following is the schedule:

FIRST ELEVEN.

April 27, Haverford vs. Next Fifteen, at Haverford.

May 4, Haverford vs. Germantown, at Manheim.

May 8, Haverford vs. Philadelphia, at Wisahickon.

May 11, Haverford vs. Germantown Zingari, at Haverford.

May 18, Haverford vs. Harvard, at Cambridge.

May 22, Haverford vs. Pennsylvania, at Manheim.

May 25, Haverford vs. Moorestown, at Haverford.

May 29, Haverford vs. Belmont, at Elmwood.

June 12, Haverford vs. Alumni, at Haverford.

SECOND ELEVEN.

April 27, Haverford vs. First Eleven, at Haverford.

May 4, Haverford vs. Haverford Grammar School, at Haverford.

May 11, Haverford vs. Radnor, at Wayne.

May 16, Haverford vs. U. of P. Seniors, at Haverford.

May 18, Haverford vs. Merion Summer, at Haverford.

May 22, Haverford vs. Germantown Second, at Haverford.

May 25, Haverford vs. Linden, at Linden.

June 1, Haverford vs. Third Eleven, at Haverford.

June 8, Haverford vs. Overbrook, at Haverford.

THIRD ELEVEN.

April 30, Haverford vs. Penn Charter, at Haverford.

May 4, Haverford vs. Germantown Friends' School, at Haverford.

May 8, Haverford vs. Central High School, at Haverford.

May 11, Haverford vs. Friends' Select School, at Haverford.

May 30, Haverford vs. Germantown Juniors, at Haverford.

June 1, Haverford vs. Second Eleven, at Haverford.

June 8, Haverford vs. Merion Juniors, at Haverford.

INTER-CLASS MATCHES.

April 25 and 26, 1903 vs. 1904.

May 2 and 3, 1901 vs. 1902.

May 9 and 10, the winners play for the championship.

Notes.

The captains of the three elevens respectively are: R. Patton, W. E. Cadbury and E. W. Evans, Patton having been elected at the close of the English tour, and the other two having been chosen by the Ground Committee.

The captains of the class teams are: DeMotte, '01; Gummere, '02; Drinker, '03, and C. C. Morris, '04. Bonbright is manager of the Freshman team.

A week or so before vacation commenced, three fielding squads were posted on the bulletin board. We append them as follows:

First Squad—Patton, C. H. Carter, DeMotte, Sharp, Cookman, Dennis, Gummere, Roberts, Wood, Drinker and C. C. Morris. Second Squad—W. E. Cadbury, E. Y. Brown, Dewees, Walenta, S. Brown, Garrett, Longstreth, Nicholson, Reeder, Scott, Spiers, Stork, Trout, Bonbright, Folwell, H. H. Mor-

ris and Stokes. Third Squad—E. W. Evans, Cary, Caswell, Philips Duerr, Tilney, Warrington, Bevan, Burgess, Haig, Lester, Lowry, Thomas, '04. Thorn and Wills. They are to practice every day through the season at half-past twelve.

Five dates were fixed during the vacation for afternoon practice, the last of which was taken up with a scrub match; the 12th, 15th, 17th, 19th and 22nd of April.

Matches.

On account of the cancellation of both first and second eleven matches by the Belmont Club, the annual match with the Next Fifteen, originally scheduled for May 1st, was played off.

Considering the state of the wicket, which, though a trifle soft, was excellent for the time of year, it was surprising that the scores were not larger. Many were out of form, however, especially Carter and C. C. Morris. The spirit of the work was good, and both teams fielded with much zest. Captain Patton won the toss and decided to bat. Morris and Wood, who opened, seemed to be doing well, though Morris had some luck, when Bevan started his good work by bowling the former. The next wicket fell quickly, but DeMotte deserves great credit for having stopped the rot and played the correct game on such a wicket—playing back to the good balls and hitting the loose ones. Cookman aided him in bringing the score to a more respectable total by a well-played 13. The first eleven's score, however, should have been larger. Bevan bowled well, though his speed tired him out.

For the next fifteen, H. H. Morris was the only one to trouble the bowling, which was very accurate, DeMotte having a fine analysis, nine wickets for eleven runs. The score:

FIRST ELEVEN.

C. C. Morris, b. Bevan.....	6
A. C. Wood, c. H. H. Morris, b. Bevan..	6
C. H. Carter, c. Bonbright, b. Bevan....	3

F. W. Sharp, b. Stork.....	3
L. W. DeMotte, b. Bonbright.....	20
R. H. Patton, c. H. H. Morris, b. Bevan..	6
R. M. Gummere, run out.....	1
A. S. Cookman, c. Trout, b. Bonbright..	13
D. A. Roberts, b. Bonbright.....	4
W. V. Dennis, c. and b. Folwell.....	5
J. B. Drinker, not out.....	1
Extras	9
	<hr/>
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
N. A. Scott.....	36	12*	1	0
E. J. Bevan.....	84	30!	2	
C. W. Stork.....	30	16*	0	1
W. P. Bonbright.....	24	9	0	3
P. D. Folwell.....	7	6*	0	1

*bowled 1 wide.
!bowled 1 no ball.

NEXT FIFTEEN.

H. H. Morris, c. Dennis, b. De Motte....	11
E. J. Bevan, b. Wood.....	2
E. E. Trout, b. Wood.....	2
N. A. Scott, b. Wood.....	5
P. D. Folwell, b. Wood.....	3
S. Brown, b. De Motte.....	6
W. E. Cadbury, c. Carter, b. Wood.....	0
W. P. Bonbright, c. and b. De Motte....	4
G. J. Walenta, l. b. w. b. De Motte.....	4
W. C. Longstreth, c. Carter, b. De Motte..	1
A. G. H. Spiers, c. Roberts, b. De Motte..	1
R. P. Lowry, b. De Motte.....	1
C. R. Cary, c. C. C. Morris, b. De Motte..	1
C. W. Stork, not out.....	0
W. P. Philips, lt. wkt. b. De Motte.....	0
Extras	8
	<hr/>
	52

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
A. C. Wood, Jr.....	60	22*	2	5
R. H. Patton.....	24	10	0	0
L. W. De Motte.....	43	11	5	9
A. S. Cookman.....	12	1	1	0

*bowled 2 no balls.

Third Eleven vs. Penn Charter.

The Third Eleven opened its season auspiciously by defeating Penn Charter School in an interesting game, played at Haverford on the 30th of April. The features were the batting of Stork, Cary and Weeks, Stambach's hard hitting, and the bowling of Garrett and Vetterlein. Garrett in particular bowled well, and kept a good length. The score:

HAVERFORD.

C. R. Cary, c. Weeks, b. Vetterlein.....	11
W. C. Longstreth, l. b. w. b. Galey.....	6

J. M. Stokes, b. Galey.....	2	U. M. Eshleman, b. Bevan.....	0
G. S. Garrett, run out.....	4	G. Peirce, b. Bevan.....	1
J. W. Reeder, b. Weeks.....	0	H. J. Cadbury, b. Bonbright.....	1
E. W. Evans, b. Weeks.....	2	W. E. Swift, b. Bevan.....	0
C. W. Stork, not out.....	18	F. E. Barr, not out.....	0
C. L. Seiler, l. b. w. b. Vetterlein.....	3	A. G. Dean, c. Stokes, b. Bevan.....	4
G. J. Walenta, b. Vetterlein.....	6	Extras	2
H. N. Thorn, b. Vetterlein.....	6		—
R. P. Lowry, b. Vetterlein.....	0		13
Extras	9		

1904.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
J. R. Vetterlein.....	97	6	23	5
H. C. Weeks.....	54	2	17	2
F. H. Galey.....	42	1	17	2

PENN CHARTER.

F. H. Galey, b. Garrett.....	3
W. H. Lloyd, c. Seiler, b. Garrett.....	0
J. R. Vetterlein, c. Evans, b. Reeder.....	4
J. G. Roper, c. Longstreth, b. Garrett.....	3
H. C. Weeks, b. Garrett.....	10
M. Stambach, c. Stokes, b. Stork.....	18
D. Macfarlan, run out.....	0
L. R. Richards, b. Stork.....	7
R. E. Danielson, b. Garrett.....	0
A. B. Stryker, b. Stork.....	4
E. Hopkinson, not out.....	0
Extras	5

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	m.	r.	w.
G. S. Garrett.....	42	0	21	5
J. W. Reeder.....	18	0	16	1
C. W. Stork.....	19	0	13	3

Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

Played on Walton Field, April 26.—The batting was ragged, but the bowling was on the spot, hence the size of the scores:

1903.

O. E. Duerr, b. Bonbright.....	1
S. A. Warrington, b. Bonbright.....	0
J. B. Drinker, c. H. H. Morris, b. Bonbright	0
I. S. Tilney, b. Bonbright.....	2
A. J. Phillips, b. Bonbright.....	2

C. C. Morris, c. and b. Drinker.....	0
W. P. Bonbright, c. Dean, b. Warrington.....	12
H. H. Morris, c. Duerr, b. Warrington.....	3
E. J. Bevan, c. Duerr, b. Warrington.....	0
H. N. Thorn, l. b. w. b. Drinker.....	0
R. P. Lowry, b. Drinker.....	0
P. D. Folwell, not out.....	13
J. M. Stokes, b. Drinker.....	2
D. L. Burgess, c. Phillips, b. Drinker.....	0
W. M. Wills, b. Drinker.....	0
C. R. Haig, hit wkt, b. Warrington.....	0
Extras	1

The record of the Freshman team has so far been a good one. Four matches have been played of which two have been victories, one a draw and one a defeat. The latter was excusable, because the blades of grass on the Grammar School base ball field are few and far between, a state of things to which the Freshmen have not yet become accustomed. Bevan and Bonbright have bowled well, while their batting, besides that of C. C. and H. H. Morris, has been reliable.

The matches:

April 10th—Freshmen vs. Friends' Select School; draw. Haverford 81 for 7 wickets; F. S. S. 18 for 9.
 April 16—Freshmen vs. DeLancey School; DeLancey, 35; Haverford, 130 for 9.
 April 19—Freshmen vs. Penn Charter; P. C., 31; Haverford, 81.
 April 23—Freshmen vs. Haverford Grammar School; Haverford, 35; H. G. S., 64 for 7.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Hockey colors were awarded for the past season to the following men: DeMotte, '01, captain; Kirkbride, '01, manager; Neilson, '01; Winslow, '01; Drinker, '03; Tilney, '03; Warrington, '03; Wortlington, '03; and Thorn, '04.

On April 9th the Y. M. C. A. elected the following officers for the coming year: President, A. S. Cookman, '02; Vice-President, R. L. Simkin, '03; Corresponding Secretary, W. P. Bonbright, '04; Recording Secretary, S. C. Withers, '04; Treasurer, E. E. Trout,

'02. The president appointed the following chairmen of committees, who together with the officers form his cabinet for the year, viz., Bible Study Committee, C. L. Seiler, '02; Fall Campaign Committee, W. E. Cadbury, '01; Northfield Committee, G. S. Garrett, '02; Finance Committee, E. E. Tront, '02; Missionary Committee, G. H. Thomas, '02; Religious Meetings Committee, A. C. Wood, Jr., '02; Room Committee, H. J. Cadbury, '03; "Galilee Mission" Committee, W. W. Pusey, 2nd, '02.

At the Seventh Annual Relay Carnival held under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania on Franklin Field Saturday, April 20th, Haverford was represented by A. R. Yearsley, '01, captain; R. J. Ross, '02; J. B. Haviland, '03, and J. K. Worthington, '03. Rutgers College, Swarthmore College, New York University, and the College of the City of New York were entered in the same event. Haverford came out third.

The twentieth-eighth annual oratorical contest for the Alumni prize took place in Alumni Hall on April 8th. Parker S. Williams, '94, acted as chairman, introducing the speakers and their subjects as follows:

- Robert E. Lee.....Ellis Yarnall Brown, Jr
An Unavoidable Responsibility,
Richard Patton
- The Character of Warren Hastings,
John Sharpless Fox
- Chénier, a Martyr of the Revolution,
William Pyle Philips
- The Gotterdammerung of the Seas,
George John Walenta
- The Wisdom of Goethe. Edgar Howard Boles
- The Maker of an Empire
Arthur Ralston Yearsley

William Varney Dennis had been chosen by the faculty as a contestant, but was prevented from participating by illness. During the evening the College Mandolin Club played several pieces. The judges, Hon. Dimner Beeber, Hon.

George V. Massey and Joseph G. Rosengarten awarded the prize of fifty dollars in books to William Pyle Philips, '02, with honorable mention of Edgar Howard Boles, '02, and George John Walenta, '01.

The class of 1902 gave their Junior Entertainment in Alumni Hall on April 10th. The exercises were an elaborate comedy entitled, "Abon's Broth, or How the King Killed Time." In an oriental setting a variety of regular college performances gave enjoyment to the sad King Henpekt Bya Thousandwives and to an overflowing house of invited guests. For the first time the reception was held in the new gymnasium which had been decorated for the occasion within and without, and where refreshments were provided for both ear and palate.

A monthly meeting of the Scientific Club was held in the Chemical lecture room on April 2nd. Dr. Pratt spoke on monkeys. He told of their various divisions, both in the old world and the new. In the new world are the Sapajious, the Sagduins, and the Marmosets. In the old world are the monkeys proper, the baboons, and the apes. Under this latter class are the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the ourang-atan, and the gibbon. He also described the latest connecting-link. It is the Pithecanthropus, so called by its discoverer, Dubois. It was found in 1894 in the island of Borneo, or rather, it has been reconstructed from the femur, the skull cap, and two teeth found there at that time. It is just half way between the lowest man and the highest ape. Dr. Bolles spoke very interestingly on the distribution of gold and silver with the methods of mining them.

At the close of the meeting Dr. Hall and several of the under-graduates were elected to membership in the society.

EXCHANGES.

THE April number of the HAVERFORDIAN appeared on time upon the 10th of the month. Seventeen days later an exchange arrived from one of our prominent Pennsylvania colleges, the solitary editorial of which corresponded so evidently in thought and phraseology with a certain article in our own last issue that we feel it would be of general interest to print portions of each in parallel columns:

President Sharpless has frequently commented upon the *sensible* and well-read attitude of the average Haverford graduate.

With an increasing tendency to specialization, wider reading must be maintained in order to keep up to this standard of the past; therefore for this reason the resources of our excellent library should be put to better use than at present.

In times past, the *curricula* at Haverford and most other educational institutions did not permit such scope in electives. * * * This encouraged outside reading exclusive of college studies; hence the student acquired an independent knowledge of good literature and the broad mind that accompanies it. But within the last few years, Haverford has been offering courses of such varied character that, the classical man is no longer bound down to mathematics through out his course, and *vice versa*, the linguistic man can specialize and the mechanical turn of mind can also be given free play.

This makes patent the fact that unless some effort is made to gain general information by reading outside the curriculum, the student will become narrow minded. * *

We frequently hear college men urged very strongly to acquire the habit of sound and sensible reading. * *

With our increasing tendency toward specialization it is hard to acquire and maintain a high standard. B—— possesses an excellent library, free of access to all her students, so there is no reason why any B—— student should fail to come up to the standard.

B——'s *curricula* formerly were not very elastic and permitted no large scope in electives. This was an incentive to reading exclusive of the college studies and the student acquired considerable independent knowledge and broadening of the mind.

B—— has constantly been adding electives in her various courses until from this year on the whole senior year consists of elective studies. The classical man can confine himself more completely to his special liking and the mathematical and scientific man can indulge his peculiar fancy.

It at once becomes evident that general information must be acquired and the broadening of the mind must be effected by much reading outside of the curriculum. Without this the student becomes narrow-minded. * * * *

The theory of mental telepathy is not yet so generally accepted as to explain this similarity. To be sure the contents of our magazine are not copyrighted, and its sentiments do, we hope, warrant repetition; yet common courtesy demands that borrowed thoughts be tagged with quotation marks.

The *Delaware College Review* is suffering from an apparently incurable malady. For a number of months the same conditions have persisted with so little change as to seem chronic. We would diagnose the symptoms as follows: Beneath the pretentious title "Verse" is written in smallest type "No copy handed in" or "Copy handed in too late." Five out of the seven departments report these legends as their only contributions. From an unprofessional point of view we would prescribe a good dose of censure for the delinquent editors of the board. And unless speedy recovery ensues nothing but the amputation of the diseased members can preserve the entire body from death.

Several months ago the *Dickinson Literary Monthly* contained a personal adventure entitled "Starring With Nordica." In a vivid and realistic paper the writer related his thrilling experiences when acting as *super* with the famous opera singer. He has been rewarded by a personal letter from Madam Nordica, which is printed. We congratulate both the writer and the monthly for this highly original and interesting circumstance.

Professor: "What made the god Vulcan lame?"

Bright Freshman: "He had a fall."

Professor: "What caused his fall?"

Bright Freshman: "He was walking on top of Mt. Olympus and slipped on a thunder peal."—Ex.

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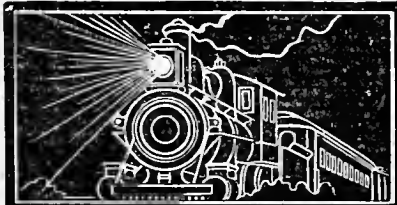
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THE HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIII, No. 4

JUNE, 1901

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VOL. XXIII.

HAVERFORD, JUNE, 1901.

NO. 4.

The Haverfordian

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Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

SINCE the publication of our last issue the first number of the "Haverford College Bulletin" has made its appearance. It is a booklet of twenty-six pages, issued by the Alumni Committee, descriptive of the educational, moral and athletic conditions of Haverford College. It is beautifully illustrated on every page with photogravures of well-known scenes from buildings and lawn. As an advertising medium this attractive little book should meet with prompt success and as a souvenir it should be welcomed by every one to whom Haverford scenes are familiar.

AS the long summer day is drawing to a close, when the voices on the lawn have spent their last echoes and the melodious chirp of the cricket bat has died away in the lowering darkness; when here and there a firefly sparkles out a faint glimmer as he flits his way through the gloom, and through your open windows comes the whirr of the stray June-bug, a giddy reveller, in quest of the flame that dazzles and intoxicates; and as the first whiff of night-air caresses you soothingly on the cheek, ye shades of Lethe! what rhapsody with your bosom friend to lie and muse and blink at the kindling stars! Thoughts seem to take on material form and rise like curling wreaths of smoke to the ceiling, where they melt into one and linger and anon vanish.

Did you ever stop to think that perfect friendship is the friendship of two? Add a third and the charm is broken, that draws the two closer together, and together upward. The triumvirates of the classics were never healthy. Damon and Pythias could not brook a sharer in their happy friendship, not even the sovereign of Greece. So it was in the ancient world, so in the modern, so it is this night when the hands of the clock are pointing eight, that "you and a friend beside you" are the type of true intimacy. Then it is "under four eyes," as the Germans say, that your soul can pour itself out, can lavish its confidence and bestow its sympathy. Sentiments, so sacred and dear that they have as yet failed of definite shaping in your own mind, now find expression. The mist that hovers thick around your loftiest castles in the air is unhesitatingly wafted away. To open your heart to your bosom friend

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IN preparing its students for their life occupation, a college must have a two-fold object in view—a general fundamental training and special instruction along lines of future activity. The curriculum at Haverford combines these two about equally. During the first two years a fixed course is pursued by all the students. At the end of the Sophomore year every man leaves the "beaten track" prescribed by the faculty, and for the second half of his career must select from a wide assortment of electives a course for himself. This choice is a decision of such importance that it should be made neither hastily nor from biased or trivial motives.

Too often in the choice of electives, the prejudice against a professor or his notorious reputation as "a hard marker" influences the decision. At times the small amount of work required in a certain subject and the large number of friends that expect to take it settle the matter. Such a tendency is quite inconsistent with the best Haverford standards of honest scholarship, and should be strongly discouraged. It leads, moreover, to all the evils of a haphazard, patch work course, and those who choose subjects just because they are said to be easy, often in fact defeat their own purpose. For isolated, easy subjects require more work than a group of studies which, though individually more difficult, by their relation mutually elucidate each other. At many colleges the so-called "Group System" enforces unity of electives. But at Haverford a less restrictive rule places students on their own responsibility. This harmony of studies should not be confined to a single year's course, but the work of Junior and Senior years should supplement and complete each other.

A man half way through college has usually learned somewhat of his own natural bent and abilities and has formulated from them, in more or less definite form, a plan for his life work. To him these considerations may rightly be aids in the selection of his electives. Whether preparing for a profession or for business he can begin his particular line of work at college before entering a professional school. And yet while looking forward to the future and while endeavoring to preserve the unity of his college course, he must beware of the pitfalls of ultra-specialization, which in the present age threatens to destroy the broadness and versatility of college men.

NOT long ago a prominent exchange remarked that a "quite lively competition" was going on for offices in the various associations of the institution, of which it is the representative. At many colleges such a squib might well form the text for a lengthy sermon on the evils of political "wire-pulling" as commonly practised, but in the case of Haverford, where fraternity and factional feeling are almost unknown, the tendency is otherwise. We are not troubled here by the phenomenon of the "man seeking the office;" we could sometimes stand a more thorough search on the part of the office for the *best* man, but this again is the exceptional case. At this time of year, when re-elections keep our Directory in a chronic state of change, we may well pause to congratulate ourselves upon the immunity we enjoy from the conventional office-seeking scramble.

AS our college year comes to an end and the last HAVERFORDIAN of the spring term goes to press, we are stimulated to utter the thought which holds our minds with regard to the recent differences between certain individuals in different classes of this college.

We mention no names, collectively or individually, but wish to emphasize the importance of doing away with all such petty strife and jealousy.

In the first place, there are occasions upon which it is necessary that the college should have a united front—occasions when the spirit of Haverford has to undergo a severe test, and when the previous knocking out of the underpinning, even though enthusiasm and determination are present, has caused trouble.

Second, harmony within the walls of Haverford is a necessary concomitant to the maintenance of good fellowship, that

reliance upon the efficacy of friend aiding friend. Each human twig on the tree is not sufficient in itself to withstand the strain; but, in cases where the twigs are flourishing, several bound together will resist all attempts to break the bundle, and we can stand secure against mental, moral, and physical ravaging.

Let us strive therefore that the true spirit which has heretofore prevailed may not be sapped by internal laxation from whole-hearted unity, and that whatever we do may be done with the understanding that Haverford's welfare is vitally concerned.

A POET'S GIFT TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(Everett Society Prize Oration)

FOR centuries the people of France had labored under the tyranny of a selfish despotism. They had been subjected to every humiliation, burdened with every form of oppression which human ingenuity could devise. Their toil was only for the production of an abundance to glut the avarice of the clergy and the nobility. Finally, impelled to action by repeated insult, spurred to resistance by continued indignity, they arose in the might of their wrath, and, with the fury kindled by the degradation of years, cast down the haughty tyrants from their seats. Their bold deed inflamed all Europe; their lofty ideals pervaded the world. Their effort quickened men with buoyant hope for a new era in human liberty. All looked with eager expectancy to the result. And all were disappointed. For the people who had shown themselves so powerful to demolish the corrupt institutions under which they had suffered were totally incapable of rearing a better structure. They entrusted their blood-bought treasure to a few unscrupulous demagogues and at last emerged from the chaos the blind and grovelling worshippers of a selfish and ambitious conqueror. The enemies of freedom were

now secure. Hopeful mankind sank into abject pessimism and despair. The fight for liberty, equality and fraternity, the struggle for the rights of the individual, had failed. The years of the Revolution had passed in vain.

In this hour of deep gloom there appeared in England a youth who snatched from oblivion those primal ideas which lay at the foundation of the great upheaval, who interpreted them, imparted to them an eternal significance and revealed them, strengthened with a force equalled only by that of the Revolution itself, to the disappointed and dejected world.

This man, a poet, a youthful zealot radiant with optimism, a wild dreamer, an active lover of humanity, was the restless, ethereal Shelley.

Never before had the world seen a man more thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of one of the most momentous periods in history. Never a man who more faithfully perpetuated the influence of such a period. With remarkable grasp and insight, Shelley, while all his contemporaries were deep in foreboding for the future of the race, seized the true splendor of his imaginative genius, gave it forth to the world in the full revelation

of its power and import for the future.

Casting aside Rousseau's doctrine of the perfectibility of man by a retrogression into the savage state, he looked forward to a Golden Age which should see the triumph of the intellect, the rule of the individual and the unbounded power of universal love. If he aimed to abolish conventionalities, it was not in a mere wanton spirit of destruction, nor with a view to a return to savagery, where "simplicity, ignorance, innocence and unsociability" would hold sway. He desired a new and better order of things, a state in which the mind of the individual should be supreme. Here would be true Freedom; "Virtue and Hope and Love and Light" would surround the world.

This is the society which Shelley would have substituted for that of his own day, and the persistent call for such an organization in human affairs is the message of his poetry. In vague and mystical language, he has revealed to man the eternal axioms of the Divine, leaving to others their development and more direct application. And this development, in spite of the vagueness of the poet, has been made possible. The ideas of Shelley have found a place in all theories which have since been proposed for the betterment of man. He has brought men to see that society should be guided by principles based upon reason and intelligence and not merely upon the lines of ancient custom.

In his aim thus to destroy existing conditions in order to open the way for the establishment of his ideal state, Shelley proposed a change more radical than he himself could have anticipated accomplishing. And it is well that he has done so. For, when a man advocates a reform, he must, whether from intention or not, strive for something beyond what he can reasonably expect to attain. The conservative element in the human mind hesitates to make any change, and often it is only through suggesting extreme measures that the pettiest reforms can be inaugurated. So with Shelley. Fired

with the spirit of the Revolution, animated by the vigor of his youth, he aimed to destroy the whole structure of society and to rebuild it in a day. This was but the dream of immaturity. Those who followed him modified his theories as he would have modified them, until there took place no mad overthrow of the old institutions, but a gradual transition from the old to the new in society and government.

To declare that these changes were due to the influence of Shelley alone would be unjust to other great workers in the cause, but that the force of his character was responsible for their early consummation is undeniable. He is the chief apostle of the modern humanitarianism. The principles which he has preserved from the gloom succeeding the failure of the Revolution have won approval with all men, and they have developed, through the efforts of the great minds who took up the poet's work, into a widespread feeling of benevolence. Talk of human charity, exhortation to a higher ideal of brotherhood, fill the air, until the words themselves have almost become monotonous. Shelley's message of the fraternity of man is the inspiring genius of modern philanthropy and the essence of our Christian teaching.

This heritage of accomplished fact in the realm of democracy, human fellowship and intellectual freedom has the poet bequeathed to our new century.

He awakened men from a torpid slumber, entranced them with visions of new ideals, roused them from the spell and inflamed them with a passion to make these ideals realities. Men obeyed his voice. They are now obeying it,—not with the impetuosity which he urged, but by a slow and steady advance toward the goal of perfection. At intervals, forces must act to quicken the lagging pace, but the voice of Shelley still sounds and even now impels man to strenuous zeal for his fellowman, to a more rational appreciation of the wealth of the present

and a loftier conception of the possibilities of the future.

Rejecting, then, his ultra-revolutionary ideas, we may readily distinguish in his poetry those principles upon which all modern philanthropic thought is based, and by this process of selection, we shall have obtained an insight into

the poet's divine mission, we shall understand his importance as the sleepless voice of the French Revolution and we shall see in him the herald, not only of a century's progress in human brotherhood, but of the perfection to be achieved in the great millennium.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

PROF. S. K. Gifford has been granted leave of absence for 1901-2. He will spend the year with his family in Europe. Herman L. Ebeling, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins University, has been appointed in his place. Dr. Ebeling has been for seven years Professor of Greek in Miami University, Ohio.

Prof. William C. Ladd has also been granted leave of absence. He will continue his work in Biblical Literature in the University of Chicago. Arrangements for his duties at the college have not yet been completed.

Dr. F. A. Saunders has resigned his place as Instructor in Physics, and Edward Rhoads, Ph. D., has been appointed in his place. Dr. Rhoads is a graduate of Haverford of '93 and received his Doctor's degree from Johns Hopkins. He was two years Instructor in Physics in the Worcester (Mass.) Technical Institute and is now studying and teaching in Cambridge, England.

Prof. Ernest W. Brown has been asked by the American Mathematical Society to give a course of four lectures on "Celestial Mechanics," at its summer meeting, which is to be held in August at Ithaca, N. Y.

Dr. H. S. Pratt has in press "A Course in Invertebrate Zoology—A Guide to the Dissection and Comparative Study of Invertebrate Animals" (Ginn & Co). It is a text book for Colleges and Normal schools.

Dr. Hancock's novel, "Henry Bourland; the Passing of the Cavalier," has

been issued by Macmillans. In this book, while giving the biography of a southern planter after the Civil War, the author has endeavored to interpret sympathetically the political conditions of the southern states during the Reconstruction. It is a story of the extinction of the old aristocratic ideal of the South, and it details the facts of negro domination, carpet bag rule, ku klux atrocities and their consequences.

The following extract from a letter written by one Haverfordian to another without thought of publication, may be interesting as showing the opinion of a fair judge on the standards of Haverford. The writer has had experience in the faculties of important institutions both east and west:—

I want to say a short word here about Haverford. You know I have had some opportunity to study college policy at different institutions. But what I wish to say has no reference in particular to that institution or to this. It relates to the college situation in general. I think that in the last ten years, more particularly in the last five, all the universities have started in upon a grand policy of expansion. And this means a rush for money and for students. And this means again, as you may easily see, taking in any student who will come no matter what his attainments and holding on to him no matter what sort of work he does, offering a great number of cheap courses by cheap men and additional inducements in the form of athletics and

numerous scholarships. In short it means running a college as you would run a circus, by advertising and noise instead of by honest work of the sort that a college is supposed to do. The thing shows itself more openly in the west because people here are as a rule franker, but it is by no means confined to the west; and I don't think any one can appreciate how far the tendency has spread who is not in the college-world himself. Well—the meaning of all this is that as far as I can see, Haverford is one of the few places that is free from this sort of thing. When I look back at what they gave us at Haverford I am surprised at the quality of it in comparison to what they give at other places. There were some things that they did not pretend to give except as side-issues, but what they set out to give us was of the best qual-

ity there was. As a result I think we had a real academic atmosphere at Haverford of a sort that you rarely find in this country and as far as I can see it is going to be kept up. Another college with its opportunity would have advertised and expanded until its five dollar gold piece covered a mile. But Haverford has steadily clung to the policy of doing all that it pretended to do. As a result it has always done more than it pretended to do. The conditions which exist there, especially when we compare it with other institutions, both large and small, seem to me to make it almost an ideal academic institution. I suppose we all appreciate this to some extent, but I believe the time is coming when we shall be forced to appreciate it even more strongly.

HARVARD LETTER.

ALTHOUGH this is in one way a rather unfortunate time to appeal for some news of Haverfordians at Harvard—for we are right in the midst of examination work—in another way you have happened on the most likely, for it is at this iced-tea, cricket-season that I think all true Haverfordians find their thoughts and longings turning college-ward. Surely at this time of the year there is no such spot—but of all its beauty you who are in its midst must know.

I have often thought, however, since coming up to this tremendous American University of a remark of some old fellow in Sophocles. "Seldom at all" he says, "good things be known how good to be before a man do loose such things out of his hand." It is so about Haverford. In coming up here Haverfordians not only approach the University with a clear perspective through which they

may gauge justly its worth and potentialities but they all look back with appreciation to the four good years that they have left behind and which now are lost "out of hand."

On leaving Haverford a fellow, if he has grasped the full significance of the place, does not think he knows it all. He is ready to set out into life with a keen thirst for more knowledge and a desire for more work and he realizes that his four years have fitted him for it.

When a man comes first to Harvard he is in awe of the great whirl of life into which he hardly sees his entrance. He soon realizes that he is now thrown more on his own resources than at the small college and at once "goes in," as the saying is, for some branch of activity. No one takes much notice of a man here at Harvard who doesn't make his own struggle for some end or other. But just as soon as he makes his caliber

known he is recognized, and suddenly some fine evening he is made aware of his election to this or that branch of interest. He then realizes that he is one of the constituent parts of the great lump of protoplasm that at first seemed so impossible to him. This awe has now changed into admiration.

This sense of perspective of which I speak makes a Haverfordian, I believe, in coming to Harvard see certain things which, if he had been here from his Freshman year, he would not have noted. Perhaps no one thing has impressed the five 1900 men up here this year more than the position of favor in which Haverford is held. This is not only true of the undergraduate body but of the Faculty. The brand of Haverfordian acts as a passport, it is the great counter-sign to give when on any mission to the college office.

It is: "I am Mr. So-and-So, of Haverford," and the answer is always: "Oh, yes, Mr. So-and-So, and what may I do for you?"

At this season of the year it would seem that you should know something of cricket. Unfortunately those of us who play up here are hampered on every side and we have to fight for every favor we get. However we have had some very good matches with the various small New-England factory towns such as Lowell, Lynn, Brockton, etc. There are many English mill hands in these

towns and wherever an Englishman is found you will find cricket of some kind or another.

These games were many of them very amusing experiences and "the 'arvards" were always welcomed with much hospitality. Some of the cricket lunches at these games were very unique and worth mentioning. At Brockton, I remember, we had a great side of roast-beef, ate and a more or less typical English lunch.

We played one very good match at St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, where they have a capital wicket and some playing masters, who are very keen about the game. The same could hardly be said of the boys—who much to the disgust of their pedagogues prefer the great National game of—rowdyism.

The year up here has slipped by like a snake in the grass. It was first impressions, mid-years, Easter, and spring at a burst before we had time to do half of the things we had planned.

Coming from a small college we feel that it has done us indescribable good to have a taste of University life, especially in such a splendid place as Harvard.

I should like to write to the Haverfordian of the college papers here, but find that I have already made new boundaries. We won't run it out. Best wishes to good old Haverford and success to the paper.

W. W. J., Jr.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

'54. John B. Garrett delivered the commemoration address at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia on May 18th.

'58. James Wood acted again this year as clerk of New York Yearly Meeting.

'65. Professor Allen C. Thomas was lately elected a member of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., one of the oldest and most distinguished associations in America. The membership is strictly limited.

'72. R. H. Thomas was at Haverford

meeting on the 2nd of April. He sailed for Great Britain on the first of June.

'76. S. K. Gifford sailed for Europe on June 5th. —

'82. Prof. George A. Barton recently entertained the History of Religions Club in Founder's Hall.

'84. A. P. Smith presided at the recent contest for the Everett Society

'85. Rufus M. Jones has been selected as a lecturer in the settlement for Bible Study to be held at Scarborough, England, during next August. Some of the other speakers at this conference, well known to Haverfordians, are: J. Rendel Harris, Edward Grubb and President Isaac Sharpless.

'86. On June 1st, at Reading, Mich., Wilfred W. White was married to Miss Edith H. Dunton. Their address will be 7333 Greenwood avenue, Chicago, Ill.

'87. Major Edw. B. Cassatt, U. S. A., is military attaché at the United States Embassy in London, and attended the King at a recent review of the Scot's Guard.

'91. E. A. Uffington Valentine has an illustrated poem, "The Ship of Silence" in Scribner's Magazine for May.

'92. Dr. Rufus H. Hall was married on April 30th to Miss Bertha Louise Gardner at West Acton, Mass. They will reside at 98 Chelsea St., Everett, Mass.

'94. Parker S. Williams was one of the judges in the recent Everett Society Oratorical Contest at the college.

'96. A paper has appeared in the

"Appalachia" by J. Henry Scattergood on "The Beaverfoot Valley and Mt. Mollison and Notes on the Location of Mt. Vaux and Chancellor Park (Canadian Rockies)."

'96. Homer J. Webster is principal of the Nagaunee (Michigan) High School.

Ex-'98. Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Albert Syze to Miss Laura S. Huckins, of Rochester, N. H., on June 12th.

'00. W. S. Hinchman, W. W. Justice, jr., and S. W. Mifflin played for Harvard in the cricket game against Haverford on May 18th.

Ex-'00. Wm. G. Freedley, Jr., has been installed as junior partner in the firm of J. K. Freedley and Sons.

Ex-'00. H. H. Kingston, Jr., has gone into partnership in the Wholesale Paper Broker business under the firm name of Rowland and Kingston, at 205 Walnut Place, Philadelphia.

Ex-'00. G. M. P. Murphy was chosen by his class at West Point Military Academy to write a "Furlough Play."

Ex-'01. Russell E. Thomas is Editor-in-Chief of the "Brown and White," of Lehigh University.

The following have engaged passage on the S. S. "Noordland," sailing from Philadelphia, for June 15th: Alfred C. Garrett, '87, J. Henry Bartlett, '94, Stanley R. Yarnell, '92, Walter W. Haviland, '93, W. W. Cadbury, '98, and J. W. Cadbury, '01.

Among the speakers at the Educational Conference of Friends held in Germantown, on May 11th, were Joel Cadbury, '56, Davis H. Forsythe, '81, William F. Wickersham, '85, William F. Overman, '89, and J. H. Bartlett, '94.

CRICKET DEPARTMENT.

First Eleven Matches.

HAVERFORD vs. GERMANTOWN.

ON Saturday, May 4th at Manheim the team defeated a representative Germantown aggregation in an interesting match, although the home team showed its need of practice. W. P. Newhall and White opened to the bowling of Bevan and Wood, and neither seemed to be at ease. The wickets fell fast, for the bowling was on the spot, and the crease seemed to play somewhat erratically. Newhall and Brockie made a stand for a short time, and though Pearson livened matters up somewhat, the side was eventually out for 102. The bowling was good throughout, and the fielding was decidedly sharp.

The first Haverford wicket fell at 19, and at 31 Bevan was caught; but the stand by Wood and Patton, which brought the score to 88, was a good example of the forcing game on a bumping wicket. Patton's 45 included four 4's and five 3's, while Wood scored mainly on sharp runs to extra cover and draws to leg. The rest of the side gave little trouble, but the game was won when the sixth wicket fell. The score:—

GERMANTOWN.

W. Newhall, b. Patton	21
G. R. White, c. Gummere, b. Bevan.....	4
P. H. Clark, l. b. w. Wood.....	8
J. N. Henry, c. Patton, b. Wood.....	0
J. E. C. Morton, b. Bevan.....	0
A. H. Brockie, b. Wood.....	12
C. S. Newhall, b. Patton.....	0
J. H. Brockie, c. Morris, b. Wood.....	13
R. L. Pearson, not out.....	14
R. L. Perot, c. Morris, b. Patton.....	4
P. Bissell, b. Cookman.....	4
Extras	22

Total 102

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Wood	96	32	3	4
Bevan	36	22	0	2
Patton	60	26	2	3
Cookman	2	0	0	1

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, c. Morton, b. Clark.....	12
L. W. DeMotte, b. Morton.....	9

E. J. Bevan, c. S. Newhall, b. Morton..	5
A. C. Wood, c. W. Newhall, b. Henry....	23
R. H. Patton, c. W. Newhall, b. Henry..	45
R. M. Gummere, b. Henry.....	0
A. S. Cookman, b. W. Newhall.....	5
F. W. Sharp, not out.....	4
J. B. Drinker, c. Morton, b. W. Newhall..	0
W. V. Dennis, run out.....	4
D. A. Roberts, did not bat.....	
Extras	11

Total (9 wickets) 118

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Clark	54	29	2	1
Morton	48	33	0	2
Bissell	18	22	0	0
Henry	34	23	1	3
W. P. Newhall	18	0	3	2

HAVERFORD VS. PHILADELPHIA.

Played at Wissahickon, Wednesday May 8th. On a perfect wicket Patton won the toss, and sent Carter and Morris to bat against the bowling of Climensson and Stewart. At 15 Carter was caught at third man. Wood now assisted Morris in putting on 99 runs before the latter was caught at mid-on for a splendid innings of 61. Gummere and Wood put on ten runs before Wood was caught by Sheppard for a well-played 45. Cookman hit hard for 21, and the innings was declared at 178, with six wickets down. Goodman and Bohlen completely collared our bowling and put on 126 before Bohlen was caught by Wood. He was in beautiful form. The bowling improved at this juncture, and the next four wickets fell quickly, aided by some fast fielding. Goodman completed the first century of the season before he retired; and hit in magnificent style all round the wicket. The score:—

HAVERFORD.

C. H. Carter, c. Stewart, b. Climensson...	12
C. C. Morris, c. sub. b. Climensson.....	61
A. C. Wood, c. Sheppard, b. Climensson...	45
L. W. DeMotte, c. Climensson, b. Tilling- hast	0
H. H. Morris, run out.....	5
R. M. Gummere, l. b. w., b. Rodgers....	18
A. S. Cookman, not out.....	21
R. H. Patton, did not bat.....	
F. W. Sharp, did not bat.....	
E. J. Bevan, did not bat.....	

D. A. Roberts, did not bat.....	
Extras	17
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Totals (six wickets).....	178

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Climenson	114	62	1	3
Stewart	24	21	0	0
Bohlen	18	22	0	0
Goodman	18	22	0	0
Rodgers	8	0	1	1
Clark	18	30	0	0
Tillinghast	24	4	2	1

PHILADELPHIA.

W. E. Goodman, c. and b. Wood.....	103
F. H. Bohlen, c. Wood, b. Patton.....	43
Woolley, c. C. Morris, b. Patton.....	0
I. S. Donohugh, run out.....	0
H. W. Helmbold, c. and b. Wood.....	6
A. W. Tillinghast, run out.....	14
H. L. Clark, not out.....	1
Stewart, Sheppard, Climenson, Rodgers, did not bat.	
Extras	11
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Total	178

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Patton	69	41	2	2
DeMotte	36	38	0	0
Wood	36	33	0	2
Bevan	12	15	0	0
Cookman	12	19	0	0
Gummere	12	11	0	0

HAVERFORD VS. GERMANTOWN ZINGARI.

Played at Haverford, May 11th. In spite of the rain the game was played to a finish, and showed Haverford's lack of ability to play the forcing game on a sticky wicket. Clark bowled magnificently and had the Haverford men at his mercy. Henry batted well for 61, while R. D. Brown, aided by some luck carried his bat for 44. Wood bowled best, and Patton and Morris hit hard for 20 and 22. The fielding was decidedly *sharp*. The score:—

ZINGARI.

P. H. Clark, c. Sharp b. Wood.....	0
F. H. Bohlen, c. Sharp, b. DeMotte.....	18
J. N. Henry, c. Drinker, b. Patton.....	61
J. Cauffman, b. Wood.....	3
R. D. Brown, not out.....	44
S. R. Morgan, b. Drinker.....	0
R. L. Perot, run out.....	0
J. M. Lachlan, c. Sharp, b. Patton.....	9
F. C. Brewster, c. Sharp, b. Wood.....	0
E. P. Bissell, c. Drinker, b. Wood.....	0
S. H. Carpenter, c. Carter, b. Patton....	1

Extras	3
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Total	139

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Wood	96	33	1	4
DeMotte	78	42	3	1
Patton	31	30	0	3
Drinker	24	26	0	1

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, b. Clark.....	22
L. W. DeMotte, b. Bissell.....	3
C. H. Carter, b. Bissell.....	3
A. C. Wood, b. Clark.....	1
R. H. Patton, c. Brown, b. Clark.....	20
H. H. Morris, b. Clark.....	30
A. S. Cookman, c. Morgan, b. Bissell....	2
R. M. Gummere, c. Henry, b. Bissell....	3
F. W. Sharp, b. Clark.....	9
D. A. Roberts, b. Clark.....	5
J. B. Drinker, not out.....	0
Extras	9
Total	83

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Clark	100	21	7	6
Bissell	84	42	0	4
Henry	12	3	1	0

HAVERFORD VS. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Played at Manhiem, Wednesday May 15th. This game, disappointing from a Haverford standpoint, both in batting and bowling, showed the importance of having a bowler who can keep a perfect length and change of pace. Though seven bowlers were used, there was no one who tied up the Pennsylvania batting or gave it any consecutive apprehension. The secret of our opponent's success was the combination of O'Neill's slow curving left-hand delivery, and Climenson's fast right, augmented by accuracy and the above mentioned change of pace.

Haverford won the toss, and Patton and Morris started as if they meant business. Patton's hitting was hard, and he scored nearly all the runs. At 34 Morris was bowled by Climenson. The next wickets fell with monotonous regularity; and all were ill at ease, though Wood and Cookman made the total look more respectable. At lunch nine wickets were down for 97 runs, and upon resuming

Cookman was soon bowled for a valuable up-hill innings of 22. O'Neill's analysis, 4 for 39, was particularly good on such a perfect wicket.

Evans and O'Neill ran the total up to 45 for the first wicket, when O'Neill had to leave for a well-played 30. Morehead, who subsequently made 49, should never have been allowed to reach double figures. He hit hard, however, and took advantage of the shortness in pitch of Haverford's bowling. The tail-enders, with the exception of Christman, gave no trouble, and Cookman bowled them quickly down. The score:—

HAVERFORD.

R. H. Patton, b. O'Neill.....	29
C. C. Morris, b. Climenson.....	5
A. C. Wood, c. and b. Climenson.....	19
R. M. Gummere, c. Austin, b. O'Neill....	4
C. H. Carter, b. Climenson.....	5
F. W. Sharp, run out.....	8
L. W. DeMotte, run out.....	0
H. H. Morris, c. Rush, b. Climenson.....	2
A. S. Cookman, b. O'Neill.....	22
D. A. Roberts, l. b. w., b. O'Neill.....	0
N. A. Scott, not out.....	7
Extras	4
Total	105

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
O'Neill	142	39	8	4
Climenson	144	62	7	4

PENNSYLVANIA.

J. L. Evans, b. Scott.....	18
W. P. O'Neill, b. Wood.....	30
H. P. Austin, run out.....	10
F. Morehead, c. DeMotte, b. Gummere..	49
T. C. Jordan, l. b. w., b. Scott.....	11
W. Graham, c. H. H. Morris, b. Cookman	16
L. H. Rush, b. Cookman.....	0
Smith, b. Cookman.....	0
Harned, c. Carter, b. Cookman.....	1
Christman, l. b. w., b. Cookman.....	21
S. G. Climenson, not out.....	3
Extras	14
Total	173

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Wood	78	36	5	1
Patton	42	28	0	0
Sharp	18	8	0	0
Gummere	30	24	1	1
Scott	48	36	1	2
Cookman	39	21	1	5
Carter	18	6	1	0

Apropos of the fall of the second wicket during the innings of the University

of Pennsylvania, we feel called upon to make a definite announcement. The ball was bowled, Austin snicked it into the slips, and C. C. Morris made a doubtful catch upon which he appealed. He immediately threw the ball to the wicket-keeper and the wicket was put down. The umpire meanwhile gave not out with regard to the appeal for a catch, but declared the batsman out upon appeal for a run out. As certain remarks have been circulated that this action was unsportmanlike, we wish to vindicate the position of the team and calm the fears of all who are apprehensive with regard to the matter.

HAVERFORD vs. HARVARD.

Played at Cambridge, May 18th. In a drizzling rain Haverford defeated Harvard on Soldier's Field. The wicket was not good, but during Haverford's innings the ball came like lightning off the pitch, and it was necessary to play forward to everything possible. Harvard batted first, and Hinchman, Pasea, Justice and Fairweather were quickly disposed of. Mifflin and Drinkwater, however, made a stand and the luncheon hour saw them still together. Afterwards, however, Scott and Patton rattled down the wickets in short order.

Morris and Wood, who opened for Haverford, put on thirty runs before Wood left; and Morris continued to bat in brilliant style until he placed his leg in front of a straight one from Mifflin. His 49 included six fours and eight two's. The bowling was not particularly strong, and Haverford won with six wickets still intact. The score:—

HARVARD.

W. S. Hinchman, c. C. C. Morris, b. Wood	0
A. Drinkwater, run out.....	17
Pasea, c. DeMotte, b. Scott.....	1
W. W. Justice, b. Scott.....	2
J. H. A. L. Fairweather, b. Scott.....	0
S. W. Mifflin, c. DeMotte, b. Patton....	28
Tyng, c. Cookman, b. Scott.....	12
O. Paul, b. Patton.....	0
V. Mather, not out.....	5
Moore, b. Scott	0
O. Chew, b. Scott.....	1

Extras	33
Total	90

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Patton	48	20	1	2
DeMotte	36	14	3	0
Scott	85	27	5	6
Cookman	6	2	0	0
Wood	30	4	2	1

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, l. b. w., b. Mifflin.....	49
A. C. Wood, b. Justice.....	14
R. H. Patton, b. Hinchman.....	10
C. H. Carter, c. Justice, b. Hinchman....	0
R. M. Gummere, not out.....	9
L. W. DeMotte, not out.....	14
F. W. Sharp, H. H. Morris, A. S. Cookman, D. A. Roberts, N. A. Scott, did not bat.	

Extras	5
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Total (four wickets)	101
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Hinchman	48	39	0	2
Justice	30	36	0	1
Mifflin	30	14	1	1
Chew	12	8	0	0

HAVERFORD VS. MERION SUMMER.

Played at the Merion Club, May 22nd. For Merion, Sharp and Brooking batted well, while the bowling of DeMotte was superb. For Haverford, Morris and Sharp did the best batting. The score—

MERION.

Dr. W. P. Mustard, b. DeMotte.....	1
J. W. Sharp, Jr., c. Drinker, b. DeMotte..	25
Brooking, c. Roberts, b. Wood.....	23
J. R. Vetterlein, c. C. C. Morris, b. DeMotte	0
J. H. Scattergood, c. Patton, b. Wood....	2
J. H. Morice, b. DeMotte.....	1
Bennett, c. H. H. Morris, b. DeMotte....	4
E. H. Lycett, b. DeMotte.....	0
R. Houghton, b. DeMotte.....	3
H. C. Weeks, b. DeMotte.....	21
A. L. Baily, not out.....	0
Extras	9

Total	89
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Scott	24	17	0	0
Cookman	24	9	2	0
Wood	30	11	1	2
DeMotte	73	43	2	8

HAVERFORD.

C. C. Morris, c. Houghton, b. Bennett....	36
A. C. Wood, b. Morice	14
F. W. Sharp, c. Baily, b. Mustard.....	34

J. B. Drinker, c. Vetterlein, b. Mustard..	8
R. M. Gummere, not out.....	26
D. A. Roberts, b. Morice.....	1
N. A. Scott, not out.....	0
H. H. Morris, R. H. Patton, L. W. DeMotte, A. S. Cookman, did not bat.	
Extras	13

Total (five wickets)	132
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Morice	54	28	1	2
Bennett	66	34	2	1
Dr. Mustard	24	11	1	2
Sharp	24	17	1	0
Vetterlein	30	28	1	0

Second Eleven Matches.

On May 4th, the second eleven played the Grammar School eleven, which has since won the Inter-Academic championship, defeating them by seventy-seven runs. For the college the best batting was done by Cadbury and Nicholson, for the school by Patton and E. S. Hare. The score:—

HAVERFORD SECOND XI.

A. L. Deweys, c. Sayen, b. Hare.....	9
H. H. Morris, run out.....	6
W. C. Longstreth, c. Hare, b. Sayen.....	3
W. E. Cadbury, c. Hare, b. Sayen.....	23
W. P. Bonbright, b. Sayen.....	4
N. A. Scott, c. Muller, b. Hare.....	0
E. E. Trout, c. Muller, b. Sayen.....	6
P. D. Folwell, b. Ashbridge.....	10
N. Nicholson, b. Ashbridge.....	22
C. W. Stork, b. Ashbridge.....	0
A. G. H. Spiers, c. A. G., b. E. S. Hare	18
K. P. Lowry, not out.....	10
Extras	21

Total	134
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
E. S. Hare.....	16.1	5	31*	3
G. Ashbridge, Jr.	16	3	47	3
W. H. Sayen, Jr.	11	2	28!	4
L. Lee	18	0	8	0

(* bowled 2 wides. (!) bowled 1 no ball.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

G. Ashbridge, Jr., run out.....	4
J. H. Thomas, c. sub, b. Scott.....	4
A. G. Hare, b. Stork.....	0
E. S. Hare, b. Stork.....	13
G. Patton, c. Spiers, b. Scott.....	14
W. H. Sayen, Jr., c. Cadbury, b. Stork..	3
D. A. Newhall, c. Nicholson, b. Scott....	0
W. D. R. Muller, c. Morris, b. Scott.....	0
L. Lee, c. Cadbury, b. Scott.....	8
W. L. MacCoy, c. Bonbright, b. Stork....	0
S. A. Pool, not out.....	0

H. R. Geyelin, b. Scott.....	3
Extras	4
<hr/>	
Total	57

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
N. A. Scott	8.3	0	38	5
C. W. Stork	8	1	17	5

On May the eleventh, the second eleven played the Radnor first eleven at Wayne. For the college Bevan and Scott did the best batting. Wendell was the most successful Radnor bowler. The score follows:—

HAVERFORD SECOND XI.

E. J. Bevan, c. Yeatts, b. Wendell.....	36
N. A. Scott, run out.....	43
W. C. Longstreth, b. Wendell.....	2
W. V. Dennis, b. Yeatts.....	2
W. E. Cadbury, c. Yeatts, b. Wendell....	5
A. G. H. Spiers, c. Howson, b. Mifflin..	20
P. D. Folwell, run out.....	4
S. A. Warrington, run out.....	0
E. E. Trout, b. Wendell.....	0
C. W. Stork, not out.....	13
R. P. Lowry, c. Yeatts, b. Mifflin.....	7
Extras	16
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Total	150

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
Braithwaite	4	0	12	0
E. J. Wendell	12	0	36	4
E. H. Hanson	3	0	9	0
A. B. Mifflin	6.3	1	29	2
C. H. Howson	6	1	29	0
W. S. Yeatts	12	6	18*	2

(*) b. 2 wides.

RADNOR FIRST XI.

A. B. Mifflin, c. Longstreth, b. Bevan..	5
Braithwaite, b. Scott.....	3
C. H. Howson, b. Bevan.....	0
E. H. Hanson, b. Scott.....	9
J. A. Haywood, c. and b. Scott.....	5
W. S. Yeatts, c. Spiers, b. Bevan.....	4
S. A. Abbott, not out.....	2
F. Tolan, not out.....	2
M. Randall, E. J. Wendell, F. Allen, did not bat.	
Extras	1
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Total (for six wickets).....	37

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
N. A. Scott	6	0	17	3
E. J. Bevan	6	0	19	3

On May 15th, the second team met the Penn Seniors, beating them by eighteen

runs and four wickets. The score follows:—

U. OF P. 1901.

H. Christman, c. Lowry, b. Stork.....	17
H. P. Austin, c. Dewees, b. Stork.....	8
Smith, c. Bevan, b. Stork.....	8
L. H. Rush, c. Dennis, b. Bevan.....	4
Sheppard, b. Bevan.....	1
S. G. Climenson, c. Dennis, b. Stork....	7
Rogers, b. Bevan.....	7
Mallory, b. Bevan.....	0
Dennison, b. Cadbury.....	7
Cadwallader not out.....	7
C. Nutchell, c. Longstreth, b. Dennis....	0
Extras	3
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Total	67

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
E. J. Bevan	14	5	14	4
C. W. Stork	14	1	46	4
W. E. Cadbury	1	1	0	1
W. V. Dennis	1	1	4	1

HAVERFORD SECOND XI.

A. L. Dewees, run out.....	13
E. J. Bevan, c. and b. Christman.....	7
J. B. Drinker, b. Climenson.....	5
W. E. Cadbury, not out.....	33
C. R. Cary, c. Austin, b. Climenson.....	4
W. V. Dennis, run out.....	5
W. C. Longstreth, c. Rush, b. Christman..	3
A. G. H. Spiers, not out.....	10
C. W. Stork, S. A. Warrington, R. P. Lowry, did not bat.	

Extras	5
<hr/>	
Total (for six wickets).....	85

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
Climenson	13	4	22	2
Christman	14	1	48	2
Smith	2.1	0	11	0

The Second eleven played Merion Summer on the Cricket field on May 18, winning easily. Bevan did the best bowling for us, and Bevan and Cadbury the best work with the willow. The score:—

MERION SUMMER.

H. Hinkle, c. and b. Bevan.....	2
J. P. Bankson, c. Garrett, b. Bevan....	2
J. P. Morris, c. Cary, b. Stokes.....	15
C. P. Herring, l. b. w., b. Bevan.....	2
M. H. Wetherill, c. Garrett, b. Stork....	1
W. B. Whelen, b. Bevan.....	4
W. Baker, run out.....	0
F. Y. Townsend, not out.....	13
U. M. Eshleman, c. Garrett, b. Stork....	0
E. E. Trout, b. Drinker.....	25
Extras	9
<hr/>	
Total	73

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
E. J. Bevan	10	1	20	4
C. W. Stork	12	2	21	3
G. S. Garrett	3	1	10	1
J. B. Drinker	1.3	0	8	1
W. E. Cadbury.....	1	0	1	0

HAVERFORD SECOND XI.

A. L. Dewees, c. Whelen, b. Townsend..	2
E. J. Bevan, l. b. w., b. Townsend.....	50
J. B. Drinker, l. b. w., b. Whelen.....	8
W. E. Cadbury, not out.....	23
C. R. Cary, c. and b. Whelen.....	0
W. C. Longstreth, not out.....	22
S. A. Warrington, C. W. Stork, G. S. Garrett, P. Nicholson, R. P. Lowry, did not bat.	
Extras	16

Totals (for four wickets).....121

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
Bankson	4	1	13	0
Morris	6	0	34*	0
Townsend	7	1	26*	0
Whelen	7	1	20!?	2
Herring	3	0	9!?	0

- (*) b. 1 wide.
- (!) b. 2 wides.
- (?) b. 1 no ball.

On May 22d, the second eleven played the second eleven of the Germantown Cricket Club, winning by two runs and seven wickets. For the visitors Wister and Junkurth excelled; for the college, Bevan and Dewees. The score:—

GERMANTOWN SECOND XI.

Heverin, b. Bevan.....	0
A. G. Priestman, c. Trout, b. Bevan.....	0
H. M. Shoemaker, b. Bevan.....	5
Junkurth, b. Stork.....	24
C. Wister, c. Spiers, b. Bevan.....	24
C. Brewster, b. Bevan.....	4
H. Roberts, b. Bevan.....	17
C. Pierce, not out.....	5
L. Howard-Smith, b. Stork.....	0
F. H. Tunnell, run out.....	1
J. S. Fox, b. Stork.....	0
Extras	13

Total

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
Bevan	15	3	34*	6
Stork	12.1	3	33	3
Bonbright	4	0	12	0
Cadbury	2	0	7	0

- (*) b. 2 no balls.

HAVERFORD SECOND XI.

A. L. Dewees, not out.....	38
E. J. Bevan, run out.....	46
W. P. Bonbright, c. Heverin, b. Brewster	8

A. G. H. Spiers, c. Pierce, b. Junkurth..	3
S. A. Warrington, C. W. Stork, W. E. Cadbury, W. V. Dennis, E. E. Trout, W. C. Longstreth, R. P. Lowry, did not bat	
Extras	9

Total (for 3 wickets).....104

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
Junkurth	5.2	0	36	1
Priestman	5	1	22*	0
Brewster	6	1	24*	1
Shoemaker	3	0	13*	0

- (*) b. 1 wide.

Third Eleven Matches.

Played at Haverford. Felton and Warrington were the top scorers. The score:—

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

D. Graham, c. and b. Garrett.....	2
C. B. Felton, b. Garrett.....	44
M. Graham, b. Nicholson.....	15
W. K. Rishel, h. Garrett.....	0
A. C. Rishel, c. Nicholson, b. Garrett....	0
S. Peace, b. Warrington.....	1
W. W. Blanke, b. Garrett.....	3
C. S. Bilyen, not out.....	9
H. Shull, c. Cary, b. Warrington.....	0
S. Kroneberger, b. Garrett.....	3
E. Finletter, c. Philips, b. Warrington....	0
Extras	6

Total

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Garrett	78	33	3	5
Nicholson	36	34	1	1
Warrington	42	36	3	3

HAVERFORD.

P. Nicholson, c. Peace, b. D. Graham....	3
E. E. Trout, run out.....	5
S. A. Warrington, b. Graham.....	0
G. S. Garrett, b. Felton.....	2
L. M. Stokes, c. D. Graham, b. Felton....	1
F. W. Evans, c. Blanke, b. Felton.....	5
C. L. Seiler, h. D. Graham.....	0
W. P. Philips, b. D. Graham.....	5
C. R. Haig, l. b. w., b. D. Graham.....	2
W. M. Wills, not out.....	2
Extras	11

Total

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
D. Graham	56	24	1	6
Felton	62	22	1	3

On May 22nd, the Third eleven played the Base ball team on Walton Field. Cary was the only third eleven man who

could do anything with the base ball bowlers, and for the other side, Winslow had top score. Yearsley performed the "hat trick". The score:—

THIRD XI.

C. R. Cary, c. Neilson, b. Yearsley.....	10
S. Brown, c. Neilson, b. Kirkbride.....	5
G. S. Garrett, run out.....	7
J. M. Stokes, c. and b. Reeder.....	0
E. W. Evans, c. Neilson, b. Reeder.....	2
W. M. Wills, c. Mellor, b. Reeder.....	0
W. P. Philips, b. Yearsley.....	0
C. L. Seiler, c. Mellor, b. Yearsley.....	0
C. R. Haig, c. Neilson, b. Reeder.....	0
D. L. Burgess, run out.....	3
O. E. Duerr, st. Bullinger, b. Kirkbride.	0
Extras	5
<hr/>	
Total	32

BASE BALL TEAM.

W. H. Kirkbride, c. Cary, b. Stokes.....	0
J. W. Reeder, c. and b. Stokes.....	4
W. L. C. Neilson, b. Stokes.....	0
A. R. Yearsley, b. Garrett.....	4
W. H. Wood, c. Cary, b. Garrett.....	2
J. L. Winslow, run out	9
H. V. Bullinger, c. Burgess, b. Stokes....	1
J. L. Stone, st. Seiler, b. Stokes.....	0
W. Mellor, c. Evans, b. Stokes.....	1
W. H. Grant, b. Stokes.....	0
H. L. Balderston, not out.....	6
Extras	2
<hr/>	
Total	28

On May 20th, the Third eleven played a draw with Penn Charter. For the third, Cary and Warrington made the runs; Vetterlein for Penn Charter. The score:—

THIRD XI.

C. R. Cary, b. Weeks.....	16
P. D. Folwell, run out.....	0
C. W. Stork, b. Weeks.....	1
S. A. Warrington, c. Weeks, b. Stryker..	22
G. S. Garrett, c. Doyd, b. Stryker.....	0
J. M. Stokes, c. Wilfong, b. MacFarland..	0
H. N. Thorn, b. Stryker.....	2
C. R. Haig, l. b. w., b. Stryker.....	2
W. P. Philips, not out.....	5
W. M. Wills, b. Weeks.....	0
O. E. Duerr, c. and b. Weeks.....	0
Extras	13
<hr/>	
Totals	61

PENN CHARTER.

J. R. Wilfong, b. Garrett.....	8
R. Vetterlein, b. Garrett.....	24
H. Lloyd, b. Folwell.....	4
J. G. Roper, not out.....	2
R. Richards, not out.....	2
Siambach, Galey, Weeks, Stryker, Booth,	

MacFarland, did not bat.	
Extras	1
<hr/>	
Total	41

On May 11th, the Third eleven played a draw with Friends' Select. Cary distinguished himself with the bat, and Nicholson with the ball. The score:—

THIRD XI.

P. Nicholson, b. Fales.....	0
C. R. Cary, not out.....	59
G. S. Garrett, b. Fales.....	20
E. W. Evans, hit wicket, b. W. Folwell..	7
A. Caswell, c. Heston, b. W. Folwell....	0
H. N. Thorn, b. W. Folwell.....	9
W. P. Philips, b. Fales.....	0
I. S. Tilney, c. R., b. W. Folwell.....	5
C. R. Haig, c. Fales, b. W. Folwell....	4
J. S. Fox, b. W. Folwell.....	0
D. L. Burgess, b. W. Folwell.....	7
Extras	5
<hr/>	
Total	116

FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL.

C. B. Heston, b. Nicholson.....	10
F. S. Hilles, b. Nicholson.....	21
S. W. Fales, run out.....	6
T. W. Fales, c. Haig, b. Nicholson.....	1
H. Folwell, c. Haig, b. Nicholson....	8
C. E. Bartlett, b. Nicholson.....	4
C. Huf, b. Garrett.....	0
R. Folwell, b. Nicholson.....	0
A. Hutton, W. Okie, W. Kurtz, did not bat.	
Extras	1
<hr/>	
Total	51

Class Matches.

1901 vs. 1902.

Played May 2nd, 3rd, and 6th. The feature was Patton's 76, which is the top score of the season to date. 1902's fielding was ragged, but Robert's wicket-keeping was particularly clever. The score:—

1901.

R. H. Patton, c. Brown, b. Cookman.....	76
L. W. DeMotte, c. Roberts, b. Cookman..	11
A. L. Dewees, run out.....	30
W. E. Cadbury, l. b. w., b. Gummere....	11
F. W. Sharp, c. Roberts, b. Wood.....	2
G. J. Walenta, c. Cookman, b. Wood.....	4
E. Y. Brown, b. Wood.....	4
W. Mellor, run out.....	0
W. H. Kirkbride, b. Wood.....	0
J. L. Winslow, not out.....	1
W. L. C. Neilson, b. Cookman.....	5
Extras	4
<hr/>	
Total	154

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Wood	90	43	3	4
Stork	24	24	0	0
Cookman	72	44	3	3
Scott	36	21	0	0
Gummere	24	12	1	1

1902.

D. A. Roberts, run out.....	.7
A. S. Cookman, c. Sharp, b. DeMotte....	3
A. C. Wood, c. Sharp, b. Patton.....	9
R. M. Gummere, c. DeMotte, b. Sharp..	20
N. A. Scott, b. Patton.....	1
S. Brown, c. Walenta, b. Patton.....	0
W. C. Longstreth, not out.....	16
P. Nicholson, b. Patton.....	0
C. W. Stork, b. Patton.....	6
A. G. H. Spiers, b. Patton.....	4
W. V. Dennis, b. Patton.....	18
Extras	18

Total102

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Patton	93	46	4	7
DeMotte	66	31	3	1
Sharp	24	6	2	1

1901 vs. 1904.

Played May 13th and 14th. This game gives the championship to the Seniors, but it was not yielded without a struggle. Patton batted well for 45, as did Morris for 56. The score:—

1904

C. C. Morris, b. Sharp.....	56
H. H. Morris, b. Patton.....	28

E. J. Bevan, b. Patton.....	0
H. N. Thorn, b. DeMotte.....	0
P. D. Folwell, c. Patton, b. DeMotte....	7
W. P. Bonbright, b. DeMotte.....	5
R. P. Lowry, c. DeMotte, b. Sharp.....	5
W. M. Wills, run out.....	1
J. M. Stokes, b. DeMotte.....	0
C. R. Haig, not out.....	0
W. M. C. Kimber, b. DeMotte	1
Extras	19

Total122

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Patton	78	52	3	2
DeMotte	132	45	5	5
Sharp	54	6	5	2

1901.

R. H. Patton, c. and b. Stokes.....	45
A. L. Dewees, b. Bevan.....	4
W. E. Cadbury, c. sub. b. Folwell.....	20
F. W. Sharp, b. Bevan.....	8
L. W. DeMotte, c. Wills, b. Bevan.....	15
E. Y. Brown, c. Lowry, b. Bonbright....	4
W. H. Kirkbride, st. Lowry, b. Bonbright	0
G. J. Walenta, c. C. C. Morris, b. Folwell	10
J. L. Winslow, b. Bonbright.....	4
A. R. Yearsley, not out.....	7
W. Mellor, b. Folwell.....	0
Extras	13
Total	130

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	b.	r.	m.	w.
Bevan	96	41	3	3
Folwell	55	29	1	3
C. C. Morris	6	3	0	0
Stokes	31	24	0	1

HARRY'S BLACK EYE.

"Oh Tom," shouted Dick, as he started for Greek,

"Have you seen Harry's pretty black eye?
I can't explain now,—I must run like a streak—

I'll tell you the rest bye and bye."

As Dick hustled on, Tom stopped on his way,

And said: "Have you heard the news, Jack?
Why Harry has got a black eye, so they say,—
Somebody has hit him a crack."

Then this was the story that travelled all day:
"Have you heard about Harry and Cy?

They are room-mates, you know, and have scrapperd, so they say—

And you ought just to see Harry's eye!"

When Tom went to Dick's room, that evening, to call,

He awakened his friend from a doze,
"What made Harry's eye black? Come! Tell me it all!"

"He was born with it black, I suppose."

TRACK.

IN the annual spring sports held on the afternoon of May 1st, on Walton Field, 1902 won for the third consecutive time with a total of 46 points; 2nd, 1901, 37 points; 3rd, 1904, 13 points; 4th, 1903, 1 point.

The excitement was intense, owing to the rivalry between the two upper classes. Reeder, 1902, did the highest individual work with four firsts and one second, the other events being captured by Neilson, Dennis, Patton, Stone and C. C. Morris. A new college record was established in the pole vault.

Summary:

100-Yard Dash—Won by C. C. Morris, '04; 2nd, Reeder, '02; 3rd, S. Brown, '02. Time, 10 4-5.

Running High Jump—Won by Reeder, '02; Yearsley, '01, and Perkins, '04, tied for second. Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

One Mile Bicycle—Won by Neilson, '01; 2nd, Balderston, '02; 3rd, Longstreth, '02. Time, 3 min. 8 1-5 sec.

120-Yard Hurdle—Won by Reeder, '02; 2nd, Scull, '01; 3rd, Yearsley, '01. Time 17 4-5.

16-Pound Shot—Won by Dennis, '02; 2nd, Wood, '01; 3rd, Folwell, '04. Distance 34 feet 6 inches.

One Mile Run—Won by Neilson, '01; 2nd, Ross, '02; 3rd, H. H. Morris, '04. Time, 5 min. 8 4-5 sec.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Reeder, '01; 2nd, Thorn, '04; 3rd, E. Y. Brown. Time, 25.

Pole Vault—Won by Patton, '01; Neilson, '01, and Rossmasler, '01, tied for 2nd. Height, 9 feet 7 inches (record.)

Throwing Hammer—Won by Dennis, '02; 2nd, Wood, '01; 3rd, Folwell, '04. Distance, 84 feet 10 inches.

220-Yard Hurdle—Won by Reeder, '02; 2nd, Yearsley, '01; 3rd, Scull, '01. Time, 28 4-5.

Half-Mile Run—Won by Ross, '02; 2nd, Winslow, '01; 3rd, Trout, '02. Time, 2.20.

Running Broad Jump—Won by Stone, '02; 2nd, Patton, '01; 3rd, S. Brown, '02. Distance, 19 feet 3 inches.

440-Yard Dash—Haviland, '02, and Yearsley, '01, tied for 1st; 3rd, Simkin, '03. Time, 56 1-5.

The inter-class relay races were run off on the afternoon of April 29. 1903 took the lead at the start, 1901 being second, but in the second quarter 1902 sprang ahead, maintaining the lead until the end. The time was 3.56. The

teams and their order at the finish were as follows: 1902, Longstreth, Reeder, Ross, Haviland; 1901, Winslow, E. Y. Brown, Neilson, Yearsley; 1903, Simkin, Peirce, Phillips, Worthington; 1904, H. H. Morris, Perkins, Bevan, C. C. Morris.

The Walton Prize Cup.

PRESENTED by Mr. Ernest F. Walton of the Class of 1890 for the encouragement of individual athletic work and to be awarded annually to the student who wins the highest total of points in athletic competition during the college year, and subject to the following conditions:

1. The athletic events accepted shall be those of the annual inter-class athletic meeting, the sophomore-freshman athletic sports, the Pennsylvania Relay Carnival, the annual Princeton handicap games and the I. C. A. A. A. A. meeting. Additional events may be accepted at the discretion of the committee of award.

2. Points shall count as follows:

Inter-class Athletic Meeting—Five, three and one for first, second, and third places respectively.

Sophomore — Freshman Sports — Three, two, and one for similar places.

Pennsylvania Relay Carnival—Five or three points for each member of the team winning first or second places.

Princeton Handicap Meeting—Ten, six, and two for first, second, and third places.

I. C. A. A. A. A. Meeting—Twenty, fifteen, ten and five points for first, second, third and fourth places respectively.

3. The athletic sub-committee of the general advisory athletic committee of the alumni and students shall constitute the committee of award.

4. The winner of the cup shall hold the same for one year and his name with total points won shall be inscribed upon it.

5. The cup shall be returned to the athletic director immediately after the Inter-collegiate meeting (I. C. A. A. A.) and shall be re-awarded within the two weeks following the same meeting.

6. The conditions above outlined may be modified at the unanimous wish of the joint student and alumni committee with the consent of the donor.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE fifth annual Sophomore-Freshman oratorical contest for the "Everett Society Prize" took place in Alumni Hall on Friday, May 17th. Alfred Percival Smith, Esq., the donor of the prize, presided and Messrs. Burton A. Konkle, Parker S. Williams, and Charles L. Hillman acted as judges. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

The Story of Brebeuf.....	Henry Joel Cadbury
A Poet's Gift to the Twentieth Century.....	Harry Anthony Dominovich
The Nation Without a Country.....	Joseph Woodburn Clark
The Genius of the Scandinavians.....	William Wilkie Chambers
A Maid of Chivalry.....	Enoch Farson Hoffman
A Patriot King of France.....	George Peirce
Bushido; the Spirit of Japan.....	Samuel Norman Wilson
A Spanish Plot Against Liberty.....	Daniel Lawrence Burgess

The judges awarded the prizes, a silver medal, to Harry Anthony Dominovich, with honorable mention of Samuel Norman Wilson and William Wilkie Chambers.

At a meeting of the gymnasium team, held May 9th, Shipley Brown, 1902, was elected captain of the team for the year 1901-1902, and W. C. Longstreth manager.

After numerous complimentary remarks on the outgoing management and the success of the season, the meeting adjourned until Fall.

A regular meeting of the Campus Club was held in the Faculty Room on the evening of May 22nd. Plans were

discussed for the work of next year. A project is on foot to name and mark the various shrubs and trees on the campus.

The Sophomores went through the annual performance of presenting a spoon to the Freshman class on May 2nd.

Vincent H. Roberts, of New York, addressed the students in collection on May 20th, and John M. Watson, of Indian Territory, on the 23rd.

At the last regular meeting of the Scientific Club for the college year, the following officers were elected: President, H. L. Balderston, '02; Vice President, G. H. Thomas, '02; Secretary, R. L. Simkin, '03.

The fellowship of \$500 for the year 1901-1902 has been awarded to Howard Valentine Bullinger, who will study at Harvard.

In the Princeton Open Handicap Games, which were scheduled for April 20th, but were prevented by the rain, Haverford had the following men entered: J. L. Winslow, '01; A. R. Yearsley, '01; R. J. Ross, '02; R. L. Simkin, '03; J. K. Worthington, '03, and P. D. Follwell, '04.

Mr. Richard Rossmassler, of Germantown, has presented the college a steel horizontal bar for use in the new gymnasium.

The Maudolin Club played on April 16th at the Stratford Hotel, at a tea given for the benefit of the Home of the Holy Child.

In connection with their work in Psychology several sections of the Junior class have been visiting the insane department of Blockley Hospital, West Philadelphia.

The base ball team has been playing practice games with the Haverford Grammar School team, the last one of which resulted in a victory for the college by a score of 10-3. Other games have resulted as follows:

May 13th, "Scarlet and Black," 18; Penn Juniors, 9.

May 30th, "Scarlet and Black, 9; Belmont, 13.

It is expected that a delegation of about fifteen men will represent Haverford at the Northfield Students' Conference this year.

New standards, painted in brilliant and fast colors, have been placed on the greens along the college golf course.

Entrance examinations for candidates for next year's Freshman class will be held on the 10th and 11th of June.

It was decided in a meeting of the association that the expense of the track uniforms and sweater should be divided between the winners and the association.

Football Outlook for 1901.

The return of the football season next September will call to notice the absence of several of the former squad; but it is hoped that there will be sufficient material to fill the vacated positions. From the First Squad go Nielson, end; Cary, half-back; Wood,

tackle, who will be greatly missed; Mellor, sub-half-back; and DeMotte, sub-quarter-back. From the Scrub, Captain Walenta, Rossmassler, Scull and Tomlinson will be missing through graduation; but W. E. Cadbury, 01, sub-tackle, will return next year for a post-graduate course, and expects to play again. Others of the First Squad who return are: Captain Stone, Fox, Grant, Chambers, Reeder, Spiers and Ross, 1902; Phillips, Simkin, Warrington and Worthington, of 1903; Perkins and Thorn, of 1904. Of the scrub, Barclay, Balderston, Cary, Cookman, Haviland, Scattergood and Wistar, 1902, return; Dean, Duerr, Eshelman, Drinkler, Schrag and Tilney, 1903; Bradley, Clark, Folwell, C. C. Morris, H. H. Morris, West, and Withers, 1904; Brown, '02, and Longstreth, '02, who have had water on the knee, will essay foot ball, and should do well, as both are of 'Varsity calibre.

Little definitely is known of the class of 1905, but there have been rumors of men from Rhode Island and New York, who should be good men. Several men from the Grammar School may enter also.

The plan for increasing the numbers of the college has encouraged the football management to enlarge, and the result will be seen in the fact that so far twelve games have been arranged, including Princeton, at Princeton; the Indians, at Carlisle; and Columbia University, at Manhattan Field. The other games are as in preceding years: Lehigh, Johns Hopkins, Ursinus, Jefferson Medical, Delaware, Rutgers, Dickinson, F. and M., winding up the season with Swarthmore, at Haverford, on Saturday, November 23rd. It is hoped that in every case the college will heartily support Coach Minds and the management in their endeavors to make the season of 1901 creditable to the general conduct and manliness of the game put up by Haverford College.

W. W. PUSEY, 2nd.

EXCHANGES.

IT is with mingled sensations of pleasure and despair that the exchange editor, armed with waste paper basket and scissors, encounters monthly the irregular pile of papers on his table. As his wan face scans the long wearisome pages of "Literary Articles," "Orations," interminable "Locals" and "Personals," painful and pointless effusions of humor, and worst of all rhyme—euphoniously called poetry by the authors and ambiguously "blank" verse by those of moderate language, he feels every prospect of nervous prostration. At times his face will brighten as he reads a clever story or a good joke. His moods are as many and as varying as the man in the vitescope. As he gnaws the editorial pencil he feels with keen enjoyment his perfect seclusion and independence from the world and at his own whim, whether with the patronizing favor of Virgil, or the pointed satire of Juvenal he may abuse or commend according to the state of the weather, his digestion, and the amiability of his relations with his lady friend, his room-mate and the Editor-in-Chief.

The Columbia Jester, a new venture in the humorous line, appeared as a stranger with bashful countenance. We also welcome this month *The Free Lance* from State College. It has several good short articles, but its editorial appeal for financial assistance covering some six pages would be more effective if briefer.

Both cover and contents make the *Red and Blue* for this month one of our most attractive exchanges. In its poetry, sketches and stories, it seems to comply very satisfactorily with the present day demand for brevity.

A curiosity in the *Georgetown College Journal* is a Latin Ode to Pope Leo XIII phrased in stately Horatian Alcaics.

The Harvard, Columbia and Williams

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Bryn Mawr Stories.

In a series of stories and sketches by various authors, this book endeavors to portray a few phases of the college life at Bryn Mawr, at various times in its history. The subject is, of course, broad and new, yet a difficult one to handle. In the absence of any scope for originality or intricacy of plot, these stories must depend chiefly on character portraits. Many of these are life-like, especially the heroines in "Within Four Years" and "Catharine's Career," but others seem unnatural and overdrawn. In many passages a rather apologetic tone is present as if all the masculine world regards the college-bred woman as little less than an intellectual lunatic, a misanthrope and misogynist and she perforce must defend herself, not by acting according to the natural impulses of sensible womankind, but by the "inevitable" "conscience" "self-expression of the individual" and other such sentimentalities. As is stated in the preface, "College life is not dramatic and college stories have no great dramatic interest, unless they introduce elements foreign to the campus. Those who look to these stories, therefore, for entertainment may be disappointed, since most of them are serious in tone, and in their appeal to the reader they must depend largely upon the charm of local colour." Yet of college students in general a certain sympathy of conditions, problems and environment makes this statement less true, and to Haverfordians with their intimate local and social relations with Bryn Mawr, this collection is of special interest.

*"A Book of Bryn Mawr Stories," edited by Margarett Morris and Louise Buffum Congdon. 296 pages. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. \$1.20 net.

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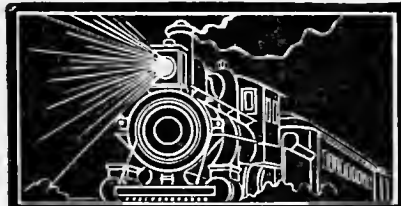
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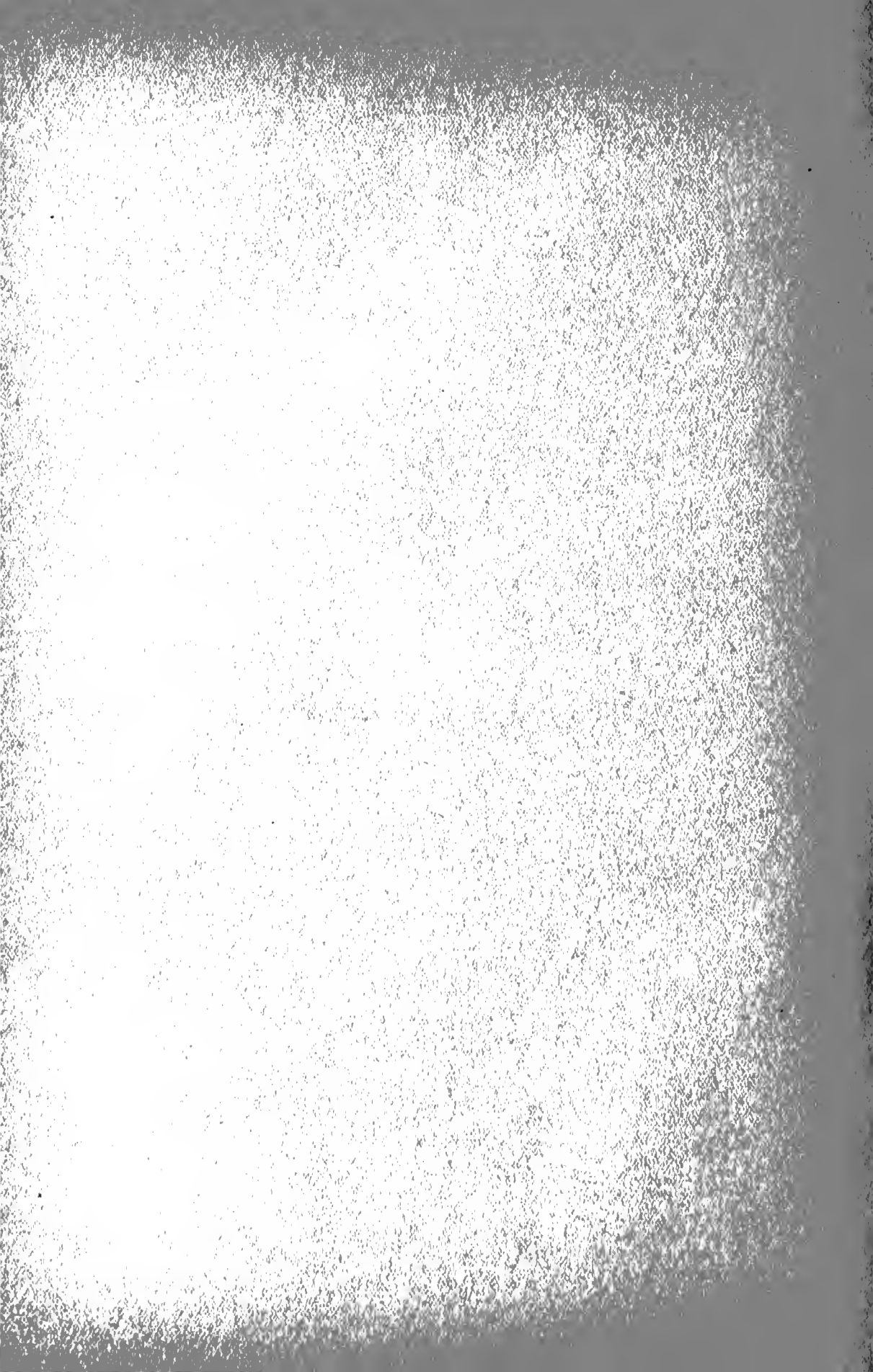
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THE HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIII, No. 5

OCTOBER, 1901

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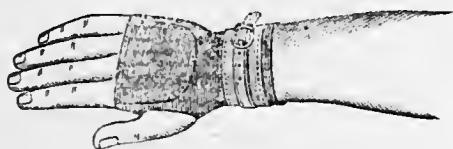
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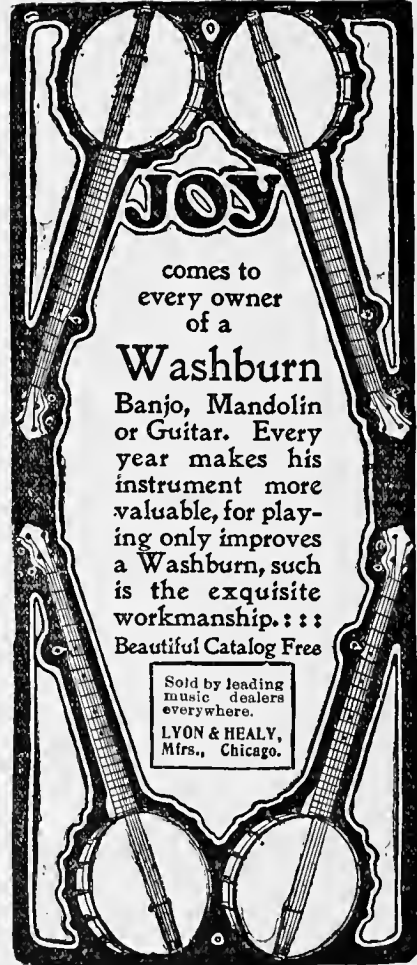
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXIII.

HAVERFORD, OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 5.

The Haverfordian

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WILLIAM P. PHILIPS, 1902.
Editor in Chief.

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OTTO E. DUERR, 1903.

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ROBERT P. LOWRY, 1904.

H. A. DOMINOVICH, 1903, *Business Manager.*

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published in the interest of the students of Haverford College, on the tenth of each month during the college year.

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Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

SUMMER has fled, the autumn days are at hand, and Haverford has entered upon another academic year. Little change is to be noted on hall and campus save that which the season brings, though verily the turf seems softer, the foliage mellow, the breezes balmy than at our departure some three months ago. All the old landmarks are here with another stately comrade added to their unbroken ranks—the Edward B. Conklin memorial gate.

That our academic standard is suffering not even the standstill that savors of retrogression, the comments of

President Sharpless in the Faculty notes are an assurance. The incoming Freshman class is nearly thirty per cent. larger than last year and promising. It should make a decided impression on the college. Changes in the faculty, some of them temporary, are rather more numerous than heretofore. After a successful year Dr. Goddard hands over the department of philosophy to Dr. Jones, who returns from the Harvard graduate school. Dr. Saunders leaves us with well-wishes for his work at Syracuse, Professors Gifford and Ladd for a profitable and enjoyable year of study in their chosen fields. To those who are to fill the vacant chairs, Dr. Ebeling, Dr. Rhoads, '93, and W. W. Comfort, '94, we extend the heartiest welcome. It is a pleasure, more than ordinary, to greet two Haverford graduates who return after several years to join the ranks of the faculty. The desire of the editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN is that the prosperity so generally prevalent may not be found wanting in the columns of the college monthly.

WE publish as our leading article this month the address delivered by J. Henry Scattergood, '96, at the opening of the new gymnasium last spring. At the time we printed a short synopsis of Mr. Scattergood's remarks, but afterwards received so many requests for the publication of the entire address from prominent alumni and others who were present, that we were glad to ask for a copy of the manuscript. After some hesitation on account of the possible lateness, this was granted.

The present seems a most opportune season for the appearance of such an article. Foot ball is the game of all games in which we are most liable to stifle within us the "true spirit of sport." Only if such individual spirit is kept alive and becomes truly indicative of the college sentiment, whether victories be many or few, can the season truly be termed successful. We recommend that this article, written from such a manly point of view, be carefully read by Haverford undergraduates, the old men as well as the new.

ALTHOUGH it is as yet too early to venture any definite opinion or prognostication as to the merits of our foot ball team this year, yet judging from its work so far, Haverford's team should rank well up to the average of the elevens of past years.

Of last year's five centre men, Wood only is missing. Cadbury is the most prominent candidate for his position. With the experience gained last year his work should show a decided improvement, as he is considerably heavier than a year ago.

Reeder, Grant, Cookman, Bausman and Scattergood are the leading end candidates, with the chances rather favoring the first two on account of their longer experience. Positions in the back field are still uncertain and may require frequent changes before a winning combination is developed. Jones and Hopkins, both of the Freshman class, are showing up well and rapidly mastering the points of the game.

As individuals the team is doing nicely, but for experience and veteran players their exhibition of team work especially interference is not all it should be. The line men also are rather slow at tackling and getting off, and the whole team is rather slow and listless, due mainly to the warm weather. These faults should and will be remedied or

eradicated in the course of a few weeks.

The scrub is unusually strong, both physically and numerically, and contains more than the customary quantity of potential Varsity material.

A new method of awarding the Philip C. Garrett theme prize was adopted last spring by the English department. In former years the basis of award was a selection of four short themes from the year's work, for which the new arrangement substitutes a single literary essay upon a character of some prescribed novel. We therefore desire to establish the custom of publishing each year the successful paper, as the literary standard of excellence for the two lower classes.

TWO forms of athletics predominate at Haverford, in spring-time cricket, in autumn foot ball. In these all Haverfordians wax most enthusiastic, our prowess in these determines largely Haverford's athletic reputation. At a college of moderate size an equal amount of attention cannot be bestowed on all recognized forms of sport. Such a dispersion of energy would invite failure. Much more to be avoided, however, is the other extreme—that of ultra-specialization in sports. One or even two forms of sport will seldom attract a large majority of the student body; hence the attempt to force all to adapt themselves or forebear works injustice. Furthermore it dampens the enthusiasm which those affected would normally exhibit toward the more popular game at some critical moment when the support of the whole college is needed. No such condition yet exists among us, but even tendencies that are thoroughly beneficial in themselves may result viciously unless duly restrained.

THESE are certain customs indelibly printed upon the pages of Haverford history. These customs are the result of the unwritten law of the student body. As time has passed, there is a weeding-out process of the undesirable, and a firmer impress of the healthy; hence a code which is unquestionably the guide to the incoming classes for studies, athletics and conduct in general about the college. The good old academic standard, which has made Haverford what she is, and which exercises gentle but firm sway over her sons, has moulded these customs and put the finishing touches to a system of college ethics which is second to none.

Far be it from us to say that the attitude of the incoming class is too independent of these college prerogatives.

Rather let it be a warning that the assumption of too great instrumentality in college matters is both improper for a Freshman class and detrimental to the real interests of the college. The rights of the upper classes are not to be encroached upon; faculty legislation is not to be questioned; and the freedom from restraint which characterizes the transition period from school to college must not give the student too great an idea of his own importance. We congratulate the Freshman class on the enthusiasm and energy of their actions, but reiterate the warning that it is better to observe and learn from the accumulations of past wisdom than to build castles which are doomed to premature condemnation from faculty and undergraduates.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF SPORT.

WE have heard this afternoon that this splendid new gymnasium which we are opening to-day was the gift of the Alumni of Haverford and her friends. We are proud that this is true and they have responded so nobly, and have given her such a building. But it should not be left unsaid, with this praise to her sons, that all this has been made possible by one man, that what we open here to-day is due in conception, in plan, in development, and in execution from start to finish to the untiring zeal and careful thought of our beloved President Sharpless.

It is my intention to-day to speak of the true spirit of sport, that old spirit which we Alumni have been taught in this dear place, which has made possible this great testimonial of our love for Haverford, and which it is our wish she should continue to teach and stand for in the days to come.

Everyone loves the true spirit of sport. There is something in our natures that it appeals to and we are instinctively drawn to it. We love the

free spirit that dares to battle against difficulties, we love the spirit of fair play, we love the spirit that never says die. And from the earliest times these qualities which show themselves in sport have commanded the admiration and love of men. The Greeks almost made it part of their religion; they honored their Olympic victors, they loved the great old heroes of their times. And we love them, too—Jason, Perseus, Theseus, Achilles and all of Homer's heroes. And then, of later time, we love that Viking spirit of the North, of adventure and of exploration; we love the jousts and quests of Arthur's knights, their honor and their faith, we love the good Crusaders' zeal; we love the courage and resolve of Marco Polo, Columbus, Magellan, La Salle; and then no less we love the dauntless spirit of our pioneers from whom we are sprung.

There is something in this spirit, whenever found, which after all is simply *the true sporting spirit*, that appeals to man. And more or less, in proportion as the characters of history and of fiction have

possessed that spirit, have they been the ones to interest mankind and to endear themselves to our hearts.

What is this spirit of true sport that belongs in every game, and, we may add, in every struggle? I take it that it is a combination of these few characteristics—the love of fair play, the willingness to make a struggle against difficulty and to do our best in it, the accepting manfully the result as it comes, and the being a gentleman throughout.

Men have not always had the same view of fair play that we now have. For when we think of Achilles being invulnerable in every point except the heel by which his mother held him when she dipped him into the Styx, we cannot help wondering why it was difficult at all for him to be a hero and wherein lay the glory of all his exploits and adventures. It was simply because in those old days they looked at things differently; they felt that any advantage that a man could get possession of was honorable and fair. A man who fought could even arm his knuckle-joints with brass. And so it was with Arthur, who with the charm of his good sword "Excalibur" was always sure to win. The old idea was not to make a fair fight and let the better man win, but, from fear of the result, to insure winning at any hazard.

To make a *fair fight*—that is the first and most important feature of the spirit of true sport. The chances must be equal, and then, and then only, may all be done for victory. And furthermore, not only must there be fair play, but one must have the desire to promote fair play to really be a sportsman. It is not merely the keeping of the rules of the game, but it is the spirit behind all that makes it impossible for us to break them. This great principle runs through the requirements of all the range of sport. Even in fishing there are certain hooks and tackle that, precluding a fight at all and much more a fair fight, are never used by sportsmen. We scorn and

even prohibit by our laws, that mean trick of luring fish at night by glare of flaming torch to the boatside and then spearing them outright. And then we remember too, the player who tries to work in a blow unseen by the umpire, and we know that that man has no right to play the game of football, having never learned its manly lesson of fair play.

Of course this looseness as to playing the game quite fairly is directly due to that old fallacy that you must win—and therein lies the trouble. For the instant that the winning is raised above the playing, then the wrong motive rules the game. We cannot imagine a true fisherman, for instance, filling his boat full up with fish just for the sake of his success, or a true hunter laying low a buffalo from the window of his train, or shooting alligators from the steamer's deck just for the winning. Such pot-hunters as these, who shoot at anything they come across, having more regard to the killing of the game than to the rules which regulate the sport, have long since been barred out of sportsmen's ranks. And no more can the athlete, who competes with men under the same great laws of sport's contest, run only for the sake of his prize, or for gold, or silver, or a cup, or a championship. He runs or ought to run, because he loves the sport. or sport needs no reward but its own self. And then, if prizes come, the tokens of success, they fall into their proper place and stand as fit memorials to tell us what we've done. But then they're not the thing, it's only *trying to win* that makes the game worth while. And so the sporting spirit gives us as our motto, "*Always play to win, but never for the winning.*"

Yes, always to win, because that means to do our best. And here we have that other feature of true sport—the willingness to make a struggle and to do our best in it. To encounter any odds, to go into the venture whenever there is a fighting chance, and once in to carry the

thing through, to play the game out and do our best to the bitter end—this is the spirit of true sport. One cannot help wondering what Achilles must have thought of himself, when, having been a leader in the siege of Troy, because his slave was taken from him, he sulked upon the beach, and gave vent to his now famous wrath, and checked the action of the Grecian hosts. Surely that was not good sport. No matter what his personal grievances might have been, when once he had gone into the game, he ought not to have sulked, but should have carried the thing through. There is the lesson—to carry the thing through, to play the game out, not to give up because things go wrong.

After all the sporting spirit is this determination to always do our best in any struggle. If it is in football, and the chances look dark and the odds seem against us, the sporting spirit tells us to make an uphill fight, and to stick at it till the end. If it is in golf and we've gone to pieces at one hole, the sporting spirit tells us not to sulk, but to play our best game at the next. Or if it is in our game of cricket, it means doing our best every instant of the game, being keen and on edge for the catch that's sure to come to him who's ready, and it means batting at our best, as that good team in England did last summer, right down to the eleventh man. And sometimes I think this willingness to make a struggle against difficulties finds a splendid outlet in that noble form of sport for energetic men—mountaineering, still in its infancy in this country, but old upon the other side. For to him who has sought for days, as it may be, to find the vulnerable point of some great mountain peak, and has toiled up its lower slopes and over its glaciers, has slowly worked his way up the rocky peak itself, round obstacles or over them, out on some ridge or up a couloir, and then has stood at last upon the highest point and gazed out beyond, to him, I say, there comes a mighty thrill of the

contest that makes him know that he has done his best and overcome.

And then when the contest is all over, the sporting spirit says again to *take the result* manfully as it comes whatever it may be. Not to sulk or make excuses to ourselves because we've lost, is what it says; for we have done our best and that is all that anyone can do.

And on the other hand, if we should win, we must always remember that courtesy to a worthy adversary after a victory, is esteemed one of the essentials of the true sporting spirit. Achilles did not feel this when he dragged Hector's body round the walls of Troy; nor did England feel this when she put Napoleon on St. Helena. But that has changed, and now to a true sportsman, gentlemanliness and generosity to an opponent are just as natural and just as inherent as any form of exultation or of discourtesy is unnatural and repulsive.

The whole spirit of what I have been trying to say is, I think, beautifully summed up in the few words of an old English song. I can never forget the impression that it made upon me when I first heard it, and I am going to ask you to pardon one personal allusion. It was after that delightful day of cricket at Eton in '96, out upon that old field quite like our own. We had been dining with the headmaster in the college hall, and had come out onto the master's ait upon the Thames; the moon was shining over Windsor Castle on the other side, and out on the river glided by the lighted floats with singers on them; the Eton Glee Club was in the middle of that glorious old "Eton Boating Song," and then they took up the strains of this other song that has always meant so much to every one of us who heard it:—

"Always do your best,
Never mind the rest,
The game's the thing,
The game's the thing."

One of the best parts of this whole training of sport is that we are learning all the while the rules of the great game

of life itself. For life is but a game, and in it there is the fair and there is the unfair thing. And when we leave our college games and go outside, we find that some men play this game with rules not quite so fair as ours. Then it is that the same old sporting spirit says to us "play fair, play honestly." If, as the saying is, "we hold the whip handle," and can use it, the sporting spirit says "do not;" when we see that we can beat down the wages of our men, we hear again the old familiar cry "fair-play." Yes, fair-play in sport becomes and teaches honesty in life.

And in the matter of the struggle and the effort and the winning, let us ever remember that our sporting motto, "Always play to win, but never for the winning," grows into its greatest counterpart in life that Browning gives us—"Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do."

"What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me."

And after the game, when the loss must be taken manfully or the victory generously, we hear those words of Thackeray:—

"Who misses or wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

And there is one further lesson in sport. It is that you must train, you must work, you must practice, you must sacrifice yourself to the purpose in hand. So it was when they came to choose an inscription for Soldier's Field at Harvard, that they selected those magnificent lines of Lowell that teach that devotion to an ideal is not only man's duty, but his very life itself:—

"Tis man's *perdition* to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

And Haverford stands for all this. When we felt the power of that old English song, it was not that this deeper meaning of true sport was new to us, or that we must have gone to Eton to

learn it; it was only that in this new form it took hold of the kindred feeling already there within us, and made us know more strongly than we ever knew before, that after all that was the lesson of this dear Alma Mater. Whether in sport or out of sport, her teaching to her sons has always been to play the game out, to play it fairly, ever to do one's best, and ever to be a gentleman. And to many of us there comes at this time, the tender memory of one who did thus truly learn her lesson, who until recently was one beloved amongst us, living his short life nobly, deeply and unselfishly—I refer to Edward B. Conklin.

Others of her sons have learned her lesson too, and so there's handed down from year to year a *rich heritage of sport* that not a single Haverfordian will ever dare or wish to change. When one has lived four years among these trees, and played out there upon that field, and caught the spirit of our college game, to him there is no need of saying "play fair," for he does that instinctively. We'd rather lose a dozen Swarthmore games than win a single one unfairly.

We have no eligibility rules because we do not need them, and because we do not want them. For men do not come here to simply play in games. For sixty years and more Haverford has played as her college game *cricket*—that dearest of all sports to us, that sport in which, as the old saying has it, "no selfish, conceited, lazy, or irritable man can be a first-class player," and which teaches men to play at sports as though they were part of the great Kingdom of Honor, which they are. And out of sixty years of this has grown at Haverford a spirit of true sport, which everyone who has played has felt.

We are here to-day to open this new building, which is devoted to sport and which is the gift of Haverford's sportsmen, in the broadest meaning of that word. But before we start its use, shall

we not first of all dedicate it to this *higher spirit of true sport*, which has its place beside those other spirits of our college life, which stand behind it all? And as they lead through culture, friendship, scholarship and all that Haverford holds dear, to something back of them, so may this spirit alone, but all that sport can teach. And as to these old trees and to these halls already here, we add this new one to the group, may they *all* join and teach as heretofore *the higher spirit of this place*—which makes a manly Christian man, and rears him up to see in life a something in it all toward which to *strive* as with a sportsman's zeal, and with this motto for his life, to quote our conquering poet once again:—

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prizes, be it what it will,

* * * * *

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,"

And with the true sportsman's *optimistic* hope, that while he climbs that highest, longest, hardest mountain peak of all, which looms up from the start, one's self—that then he may not faint, but be as Browning says,

"Who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
better,

Sleep to wake."

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

COLLEGE opened on the 24th inst. with 125 students. Of these 37 were Freshmen. It is interesting to note the increase in the number of Freshmen since the examination system was adopted. This has been in operation for three years, and the numbers have been 27, 30 and 37 respectively. We have therefore practically recovered the lost ground in point of numbers of four years ago, and are on a more satisfactory and reputable basis.

The additions to the faculty this year include, (1) Dr. Herman Ebeling, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins University, and for a number of years Professor of Greek in Miami University. He takes the work of Professor Gifford during his year's absence in Europe; (2) William W. Comfort, who is to have charge of Romance Languages, including ultimately Italian, Spanish and French. This year he offers, in addition to the previous courses, one of Advanced French and one of Spanish. Since his connection with the college as instructor in French three years ago, he has been engaged

in study in Europe in his special field; (3) Edward Rhoads, '93, who has also taken his Doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins' University, has been for two years instructor in Physics in Worcester Technical Institute, and has, during the past year, been studying in Cambridge, England. He takes the place in Physics made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Saunders, who has accepted a position in Syracuse University.

Prof. Ladd will spend the year at Chicago University engaged in Biblical study.

Various improvements to our buildings and grounds were carried through during the summer vacation. A stone road was made to the front of the Gymnasium and from the head of Maple avenue around Barclay Hall to the north end. The money for this—about \$1350—was appropriated by the Board. The old gymnasium has been cut into two rooms, the north one of which will be used for an electrical laboratory and the other for a large lecture room. The latter has been fitted with chairs and

long tables. The heating plant in the new gymnasium has been completed and will be ready for complete use when the cold weather demands it. An artesian well has been dug near the new heating plant. An extensive supply of water was found at the depth of 219 feet. It seems to be sufficient for the uses of the boilers and the new gymnasium. Its capacity has not been fully tested, but it will furnish a continual supply of at least 30 gallons per minute. New doors have been supplied to the rooms on the second floor of Barclay Hall. The hallways in Lloyd Hall have been wainscoted, as also the first floor of Barclay Hall. A number of small repairs have also been accomplished, so that the college is

probably in as good material condition as ever it was.

The new courses provided for by the donation of T. Wistar Brown for Biblical and Philosophical instruction are offered for the first time; two by Dr. Jones, one by Dr. Gummere and one by Dr. Ebeling. These, with the French and Spanish courses mentioned above, constitute the only change from the curriculum of last year.

The Conklin Memorial Gateway is nearing completion as we write. It is erected by the friends of Edward B. Conklin, '99, at the entrance to the college grounds for pedestrians, on the old railroad. It is made of Indiana limestone, with lamps and a suitable inscription.

THE CHARACTER OF BECKY SHARP.

(Sophomore Prize Theme.)

THACKERAY'S "Vanity Fair" contains no more interesting creation than the character of Becky Sharp. Her spirit breathes in every page of the story. The author has, it is true, portrayed with consummate skill a remarkably great number of minor characters, every one of whom reveals some phase of human nature, and seldom do we find a writer so successful in bringing before us exaggerated prototypes of the many people with whom we meet. The weak, over-affectionate Amelia, the awkward, chivalrous Dobbin, and all the host of lesser players in this marvelous "puppet show" remind us, indeed, of like characters in real life. Yet, notwithstanding the boldness with which the novelist has painted all his minor characters, he is still able to flash forth, conspicuous among all, the wily enchantress, the persecuted child of the actress and the artist, the ephemeral queen of English society, Becky Sharp.

Whatever faults she may have had, however much we may heap scorn upon the poor misguided girl whose selfish ambition knew no bounds, we can never

lose sight of the strength of her personality. If the vividness of Thackeray's imaginative portrayal introduces her to us as worthy of more than passing attention, the force of her character keeps her before us and produces upon us a lasting impression. Little do we care for her personal appearance. All this fades away before the powerful fascination of her personality, leaving naught but a lingering suggestion of "baleful green eyes."

The chief interest of the book may be said to center in the story of Becky's ups and down in society. She saw people about her slaves to hypocrisy; "cowards in vice and simpletons in virtue;" and she despised them. She formed her conception of right and lived in accordance with it. For her right was anything which aided her own advancement. To attain her goal she exerted all her talents and charms, utterly disregarding the suffering which she might occasion others in her zeal for self. Her discontented and dissatisfied nature rebelled against the fancied maltreatment of her early life, and, imagining that her ac-

quaintances were constantly seeking to disclose the low condition of her parentage, she ever sought to hide this fact. Thus handicapped, she entered the conflict.

Her aim was at first something indefinite, but it sufficed for an end. With the blind desire to rise to a loftier position, she contended for the love,—and the money, as well—of Jos. Sedley and met her first defeat. Yet, undismayed by the repulse, Becky now cast off the burden of her few virtues and went forth unencumbered to do battle for a higher prize and to conquer. Rawdon Crawley became her victim, but still she was not satisfied. For, contrary to her expectations, her plans for obtaining Miss Crawley's fortune failed and Becky was reduced to the necessity of "living on nothing a year." In this struggle, duty to her friends, to her husband, natural affection for her own child,—all were forgotten. Though at first she was able to feel pity for a suitor whom she must reject, though she was able to return the warm devotion of a self-denying friend, though she could bring herself to have some love for a man who might by marrying her assist in her struggle for influence, at last even these fragments of a soul were lost and her after life is guided only by the dictates of her crafty and versatile mind. Through Rawdon's gambling with George Osborne, she robs Amelia of the comforts of life. By lies innumerable she draws upon the slender resources of the most faithful of Miss Crawley's servants. Slow and steady is her advance until she reaches the pinnacle of her glory. And then the crash.

Overthrown by her own machinations, all the fruit of her labor lost in a day, Becky seems in a hopeless case. But not even in such a catastrophe does she give up in despair. The mangled serpent raises herself for a last frantic effort to outdo her foes. If her smiles can maintain her in prosperity, her tears are ready to save her in misfortune. She

begins the battle anew, bringing into play that wonderful quality which had kept her so long with the "cream" of society and enabled her to appear at equal advantage with the best in that select circle. At no place in the book does this power of adaptation appear more strikingly than in the scene with the German students. For them she has one kind of entertainment, for Jos, who lingers in while they are leaving, she is ready instantly to prepare another. And thus, by her winning manner and her tearful protestations of innocence, she ingrafts herself in the good graces of that foolish nursling whose cowardice she had used but a short time before for her own enrichment. With him she remains until his death, and, taking what little he has left behind, she returns to work for the church. Her day is past. The busy active world is no more the field of her endeavor and intrigue. The spiteful little governess has run her course, has shone forth the "beau ideal" of feminine wickedness, has been generous and noble when convenient, and now lapses into a state of semi-repentance.

Becky was not "an imp from the lower world." Her life was a series of applications of successful effort. True it may be that her vices are such as to preclude all possibility of finding her original anywhere in real life. But, as in the most realistic fiction, there is in "Vanity Fair" some exaggeration of natural conditions. Thackeray perceived the mockery and superciliousness of the society of his day, its corruption and depravity, and in Becky he presented the ideal character for which the slaves of sham society in their blindness were seeking. "Here, reader," he said, "is a woman. Do you wish to succeed by deceit? Behold her success. Would you attain a lofty position in the circles of the select? Forget others, remember self, and her reward is yours." Thus does the novelist speak to the men of his time by the character of Becky Sharp. He is pessimistic, we may ac-

knowledge freely, but his pessimism is of the healthy type,—that which declares dissatisfaction with the defects in present conditions and strives to exert a moral influence for improvement. As the chief character through whom Thackeray endeavors to effect his purpose, Becky is a wonderful creation.

But, irrespective of the didactic value of her character, there is the purely artistic merit. Considered in this light, also, she is entitled to our admiration. The character which shows strength, energetic effort, courage in defeat and the desire to overmaster difficulties, cannot though it be that of a friend incarnate, fall short entirely of our respect. Man, indeed, must regard such creatures with little less than awe. Milton's Satan, rebel and blasphemer as he is, does not receive at our hands unalloyed condemnation. And this because he has

an end and is courageous in his effort to attain it. Becky had a courage which was inspired by a similar spirit. Shall we then refuse her a like respect? Mere acknowledgement of the novelist's genius should compel some admiration, but the power of Becky's mind itself commands respect.

The character of Becky Sharp, then, as manifested by the struggle of her life, may be studied from two points of view. If we regard her as a revelation to early 19th century society of its false ideal, we must bear witness to her importance. If we consider her as a grand specimen of the working of a mind of cleverness and intelligence, unhindered by a soul, we shall perceive in the multitude of her vices and the versatility of her talents the character of "the greatest woman in fiction."

EXTREMES.

Waters idly laps the prow
Satire gently fills the air,
Marble boat on marble sea,
Notus,—chin in air.

Round the headland comes the squall,
Scuppers under dips the boat,
Straining all her snow-white sail;
Watch her bravely float!

Past the squall and past the breeze,
Marble boat on marble sea,
Captain swearing at the helm;
Hope and charity!

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

FEW if any of the commencements which Haverford has had in the past fifty-eight years have been more successful than that held on the fourteenth of last June. In spite of the threatening weather, the attendance of a large and enthusiastic number of friends and relatives of the graduates and students was not prevented. Groups of gayly dressed ladies, with here and there a sombrely attired dame who still

clung to the severe simplicity of the Friends, mingled with the graduates and younger students all about the college.

Shortly after ten o'clock a procession of graduates and undergraduates, headed by President Sharpless and the faculty marched across the quadrangle and took its place in Alumni Hall. Then President Sharpless arose to make his introductory remarks before

a hall filled to overflowing by curious and interested friends of the college. Among other things the President said:

"It is an anomaly of college life that its strongest and most real elements do not get into print. The contests, athletic, forensic and disciplinary, the exciting or the disagreeable, find their many readers, and, more especially in the boyish mind constitute the chief delights of college existence. The school-boys themselves are apt to be either drunk with delight over a victory or in the depths of despair in the face of defeat, and they look forward with expectancy to the same absorbing alternation in the larger life they hope to enter. They ought to find that back of the life mirrored in the newspapers is a better and quieter life, which is the real preparation for great careers; that the physical sinks into its proper obscurity in the presence of the intellectual; that ultimate ideals are not found on the ball field, but in the lecture-room and the library, and that one-fifth of a second in a quarter-mile race or one point in a football game is not the only goal which makes life worth living.

"In the year which ends to-day we cannot but congratulate ourselves that the sober, unpublished life of the college has been satisfactory. Intellectual ideals have been kept to the front in the great majority of the students. The word student itself has not been a misnomer. If we look back a few years the most striking improvement has

been in the upper quarter of the class. Whether or not the other three-quarters have developed as they should I do not know, but I am sure that the best of our undergraduates are working with a purpose and zeal which has not always been known.

"This result is an illustration of what can be done in a small college by persistent effort in a given direction. A thousand students have a great inertia, but a hundred are plastic and mobile. A few years ago some of us were troubled about what seemed rather moderate standards in the upper part of the college, and various remedies were set on foot. I think the most effective of those has been the 'Corporation Scholarships.' These scholarships of \$300 each (sixteen in number—four to each class) are given yearly to the best on the mark list. They are thus certificates of merit, and are as much desired by the young man who is able to transfer the money to a less fortunate brother, as by those whose presence in college is only made possible by their reception. They have to be won year by year, and to have merited them successively for four years is no mean testimony to ability and hard work."

President Sharpless also referred to the building of the \$30,000 gymnasium and the donation of \$65,000 for the purpose of extending the study of Biblical Literature. At the close of his address degrees and prizes were announced for the following men:

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Clarence Walton Bankard,
Ellis Yarnall Brown, Jr.,
Howard Valentine Bullinger,
John Warder Cadbury, Jr.,
William Edward Cadbury,
James Keyser DeArmond,
Aaron Lovett Dewees,
Alfred Edgar Freeman,
William Orville Mendenhall,
Clement Orestes Meredith,

William La Coste Neilson,
Richard Patton,
Edward Marshall Scull,
Wayne Sensenig,
Frederick William Sharp,
George John Walenta,
John Leiper Winslow,
Walter Hallock Wood,
William Wellington Woodward.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

William Sagehorn Baltz,
Clifton O'Neal Carey,

Edward Collins Rossmassler,
Calvin Cicero Rush,

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

Lawrence Washburn DeMotte,
William Howard Kirkbride,
Walter Mellor,

William Wayne Wirgman,
Arthur Ralston Yearsley.

MASTER OF ARTS.

Charles Henry Carter, John Darlington Carter,
John Pim Carter.

PRIZES.

The Haverford Fellowship (\$500) for 1901-1902 awarded to
Howard Valentine Bullinger.

The Alumni Prize in Composition and Oratory ((\$50.) awarded to
William Pyle Philips.

Honorable Mention—George John Walenta, Edgar Howard Boles,

The Everett Society Medal for Oratory for Sophomores and Freshmen, awarded to
Harry Anthony Domincovich,

Honorable Mention—William Wilkie Chambers, Samuel Norman Wilson.

The John B. Garrett Prizes for Systematic Reading for Juniors, awarded to

First Prize (\$40.00).....John Sharpless Fox.
Second Prize (\$30.00).....Richard Mott Gummere.
Third Prize (\$20.00).....Not awarded.
Fourth Prize (\$10.00).....William Collins Longstreth.

The Class of 1896 Prizes in Latin and Mathematics for Sophomores and Freshmen awarded to
Latin (\$10.00).....Henry Joel Cadbury, Harry Anthony Domincovich.

Mathematics (\$10.00).....Henry Joel Cadbury.

Honorable Mention—S. Norman Wilson, George Pierce.

The Philip C. Garrett Prizes awarded to

Senior Mathematics (\$10.00).....William Orville Mendenhall, Walter Hallock Wood.

Senior or Junior Biology (\$10.00).....Percival Nicholson.

Sophomore Themes (\$10.00).....Harry Anthony Domincovich.

Freshman Latin (\$10.00).....Carl Noyes Sheldon.

Freshman Greek (\$10.00).....Carl Noyes Sheldon.

Honorable Mention—William Mintzer Wills.

The Class of 1898 Prize in Chemistry (\$10.00) for Seniors or Juniors, awarded to
Charles Reed Cary.

Seniors elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Clarence Walton Bankard, George John Walenta,
Howard Valentine Bullinger, Arthur Ralston Yearsley.

HONORS.

General Honors.....Howard Valentine Bullinger.

Honors in Greek.....Clarence Walton Bankard.

Honors in Latin.....George John Walenta.

Honors in Greek and English.....Howard Valentine Bullinger.

Honors in English.....Ellis Yarnall Brown, Jr.

Honors in Biology.....Aaron Lovett Dewees.

Professor Franklin H. Giddings, Ph. D., of Columbia University, made a short address to the graduates, in which he impressed upon them the value of truth and courage in any career which they might choose for themselves. "Whether in the case of the lawyer pleading an unpopular cause, or in that of the doctor treating a dangerous disease, or in

that of the newspaper man or the politician, truth and courage are indispensable to success."

After the commencement exercises luncheon was served, followed by a reception and reunion. Cricket prizes were distributed to those having the best scores, and the best batting and bowling averages for the year.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Ex-'51. Joseph Hoag Atwater died at his home, Anthony, R. I., on June 17th, 1901. He was born, the son of Mead and Huldah Hoag Atwater, on February 27th, 1825. During the term of 1849-50 he was at Haverford in the double role of student and assistant teacher, but leaving during the latter year he continued for some time his professional career, but later upon entering business he became successful as the inventor of the Atwater Newspaper File. He was married in 1852 to Elizabeth A. Harkness and in 1886 to Ellen M. Babcock. At the time of his death he was Recorded Minister of the Society of Friends.

Ex-'58. On June 12th James Wood delivered an address to the graduating class of the training school for nurses at the Frankford Asylum for the Insane.

'84. On July 22nd, 1901, after a long illness William Henry Gummere passed away at Burlington, N. J. He was born in Philadelphia on the 3rd of May, 1864, the son of William and Martha Gummere. He entered Haverford in 1880, where his genial disposition and manly character immediately won him the esteem of his fellows. Having completed a special course in mathematics he left college in 1883 and entered the National Bank of Northern Liberties, Philadelphia. For several years he acted as General Baggage Agent of the Lehigh Valley R. R. until in April, 1900, ill health preventing him from further active service. During his busy career he found time to give some play to his distinct literary ability, publishing several volumes of poems.

'85. Rufus M. Jones received the degree of M. A. at Harvard last June. He delivered a course of lectures at the Friends' Settlement for Bible Study, held at Scarborough, England, in August.

'85. Prof. Theodore Wm. Richards,

of Harvard University, has been invited to fill the newly established professorship of inorganic chemistry in the University at Göttingen. The position is entirely free from routine teaching, being confined to research work with the assistance of such advanced students as may be selected. The well known pre-eminence of German scholarship in chemistry makes an invitation from that country the greater honor. It is believed that Professor Richards will not accept the position.

'88. The engagement has recently been announced of Frederick Wistar Morris, Jr., to Miss Sophia Starr, of "The Lilacs," Wyncote, who is popular in Philadelphia society.

'89. Lindley M. Stevens is Superintendent of the Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y.

'90. John N. Guss is a prominent candidate for Republican nomination for District Attorney of Chester county, Pa. At a recent memorial service in West Chester for President McKinley, he made one of the addresses.

A. M. '90. Charles E. Terrell, of New Vienna, Ohio, after an illness of almost two years, died April 15th, 1901, in his 36th year. A graduate of Wilmington College, he took the master's degree at Haverford in 1890, and was the same year married to Anna M. Harris, who, with his aged parents and little daughter, survive him. He served with efficiency as a trustee of Wilmington College, as assistant clerk of Wilmington Yearly Meeting, and as president of the Yearly Meeting Christian Endeavor.

'90. William G. Audenried is President of the Eastern Milling and Export Company, a consolidation of about twenty-five flour mills in Eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland.

'90. Edward R. Longstreth has left the firm of Maris Bros., manufacturers

of hoisting cranes, located in the southwestern part of the city and is now connected with the West Laurel Hill Cemetery Co., at 1305 Arch street, Philadelphia.

'91. David Lane Mekeel was married on September 2nd to Miss Mary A. Graff in Pittsburg, Pa., where Mr. Mekeel is engaged in engineering business.

'92. Joseph H. Dennis is chairman of the Publication Committee of the *B. S. N. S. Quarterly*, the official publication of the Bloomsburg State Normal School at Bloomsburg, Pa., where Mr. Dennis holds the position of head of the department of Latin.

'96. William W. Hastings, Ph. D., 1896, is engaged in the department of Anthropometry at the Y. M. C. A. training school in Springfield, Mass.

'92. Professor Warren H. Detwiler has been unanimously elected to fill the vacancy in the chair of history and economics in the Northeast Manual Training School caused by the recent resignation of Frederick W. Speirs, Ph. D. For the past nine years Professor Detwiler has had a similar chair in the Bloomsburg State Normal School. He received the degree of Master of Arts at Haverford in 1897.

'92. Walter M. Hart received the degree of Master of Arts at Harvard last June. He is continuing his work there this year.

'93. Edward Rhoads has been appointed Instructor in Physics at Haverford College.

'93. Henry S. Todd is teacher of Latin at Friends Select School, Philadelphia.

'94. William Wistar Comfort has announced his engagement to Miss Mary Lawton Fales, of Lake Forest, Illinois. He has been appointed to the chair of Romance Languages at Haverford.

'94. Dr. George B. Dean has been spending several months in the gold mining districts of known Alaska.

'95. Samuel H. Brown and Elizabeth W. Hoopes, of West Chester, were married on June 27th.

'95. Joseph S. Evans, Jr., sailed during the summer to Vienna, Austria, to pursue advanced studies in Biology, in preparation for a medical career.

'95. Erroll B. Hay has announced his engagement to Miss Mary Goodall Bradley, of Philadelphia.

EX-'96. After a deadlock of several months the Oxford School Board have elected from over 100 applications Maurice T. Babb as principal of their school.

'96. S. K. Brecht is with his uncle, A. E. Brecht, wholesale flour merchant, of Philadelphia.

'96. T. Harvey Haines received the degree of Ph. D. in Psychology at Harvard and has been elected assistant Professor of Psychology at the University of the State of Ohio, Columbus.

'96. J. Quincy Hunsicker, Jr., was married to Miss Helen Gheen, at West Chester on June 19th.

'97. Richard C. Brown has been appointed teacher of Latin and English at Westtown Boarding School this year.

'97. Morris B. Dean has become a partner in the firm of the Samuel E. Tatum foundry.

'97. C. H. Howson is a member of the firm of Howson & Howson, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors of Patents, Philadelphia.

'97. F. B. Jacobs as Resident Physician at the University Hospital, Philadelphia, invented and successfully employed several new methods for treatment of heat and sun strokes, during the excessive hot spell of the past summer.

'97. F. N. Maxfield has been appointed Headmaster of Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y.

'97. George M. Palmer has announced his engagement to Miss Marian Rogers, of Moorestown, N. J.

'97. Henry S. White has gone into business in High Point, N. C. He had a son born July 4th 1901.

'98. W. W. Cadbury has returned from a tour abroad, and expects this year to complete his course in the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania.

'98. John G. Embree sailed during the summer for the Philippines where he has been appointed a teacher by the United States Educational Commission.

'98. Alfred S. Haines and Edith Hayes, of Salem, Ohio, were married last July. They will reside at Westtown, Pa.

'98. J. H. Haines is Secretary of and purchasing agent for the Haines, Jones & Cadbury Company.

'98. W. C. Janney has decided to spend another year in the West, where he will continue his law studies.

Ex-'98. Harold P. Moon was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar last February, and is now practicing law at 1530 Chestnut Street.

Ex-'98. S. R. Morgan has gone on a three weeks hunting trip in the mountains of Northern Montana.

'98. Samuel Rhoads graduated in June from the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

'98. E. R. Ross is engaged to be married to Miss Maude Jones, of South Charleston, Ohio. He is still connected with the firm of Underwood & Underwood, Manufacturers of Stereographs, etc., as district field manager for New England and New York State. He

expects soon to go to Calcutta, India, to manage a branch office for his firm.

'98. Fred. A. Swan has given up his dairy and restaurant business in Kansas City, and is at the head of a small mining camp at Las Palomas, Sierra County, New Mexico. He is mining copper ore in the Caballo Mountains.

'98. J. W. Taylor has "squatted" in the Little San Nicholas Canon, which is in the central part of Donna Ana, one of the Southernmost counties of New Mexico. His postoffice address is Organ, N. M. This is 60 miles to the Southeast of Swan's mining camp. Taylor who is in the reaching business, had from last accounts five ponies and twenty-one cows with the expectation of soon obtaining more. He is just completing a one story house of brown lime-stone and mud, measuring eighteen by ten feet and invites all unmarried '98 men to a house-warming on Christmas Day.

'99. William A. Battey was married at Leptondale, N. Y., June 27th 1901 to Miss Rhoda A. Birdsall. Their home will be at Brooklyn, N. Y.

'99. John D. Carter received the degree of Master of Arts from Haverford June 14th. He has announced his engagement to Miss Rachel G. Alsop. He is continuing his work in chemistry at Haverford this year.

'99. Frank K. Walter has been appointed Principal of the public schools of Avondale, Pa.

'00. C. Henry Carter and John P. Carter received the degree of M. A. at Haverford last spring. The former is now studying at Harvard, the latter will be in the employ of Carter & Scattergood, Manufacturing Chemists, Philadelphia.

'00. Harvard College conferred the degree of B. A. upon F. R. Cope, H. S. Drinker, W. S. Hinchman, W. W. Justice, Jr, and S. W. Mifflin.

'00. R. J. Burdette, Jr., has returned from a year of travel in Europe and he is now a reporter for the "Evening Bulletin."

'00. H. S. Drinker will enter the University of Pennsylvania Law school this fall.

'00. W. S. Hinclman has been appointed Master of English at Groton school, Groton, Mass.

'00. W. W. Justice, Jr., after making a trip to the West to inspect the sheep

ranches has returned to Philadelphia and is now in the employ of Justice, Bate-man & Company, Wool Commission Merchants.

Ex-'00. J. A. Logan has been ap-pointed a captain in the regular army.

'00. S. W. Mifflin has returned to Cambridge to enter the Harvard Law School.

'00. J. K. Moorhouse has left the Philadelphia Divinity school and is studying for the ministry at Wayne.

CRICKET DEPARTMENT.

The Past Cricket Season.

NOW it is a manifest fact that the cricket season, which concluded with the college year last summer, was not one of thrilling success. Yet it is also just as clearly a manifest fact that it was not, by any means, a failure. It was what we might call a season of pleasing mediocrity with a goodly list of victories, two defeats and one draw. This record, on the face of it impresses the unknowing as being quite creditable. But be it known that one of those two defeats was administered by a team from whose hands we could bear it with the least grace, to wit, the team of the University of Pennsylvania. Moreover a double evil was accomplished on that fatal day, for all hopes of the inter-collegiate cricket championship were snatched from us when Jordan, Penn's captain, hit out the winning run and we hung our heads in sorrow. Yet we had no cause to feel deeply discour-aged over the season's showing, for several hard battles were fought and won and the men played with pluck and spirit throughout. This year, with some good material entering in the Freshmen Class and nearly all the old team still in college, we should look forward to a season of success and

strive with all our mights to lift the Scarlet and Black to victory.

A. C. WOOD, JR., '02.

Matches.

FIRST ELEVEN.

On June 5th the 1st XI and the next XIV played a draw, considerably in favor of the 1st XI. Wood made top score for the 1st XI, Longstreth alone reached double figures on the next XIV The score:—

FIRST XI.

C. C. Morris, c. Dr. Gummere, b. Bevan..	4
F. W. Sharp, c. Dr. Mustard, b. Stork...	17
R. H. Patton, l. b. w., b. Bonbright.....	5
A. C. Wood, b. Stork.....	47
R. M. Gummere, c. Seiler, b. Folwell....	11
A. S. Cookman, b. Dr. Mustard.....	29
L. W. Demotte, b. Cadbury.....	29
H. H. Morris, c. Stork, b. Cadbury.....	0
J. B. Drinker, b. Cadbury.....	0
N. A. Scott, not out.....	7
R. P. Lowry, not out.....	7
Extras	16
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Total	172

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
Bevan	12	1	31*	1
Bonbright	7	0	25	1
Stork	13	3	34	2
Folwell	5	0	18	1
Dr. Mustard	9	2	26	1
Cadbury	6	0	20	3

(*) bowled 1 no ball and 1 wide.

Dr. Gummere, b. Patton.....	7
Dr. Mustard, b. Patton.....	8
A. L. Dewees, b. Patton.....	9
W. C. Longstreth, c. sub., b. Patton.....	10
S. A. Warrington, b. Patton.....	0
C. W. Stork, b. Wood.....	1
W. P. Bonbright, not out.....	4
C. L. Seiler, c. Wood, b. Patton.....	0
C. R. Cary, not out.....	0
P. D. Folwell, W. E. Cadbury, E. J. Bevan, W. V. Dennis, E. W. Evans, did not bat.	
Extras	1
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Total (for 7 wickets).....	40

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
DeMotte	6	1	8	0
Patton	10	2	24	6
Wood	4	2	6	1

The 1st XI played their last game on June 12th. The match was the annual one with the alumni. The alumni team which was very strong, was captained by J. H. Scattergood. They were easily disposed of for 51 runs, the bowling of Patton and De Motte proving very hard to play. Scattergood made top score, with a well played 16. The wicket was very fast and the bowling good, and Haverford's first wickets fell fast. The stand of H. H. Morris and Carter was at a critical period, and saved the game for their side. Score—

OLD HAVERFORDIAN.

E. T. Comfort, '78, b. DeMotte.....	8
J. W. Sharp, '88, b. Patton.....	4
H. P. Baily, '90, c. Wood, b. DeMotte....	10
T. Wistar, '98, b. DeMotte.....	0
J. H. Scattergood, '96, not out.....	16
W. G. Audenried, '96, run out.....	1
A. L. Baily, '78, b. Patton.....	0
H. W. Stokes, '87, b. Patton.....	4
E. B. Hay, '95, b. Patton.....	0
E. Lycett, '99, c. H. H. Morris, b. DeMotte	4
H. H. Lowry, '99, c. H. H. Morris, b. Patton	1
Leg byes, 3	3
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Total	51

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
DeMotte	8	1	29	4
Patton	7.2	1	19	5

HAVERFORD COLLEGE FIRST XI.

C. C. Morris, b. H. P. Baily.....	2
F. W. Sharp, l. b. w., H. P. Baily.....	5
A. C. Wood, Jr., c. Scattergood, b. H. P. Baily	12
R. M. Gummere, c. Comfort, b. H. P. Baily	6
R. H. Patton, c. Lowry, b. H. P. Baily..	0
A. S. Cookman, b. Comfort.....	2
L. W. DeMotte, run out.....	12
H. H. Morris, b. Comfort.....	9
C. H. Carter, not out.....	32
D. A. Roberts, c. Comfort, b. H. P. Baily	1
N. A. Scott, b. H. P. Baily.....	0
Byes, 8; leg byes, 4; no balls, 1.....	12
<hr/>	
Total	95

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
H. P. Baily	12	0	50	7
Comfort	14	8	17	2
Sharp	4	1	15	0

OLD TIMERS AT THE WICKET.

While the first eleven was playing the old Haverfordian team, two teams of the older alumni were enjoying themselves on the third eleven grounds. There was not much cricketing science displayed, and many a ball was stopped by putting one's foot in the way rather than taking the trouble to bend over. If a player was out in the first over the bowler was charged with a "no ball," and the batsman allowed to go on. The limit for retiring was fixed at 15. Score:—

EMLÉN'S TEAM.

Brown, '86, b. Cope.....	2
Taylor, '69, b. Crosman.....	4
Garrigues, '71, b. Cope.....	9
Howland, '72, b. Cope.....	8
Gummere, '72, retired.....	16
Emlen, '74, retired.....	15
Haines, '78, not out.....	9
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Total	63

HUSTON'S TEAM.

Huston, '72, retired.....	16
Crenshaw, '67, b. Haines.....	2
Cope, '69, c. Gummere, b. Emlen.....	4
Rose, '70, retired.....	15
Cadbury, '72, b. Haines.....	9

Crosman, '78, retired.....	15
Stokes, retired.....	18
Downing, '72, c. Gummere, b. Huston....	5
Total	85

SECOND ELEVEN

On June 8th the second XI defeated the Overbrook team on a rather poor wicket. J. Stevenson made the top score for Overbrook and Dr. Gummere for Haverford. Bevan did the best bowling for Haverford and Baines for the visitors. The score:—

OVERBROOK.

W. B. Hughes, c. Cadbury, b. Stork.....	10
W. Churchhill, b. Stork.....	5
T. J. Orbison, l. b. w., b. Bevan.....	4
J. P. Baines, b. Bevan.....	0
F. Galey, b. Bevan.....	7
J. Stevenson, b. Bevan.....	30
F. B. Hancock, c. and b. Bevan.....	1
O. T. Barns, b. Bevan.....	0
W. Reed, b. Stork.....	0
F. Bacon, b. Stork.....	10
R. Wetherly, not out.....	0
Extras	12
Total	79

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
Bevan	13.1	6	25	6
Stork	13	1	38	4

SECOND XI.

Dr. Gummere, run out.....	21
E. J. Bevan, b. Baines.....	11
W. E. Cadbury, c. Stevenson, b. Baines..	8
W. C. Longstreth, b. Churchhill.....	2
A. S. Cookman, b. Baines.....	1
W. P. Bonbright, b. Baines.....	19
S. A. Warrington, b. Baines.....	0
J. B. Drinker, b. Hughes.....	9
C. W. Stork, not out.....	2
E. E. Trout, c. Churchhill, b. Galey....	5
R. P. Lowry, b. Galey.....	3
Extras	19
Total	100

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	o.	m.	r.	w.
Baines	12	5	23	5
Hughes	8	1	24	1
Churchill	8	2	21	1
Bacon	2	0	9	0
Galey	1.5	0	4	2

THIRD ELEVEN.

The 3rd XI defeated the German-town Juniors on May 30. Cary made

top score for the 3rd, a patient 50. The score:—

GERMANTOWN JUNIORS.

G. Priestman, b. Folwell.....	7
W. Kurtz, b. Folwell.....	0
C. Wister, not out.....	10
M. Shoemaker, c. Wills b. Garrett.....	2
T. Stoever, c. Stokes, b. Folwell.....	6
G. Shoemaker, c. Folwell, b. Stokes.....	3
H. Roberts, c. Garrett, b. Folwell.....	3
M. Newhall, b. Stokes.....	3
H. Cauffman, c. Philips, b. Folwell.....	3
M. Pearson, b. Stokes.....	9
S. Pearson, run out.....	0
Extras	25
Total	42

THIRD XI.

C. R. Cary, not out.....	50
S. Brown, b. Shoemaker.....	0
P. D. Folwell, c. Priestman, b. Newhall..	24
G. S. Garrett, l. b. w., b. Newhall.....	0
E. W. Evans, c. Roberts, b. Kurtz.....	32
J. M. Stokes, run out.....	2
W. P. Philips, c. and b. Priestman.....	0
H. N. Thorn, c. Shoemaker, b. Stoever..	5
W. M. Wills, c. and b. Priestman.....	1
D. L. Burgess, b. Priestman.....	4
C. R. Haig, run out.....	9
Extras	16
Total	143

On Saturday, June 8th, the 3rd XI defeated a picked team from the Merion Cricket Club. The score:—

MERION.

E. Y. Townsend, b. Folwell.....	3
S. A. Pool, b. Garrett.....	0
E. W. Sharwood, b. Folwell.....	0
A. G. Hare, b. Garrett.....	3
D. A. Newhall, c. Brown, b. Folwell....	1
D. Mac Farlan, c. Wills, b. Folwell.....	2
J. H. Thomas, b. Garrett.....	11
W. L. MacCoy, run out.....	0
L. U. Fuller, b. Garrett.....	2
L. K. Bevan, b. Garrett.....	0
H. G. Pearce, not out.....	7
Extras	5
Total	34

THIRD XI.

C. R. Cary, not out.....	17
S. Brown, b. Townsend.....	7
P. D. Folwell, run out.....	0
G. S. Garrett, c. Fuller, b. Pool.....	9
E. W. Evans, c. Sharwood, b. Newhall..	0
C. L. Seiler, b. Newhall.....	0
H. N. Thorn, b. Pool.....	1
C. R. Haig, c. Newhall, b. Pool.....	1

O. E. Duerr, b. Pool.....	17
W. M. Wills, c. and b. Fuller.....	4
Extras	12
Total	68

G. S. Garrett	300	121	11	20	4	6	1-20
P. Nicholson	108	62	5	7	4	8	6-7

The First Eleven—Won 5, lost 2, drew 2.
 The Second Eleven—Won 5, lost none, drew 1.
 The Third Eleven—Won 4, lost 1, drew 1

Averages.

Following are the First, Second and Third Eleven averages:

FIRST ELEVEN BATTING.

	In.	H.S.	N.O.	R.	Aver.
C. C. Morris.....	9	61	0	197	21 8-9
A. C. Wood, Jr....	9	47	0	181	20 1-0
R. H. Patton.....	7	45	0	115	16 3-7
A. S. Cookman....	7	29	1	94	15 2-3
N. A. Scott.....	3	7*	2	14	14
F. W. Sharp.....	7	34	1	80	13 1-3
L. W. DeMotte....	8	29	1	98	12 4-7
R. M. Gummere...	9	26*	2	78	11 1-7
C. H. Carter.....	6	32*	1	54	10 4-5
E. J. Bevan.....	1	5	0	5	5
W. V. Dennis....	2	5	0	9	4 1-2
J. B. Drinker....	4	8	2	9	4 1-2
H. H. Morris....	5	9	0	19	3 4-5
D. A. Roberts....	5	5	0	11	2 1-5

(*) not out.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.	Ex.	Aver.
L. W. DeMotte....	355	185	15	23	0	8 1-23
A. S. Cookman....	95	52	4	6	8	8 2-3
A. C. Wood, Jr....	456	175	16	20	4	8 3-4
R. H. Patton....	378	199	8	20	0	9 19-20
N. A. Scott.....	157	80	6	8	0	10
E. J. Bevan.....	48	37	0	2	4	18 1-2
J. B. Drinker....	24	26	0	1	0	26
R. M. Gummere...	42	39	1	1	1	39
C. H. Carter....	18	6	1	0	1	

SECOND ELEVEN BATTING.

(Double figures and over.)

	In.	H.S.	N.O.	R.	Aver.
W. E. Cadbury....	5	33*	2	92	30 2-3
E. J. Bevan.....	5	50	0	152	30 2-5
A. L. Dewees....	4	38*	1	62	20 2-3
A. G. H. Spiers..	4	20	1	51	17
W. P. Bonbright..	4	19	1	42	10 1-2

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.	Ex.	Aver.
E. J. Bevan.....	349	144	15	23	9	6 6-23
C. W. Stork.....	355	155	8	19	0	8 1-10

THIRD ELEVEN BATTING.

(Double figures and over.)

	In.	H.S.	N.O.	R.	Aver.
C. R. Cary.....	6	59*	3	147	49
P. D. Folwell....	2	24	0	24	12

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	B.	R.	M.	W.	Ex.	Aver.
J. M. Stokes	85	20	3	3	0	2 1-2
P. D. Folwell	95	28	3	10	1	2 8-10

Prizes.

THE cricket prizes for the season of 1901 were awarded as follows:

Colors (cap, blazer, sash and sweater), to F. W. Sharp, 1901; A. S. Cookman, 1902; R. M. Gummere, 1902; C. C. Morris, 1904.

The Cope Prize Bat for the First Eleven, to C. C. Morris, 1904, with an average of 21 8-9.

The Congdon Prize Ball, to L. W. DeMotte, 1901, with an average of 8 3-23.

The Haines Prize Fielding Belt, to C. C. Morris, 1904.

The Class of '85 Prize Bat, for the Second Eleven, to W. E. Cadbury 1901, with an average of 30 2-3.

The Class of '85 Prize Ball, to E. J. Bevan, with an average of 6 6-23.

The Class of '85 Prize Fielding Belt, to W. E. Cadbury, 1901.

The Dorian Prize Bat presented by Dr. Mustard for the highest score of the season in any scheduled match, was awarded to R. H. Patton, 1901, for his score of 76 for the Seniors against the Juniors.

The Improvement Bat, for the Sophomore or Freshman making the greatest improvement during the year, was awarded to E. J. Bevan, 1904.

The Shakespeare Prize Bat, for the highest score of the Freshmen against the Sophomores, was awarded to P. D. Folwell, 1904, with a score of 13.

The C. R. Hinchman Prize Bat, presented for the best scoring in inter-collegiate matches, was awarded to C. C. Morris, 1904, with an average of 27.

The Christian Febiger Prize Ball, presented for the best bowling in inter-collegiate matches, was awarded to A. S. Cookman, 1902, with an average of 5.

Haverfordians in Cricket.

WE have noted during the past season as in many previous ones the great prominence of Haverfordians in local cricket and we feel that it would be fitting to publish here the names of some of the players on the various teams with a few of their best individual efforts:

For Merion C. C.—J. W. Sharp, Jr., '88; J. W. Muir, '92; C. J. Rhoads, '93; S. W. Morris, '94; A. P. Morris, '95; D. H. Adams, '96; J. A. Lester, '96; J. H. Scattergood, '96, (Captain); A. Haines, '99; H. H. Lowry, '99; J. P. Morris, '99; F. C. Sharpless, '00; W. S. Hinchman, '00; L. W. DeMotte, '01; R. H. Patton, '01; F. W. Sharp, '01; R. M. Gummere, '02; W. C. Longstreth, '02; E. Bevan, '04; W. P. Bonbright, '04; H. H. Morris, '04; C. C. Morris, '04.

For Philadelphia C. C.—A. G. Scattergood, '98; F. A. Evans, '99.

For Germantown C. C.—E. T. Comfort, '78; W. W. Justice, '90; R. L. Pearson, '05; A. G. Priestman, '05.

For Belmont C. C.—F. McAllister, '92.

For Radnor C. C.—A. F. Coca, '96; E. Field, '97; C. H. Howson, '97; A. B. Mifflin, '99; S. W. Mifflin, '00.

For Haddonfield C. C.—A. H. Hopkins, '05.

For Moorestown C. C.—J. Stogdell Stokes, '89, (Captain); S. R. Yarnall, '92; E. R. Richie, '99; C. J. Allen, '00; D. A. Roberts, '02; A. C. Wood, Jr., '02; S. A. Warrington, Ex-'03.

On June 30th in the Philadelphia Cup match between Merion and Philadelphia, R. H. Patton, '01, playing for the former, made 28 out of the 66 runs scored by his side and took 6 wickets for 17 runs.

On July 3rd and 4th J. A. Lester, '96, playing for Merion against the Canadians, made 117 runs not out and took 6 wickets for 11 runs.

McAllister, '92, was a member of the Belmont team, which journeyed to Canada early in August.

On September 2nd Howson, '97, and Mifflin, '99, made 104 not out and 67 respectively for Radnor against Haddonfield.

On September 20th, 21st and 22nd six Haverfordians played on the team of 22 colts against the Gentlemen of England and scored altogether 148 of the 415 runs made by the whole team. Their names and scores were: A. G. Scattergood, '98, 26; F. C. Sharpless, '00, 10; R. H. Patton, '01, 19; D. A. Roberts, '02, 4; A. C. Wood, '02, 18; C. C. Morris, '04, 74. Patton took 6 wickets for 66 runs. Roberts, the wicket keeper for

the team, allowed but 16 byes and made two catches and two stumps

Nine members of the Merion Summer Eleven, which defeated Germantown on August 17, were Haverfordians.

In a match between Merion and Radnor, played at Wayne August 28th, F. W. Sharp, '01, W. P. Bonbright, '04, H. H. Morris, '04, and C. C. Morris, '04, made 32, 48, 51 and 89 runs respectively for the former, and A. B. Mifflin, '99, made 60 not out for Radnor.

The following were invited to represent the United States against Canada in the match to be played September 9th and 10th: J. A. Lester, '96, (captain); A. P. Morris, '95, D. H. Adams, '96, J. H. Scattergood, '96, and C. C. Morris, '04.

Of the nine centuries scored in first class local cricket during the past season the following five were made by Haverfordians:

July 3rd and 4th—J. A. Lester, '96, Merion vs. Canadians, 117 not out.

June 28th—A. G. Priestman, '05, Germantown vs. Belmont (Junior Cup), 130 not out.

August 3rd and 8th—H. H. Morris, '04, Merion vs. Germantown (Philadelphia Cup), 135.

July 24th—C. C. Morris, '04, Merion Summer vs. Wissahickon, 105.

Sept. 2nd—C. H. Howson, '97, Radnor vs. Haddonfield, 104 not out.

Sept. 5th—C. C. Morris, '04, Merion vs. Staten Island, 101.

But little consolation for Haverford's defeat at the hands of the University of Pennsylvania last spring can be felt from the prominence of a Haverford alumnus in the averages of the U. of P. team for the season of 1901. In these lists as published in the "American Cricketer" of July 15th, F. C. Sharpless, '00, leads the bowling averages with 15 wickets for 72 runs and his record of 20.67 is second in the batting averages.

In the international test match between the Gentlemen of Philadelphia and B. J. T. Bosanquet's teams of Englishmen, played at the Merion C. C. on September 27, 28 and 30, A. P. Morris,

'95, J. A. Lester, '96, J. H. Scattergood, '96, and C. C. Morris, '04, played on the former team. Lester made top score in both innings, making 46 and 73 not out respectively. C. C. Morris made 19 and 12 in the two innings, and these two

players alone scored more than half the runs made by their side.

C. C. Morris has the third best batting average of players in the Halifax Cup Contest.

COLLEGE NOTES.

COLLEGE opened September 25th. The entire number of students for this year is 125, classified as follows: Graduate students, 2; seniors, 40; juniors, 19; sophomores, 27; freshmen, 37.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Phi Beta Kappa Society was held on June 11th. C. W. Bankard, H. V. Bullinger, G. J. Walenta and A. R. Yearsley, of the graduating class, were elected members.

Alumni Day was celebrated after the usual custom on the 12th of June. In the afternoon the annual cricket match between the Old Haverfordians and the college eleven took place, while two rival teams of other veterans players of the college revived memories of younger years on Walton Field. After a collation on the campus, Walter Morris Hart, of the class of '92, read an address on "The Evolution of the Short Story." This class of literature has been the special object of Mr. Hart's study for several years past and he traced its history from the rough form of Fielding's novel to the more modern and perfect expressions of Bret Harte and Guy de Maupassant.

The Senior Reception occurred on the evening of June 13th. After the production of the first scene of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," by a most successful ruse the entertainment was shifted to an amusing play entitled "How Naughty One's Naughty Ones Won Naughty Ones." The spoon, given annually by time-honored custom to the most popular man in the class, was then presented to William Edward Cadbury.

New hymn books have recently been purchased by the Y. M. C. A.

Foot ball practice began Monday, September 23rd, Captain Stone and Coach Minds being in charge. The schedule is as follows:

Saturday, Oct. 5.—Princeton University at Princeton.

Saturday, Oct. 12.—Franklin and Marshall, at Haverford.

Wednesday, October 16.—The Indians, at Carlisle.

Saturday, Oct. 19.—Delaware College, at Wilmington.

Wednesday, Oct. 23.—Ursinus College, at Norristown.

Saturday, Oct. 26.—Dickinson College, at Haverford.

Wednesday, Oct. 30.—Columbia University, at New York.

Saturday, Nov. 2.—Johns Hopkins University, at Haverford.

Wednesday, Nov. 6.—Jefferson Medical College, at Haverford.

Saturday, Nov. 9.—Rutgers, at Haverford.

Wednesday, Nov. 13.—Lehigh University, at South Bethlehem.

Saturday, Nov. 23.—Swarthmore College, at Haverford.

The annual cane rush between the Sophomores and Freshmen was held on the 25th of September on Walton Field. The cane-men were C. C. Morris, Perkins and Thorne, of 1904, and Jones, Hopkins and Bausman, of 1905. When the referee's whistle was blown at the expiration of four minutes and the hands on the cane counted, it was found that the Freshmen had won by the score of 12 to 11. C. C. Morris, Perkins, Sheldon, Thorn and Withers, '04; Bausman, Jones, Pearson and Scull, '05, all had two hands on the cane.

A. C. Wood, Jr., 1902, was elected captain of the cricket team for the coming season.

The Y. M. C. A. reception to new students was held in the gymnasium on September 26. President Cookman introduced as speakers: President Sharpless, Dr. Jones, Dr. Babbitt and W. W. Comfort, '94.

The annual soap slide and Freshman entertainment was held in Barclay Hall September 30th.

Recently elected officers of some of the various college organizations are as follows:

College Association:

President.....A. C. Wood, Jr., '02
 Vice President.....A. S. Cookman, '02
 Secretary.....W. S. Bradley, '04
 Treasurer.....R. P. Lowry, '04

Athletic Association:

President.....N. A. Scott, '02
 Vice President.....A. G. H. Spiers, '02
 Secretary.....H. H. Morris, '04
 Treasurer.....O. E. Duerr, '03

Cricket Association:

President.....R. M. Gummere, '02
 Vice President.....A. S. Cookman, '02
 Secretary.....J. B. Drinker, '03
 Treasurer.....W. P. Bonbright, '04

Ground Committee:—R. M. Gummere, '02;
 A. C. Wood, '02; A. S. Cookman, '02; J. B.
 Drinker, '03; C. C. Morris, '04

Golf Association:

President.....N. A. Scott, '02
 Vice President.....D. A. Roberts, '02
 Secretary-Treasurer.....G. S. Garrett, '02

Tennis Association:

President.....J. J. Barclay, '02
 Vice President.....A. G. H. Spiers, '02
 Secretary.....A. W. Kratz, '04
 Treasurer.....H. J. Cadbury, '03

Ground Committee:—J. J. Barclay, '02; W.
 W. Pusey, 2nd '02; H. J. Cadbury, '03; W.
 P. Bonbright, '04; C. N. Sheldon, '04.

Forestry Campus Club:

President.....W. V. Dennis, '02
 Honorary President.....Miss Smith
 Secretary-Treasurer.....C. R. Cary, '02

Class of 1902:

President.....C. L. Seiler
 Vice President.....E. E. Trout
 Secretary.....J. J. Barclay
 Treasurer.....A. G. H. Spiers

Class of 1904:

President.....C. N. Sheldon
 Vice President.....H. N. Thorn
 Secretary.....W. T. Hilles
 Treasurer.....A. W. Kratz

EXCHANGES.

FOR several months a miscellaneous heap of periodicals has been gathering dust upon the editor's table. And as that ill-starred individual returns from his summer rest to the happy scenes of college memories, no more pleasant sight greets his eye than that dusty pile of college literature, promising an hour's sweet enjoyment in fields of humor, art and verse. But alas, his expectations are too high! One by one he takes the papers from their wrappers; one by one he casts them in his blazing fire. "Heu prisca fides!" The old time hair-raising narratives, Addisonian prose, flashes of wit and satire have all departed. In their stead hastily-written, padded articles on commencement events, the opening of college, statistics of the graduating and entering classes and schedules of recitations completely fill the tables of contents. The editor's fire becomes too warm with its excess

of fuel. *The Georgetown College Journal*, the *Harvard Lampoon*, and a few others, his old friends, he allows to remain on his table. The rest he consigns to a fiery grave, fearful lest Willie Green-tresh should spy them, and greenly thinking college papers all alike, should scorn the HAVERFORDIAN. So meditates the Exchange Editor!

We have noted for several months past that the *Penn Chronicle* is clothed in such brilliant colors as to discolor the spectrum of the Editor's fire during its oxidization. This month's bright green cover is doubtless attractive to the new class and may be partly designed to secure their subscription. In this case the object is certainly a worthy one, though we would thank the editors henceforth to relieve our minds and overstrained eyes from such scintillating colors.

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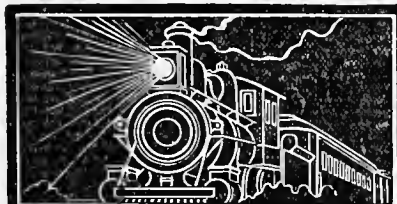
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NOVEMBER, 1901

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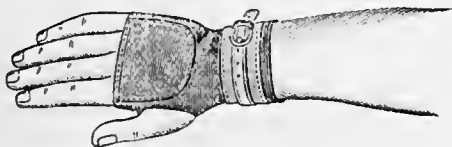
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It is a source of peculiar gratification to know that Haverford spends more money in instructing a student than any other college or university in the United States. When we read in the annual report of the treasurer of the board of managers that three hundred and twenty-five dollars—almost twice as much as at Harvard—is annually expended on each undergraduate, we have another illustration of Haverfordian *uniqueness*. When too we remember that the tuition we pay is but a nominal sum to the actual expense incurred, we must realize how truly we are favored. These facts, referred to by President

Sharpless in the Faculty notes, are deserving of wide circulation. They are a testimony of which we are proud.

THE problems of college verse make a fascinating study. We venture to prophesy that before many years a fat octavo, treating the subject comprehensively and historically, will be at our disposal, if that phantom-like end of "making many books" be not soon consummated. Such a volume would of necessity lead us back some thousand years to the courts of an Oriental university, where we may picture love-sick sons of Shem gushing forth eloquent lines to the serpent eyes of Gladys or Phyllis or whatever name the favored houri might prefer. It could not fail to make mention of Corinth and Athens, where even foreigners such as the "felicitous" Horace were wont to coquette with the Muses. Bologna, Lyons; then Oxford, Cambridge, would call forth many a page—for the English is perhaps the brightest chapter in the story of college verse, from the dramatist school of Elizabeth and the age of the Puritans on.

It is, we confess, rather distressing to hunt counterparts for the earlier essays of Greene, Milton or Coleridge in the effusions that seek to grace the pages of twentieth century monthlies. The diluted genius barely discernible in such watery wastes, might if many times distilled concentrate itself into a refreshing beverage for the thirsty poetic soul. Ordinary printer's type will not however suffice to make a single sonnet stanza, though freighted with

noble sentiments and graced with exquisite harmony fill a score of pages, and modern space-filling journalism must protect itself against financial ruin. After all there is a charm of its own about college-verse. Too often forced and unwieldy, ridiculous by its own presumption and filled with the most insipid common places, now and then a ray of true poetic inspiration darts forth, all the brighter for the darkness it cleaves—some happy *vers de societe*, jostling the foibles we all are prey to, with a ring that is healthy and true. Such we hail at once and with unstinted welcome. But can we not afford to be lenient toward the less successful attempts? Is not this life prosaic enough without the critical sneer that stabs the poetic thing of life ere it has time to summon strength and grow? This attitude is ours and these the motives, that lead us to indulgence when wading through a hopeless mass of college doggerel. If not refreshed, at least relaxed, we are again prepared to face the sterner prose.

Not many months ago we published experimentally a number of songs by that truly great poet, Walther von der Vogelweide, done into English by our students of Middle High German literature. Since then we have endeavored to vary our contents with a versified bit each issue. This month we present a jumbled pot-pourri of Haverford verse—solemn, sprightly, burlesque, translated;—as varied in fact as the Roman *satura*, relying for praise not so much on intrinsic merit as on that which it tries to reflect. Indulgence is our prayer!

DURING the sixty-eight years which have elapsed since the founding of this college, we have been singularly fortunate in the gradual growth of a Haverford atmosphere. This has been due not so much to any single

process as to the fact that a spirit of quiet, dignified conservatism, thorough scholarship, and purity in athletics, has combined the parts into a firm organic whole, and afforded to each succeeding class of alumni the belief that their little college has aided them to view the world through rational glasses.

It is therefore necessary to take care that with the infusion of larger entering classes, and the enlargement of the college population and aims, this good old atmosphere, which all appreciate, should not give way to the shoulder-jostling methods adopted by most of the American colleges in order to secure new students. This can be done in a quiet way but Haverford must not lose the reputation for quiet, honest work which has characterized her in the past. Enlarge the quantity, but see to it, Haverfordians, that the quality keep pace.

WHILE the game with Dickinson is fresh in our memory, it may perhaps be worth while to point out the cordial foot ball relations that exist between the two institutions. The method of securing officials to referee the games has been in force during the past four years, to the unqualified satisfaction of both parties. When Haverford plays at Carlisle the President of Dickinson selects both umpire and referee, and when we are the entertainers President Sharpless in turn makes both appointments. Thus not the slightest opportunity is allowed for that species of rowdiness too often seen in contests between colleges that are at heart the best of friends. Such a system does us credit. It is in line with our honor systems of examinations and reporting and less concretely, but just as truly we are sure, with the high ethical code that governs Haverford life on hall, campus and athletic field.

THE ARMISTICE.

It was all the fault of the arm. You see sometimes it takes many, many weary days and sometimes there is nothing to it. The Doctor said something like that to Smigglesby and Smigglesby—Clarence Adolphus Smigglesby, bared a thin desk fighting arm and was vaccinated. Fate smiled benignantly and the Doctor's hand shook. Smigglesby thought so. He had read the papers. He had heard his fellow-passengers talking of the pain. He had seen his friends jump when he touched them by it ever so lightly on the left arm. As he left the office he wondered how it would feel. Years ago he had been "punched" as his friend Billy Jameson termed it. Smigglesby's recollections of the affair though vague in details were lurid in colors. So he suspected.

"Been vaccinated!" came the hail. It was the tenth encore that day. Nevertheless Smigglesby turned. If you remember during the small-pox "scare" that phrase was used as "stuffing" for conversation. Much as talk about the weather and Penn's "slump." So Smigglesby turned and replied affirmatively.

"Well, just you wait," snorted the other. "Just you-oo-o wait."

Smigglesby did not wait. As the day wore on and no signal was given by the left-guard Smigglesby began to feel hopeful. He had had visions of falling down in a fit, of getting black in the face and wallowing in his gore.

"Nothin' doin'?" asked the man who sat opposite Smigglesby in the bank, tenderly caressing his arm.

"Naw," growled the latter chasing a row of figures along the five yard lines of a bulky ledger. But a new day begins with sunset. An invitation was awaiting him when he got back to the boarding house. Ten days off—so he accepted. Time kept winding the

clocks—everywhere except Pittsburg, of course, and finally it was "day after tomorrow evening."

Smigglesby had not been out much of late—and he felt the joy of anticipation. Mrs. De Whoseby was such a good entertainer, too. But, that arm. True he had not had fits.

Fainting spells had failed to appear. But he had learned to do several things. He now avoided crowded cars though he walked often blocks in the rain. He even dodged densely thronged sidewalks. When fate grabbed the wheel and steered him into the midst of his fellow mortals, Smigglesby put the right shoulder forward and hoped against hope. He had also learned not to grasp a friend by his arm. And last he had accustomed himself to sleeping on one side. The week will never fade out of his mind. Before he was vaccinated the papers seemed to be full of small-pox.

"No check—grave question—health authorities at a loss" and so forth "ad tummy." But now that he knew he was an "immune" there seemed to be a dearth in horrors. Only his arm remained. Faithful clumsy inconvenient life-saving arm. Finally the fatal Friday floundered in. Why the De Whoseby's had their affair on Friday instead of Saturday, Smigglesby could not tell.

His not to question, marm; his but to mind that arm! What a torture it was to coax his dimpled arm into his dress-suit! His well worn office sack, at which he had wailed every morning, was solid comfort in comparison.

Iniquitous Inquisition—would the thing pat him again on that arm? At the vest—and then the coat was on. Finally with a sigh and one cuff off he was in. Down to the car-tracks only to walk all the way. Was all Philadel-

phia going out that night? For Smigglesby's arm cringed in a crowd. Despair clutched at that left arm. There at last a door-bell rang out. Smigglesby walked in thrice armed. Creaky! creaky! O! that arm! Upstairs. Creaky! creaky! "K'out f'my arm," he and another sufferer chinned as they met on the stairs. In to the door to cordially grasp Mrs. De Whoseby's arm—her husband's—the young De Whoseby's. The din and roar of many voices smote upon his ear. He was introduced to some one. Together they babbled. Bomp! An old dowager whose weight was approximately and politely two hundred "landed" with her plump right on his science-smitten left. Smigglesby swallowed as well as he could and still looked over his collar. Soon he was lugged off to another part of the room. Careful this time. He was a man with a "sour" face, a regular feather-bed of whiskers and with his potent feathers aimed as straight for that arm as a bolo knife.

"Not this time," thought the sorrow-smitten Smigglesby. There was but a foot to spare. Smigglesby stepped suddenly to the left. Right on to a train. A female train. A swiftly moving fe-

male train. A long expensive swiftly moving female train. There was the rending of precious lace and rustling silk. A sudden hush stifled the conversation. There was a mute circle of faces glaring upon Smigglesby. Nevertheless nervous, yes, superlypo-nervous he saw one face outside of that charmed circle. That face glared alternately at him and the wrecked train. In the corner of his eye he could see his hostess standing. Her mouth was open. Smigglesby murmured something about Schley's making a "loop" to port. He opened a smile which looked like the dawn of a rainy day. How he got out he never knew. In putting on his overcoat he "woke up" his arm again; that kept him awake long enough to keep his hat off his head and say good-bye to his stunned courageous hostess. Then he sank into another merciful lethargic swoon till he found himself unlocking the door of Twothy-Two East West street.

"Hello! Been vaccinated?" next morning asked a friend Smigglesby had not seen for six months. But Smigglesby silently boarded a Sixteenth Street car and "went 'way back and sat down."

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, JR., 1900.

HARVARD LETTER.

AS John Harvard landed at Boston dock, it is fabled that the first words he heard were the following: "Pedal appendages illuminated for the infinitesimal remuneration of five cents, a nickel or a half-dime." Nor was this the only evidence of culture that arrested his attention. As he passed by a parrot in

a shop-keeper's window in what is now Boylston street, he chanced to show (as who will not?) a slight prosaic quality of thought by saying, "Poor Polly, Polly want a cracker?" This was the reply: "Vagrant stripling, my appellation is Mary or better, Maria, and I usually enjoy a collation of biscuit."

"Haec fabula docet," at least, that

there are those here who aspire to some kind of culture. And if culture be one characteristic of life at Cambridge, activity is another. The centrifugal force even at the "Hub" is distinctly noticeable.

It is not fair, however, in asking for a "Harvard Letter," to expect profound remarks from a novice. Harvard University is too large and complex for one to master at once, and therefore your correspondent will simply retail a few stray items of news. The old Haverford men here this year are S. H. Hodgkin, '98, F. R. Cope, Jr., '00, S. W. Mifflin, '00, S. F. Seager, ex-'00, H. V. Bullinger '01, Randolph ex-'01, and one other. Mifflin's back is very broad and he plays pretty regularly on the Varsity eleven. He also studies law. Cope is mastering sociology, while Hodgkin and Bullinger are studying English.

One of the most important occasions of the past month was the formal opening of the "Harvard Union" building. This was erected through the generosity of Major H. E. Higginson, who has already signaled his good will toward Harvard by the donation of Soldiers' Field, the large ground for athletics. The "Union" is a club for the furtherance of good fellowship generally in the whole university. It was modelled on a similar institution at one of the English Universities, and may with no Harvard blushes be compared with Houston Hall, at the University of Pennsylvania. It is indeed more commodious and better equipped than its only rival in the United States. Here its members may chat together, read or eat or play together, while those so inclined may together make the air a rapturous blue with rings of tobacco smoke. At the dedication, Charles Francis Adams presided and among others President Eliot and Major Higginson made good speeches. A poem for the occasion was also delivered and applauded. Speaking of applause recalls the tremendous

roll of Harvard's "yell," when given from many hundred throats in a large room. It is impressive,—at least to the ear-drum. Every one wishes the "Union" much success in its mission of good fellowship.

A letter at this time of year would seem incomplete without reference to athletics. Besides the name of Mifflin there appears with much regularity in foot ball accounts the name of O. F. Cutts, well-known at the Grammar School in the past. The team, as a whole, however, is not considered as strong as in some years, and certain dark possibilities as regards the game with Yale are expressed by the pessimists. This game occurs on the 23rd, the date also for the Haverford-Swarthmore contest. What thrills are in store for Harvard-Haverfordians on the 23rd! The Charles River, the tennis-courts, and the gymnasium furnish the other principle means for sport or "tonic" at this time of the year. A plot of ground in Soldiers' Field is granted or rather consecrated to the noble and glorious game of cricket, but its use is a spring festival.

After all, the one main interest for many here is the pursuit of that illusive possession called scholarship and it is this intellectual side of Harvard that we wish to commend to one thinking of further study after that at Haverford is completed. Harvard is an excellent place as regards surroundings, tradition and inspiring men; it is full also of great individual freedom. One's taskmasters are his sense of duty and his aspirations. As they are his only real taskmasters anywhere, however, this fact should make no great difference in his everyday conduct of life. He who does not know that a very proper kind of intellectual progression is indicated by saying, "Home, Haverford and Harvard," indicates ignorance on an important matter. Prove it when you may.

C. H. C., 1900.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

THROUGH the generosity of T. Wistar Brown, the library is to be enriched with nearly four hundred clay tablets or Babylonian books. Many of these have been taken from the mounds of Babylonia and have attracted the attention of all the world. It will be a great satisfaction to all Haverfordians to have at the college one of the choicest collections of tablets of its size.

These tablets evidently come from southern Babylonia and are written in the archaic Babylonian character, dating from before 2000 B. C. They were consigned by an Oriental dealer to a dealer in America, in whose warehouse an alumnus of the college, Dr. George A. Barton '82, saw them. T. Wistar Brown upon hearing of them decided to make them a part of the Haverford library. They will soon be placed in Alumni Hall.

The expense of teaching a student at Haverford is probably greater than in any other college in the United States. If we divide the total salary list by the number of students, we find that the instruction to each student costs three hundred and twenty-five dollars. At Harvard the corresponding cost seems to be about one hundred and eighty-five dollars; at Yale, Amherst, Williams, and Cornell, about one hundred and fifty dollars; at Swarthmore, about two hundred and seventeen dollars, and, in many places, it does not exceed one hundred dollars. From the point of view of the student, this ought to be extremely satisfactory. The cause of it is two-fold—good salaries and small numbers. It is impossible to secure the instruction which the standard of Haverford demands without the employment of professors of high grade, and, in general, there is not enough work to justify the engagement of more than one teach-

er in a department. In our large universities the work of the head of the department is supplemented by a number of less well paid instructors. These instructors usually meet the Freshmen Class, while the upper classes have the benefit of the lectures of the head professor. At Haverford, the courses are divided vertically, so that the same man teaches frequently his subject to all classes.

It is a question of interest to what extent the numbers could be increased at Haverford without losing any of our distinctive advantages, and, at the same time, gain the benefit of more economical instruction and administration. The maximum size of a class for efficient work, in all except subjects which admit of the lecture system, is about thirty; in some courses it probably should not exceed twenty. If there were two hundred students in the college, and all the classes were proportionately increased, it would be necessary, therefore, to make sub-divisions of classes in certain subjects. Owing, however, to the separation of different courses from each other, and, more particularly, the division of the students resulting from our large elective system, the great majority of the classes could be doubled without disadvantage resulting. In the lower classes before election begins all of the courses involving the whole class would have to be taught in sections. But the total increase of teaching would probably be arranged for by the addition of two or three men to the faculty. It is evident, therefore, that a large economy would result from increasing the number of students. There is a point, however, beyond which it would not be desirable to go. The advantages of mutual acquaintanceship at small colleges are many and potential

and the economy of administration would not increase indefinitely with the numbers. At present we have a teaching force, which, with very slight additions, would be equally good for two hundred students as for one hundred and twenty-five, while the larger income which would accrue to the college from this addition of students would enable us to undertake many improvements.

No one would wish to disturb the machinery which has for several years been producing such satisfactory results in the creation of a type of youthful man-

hood which is peculiarly "Haverfordian." The purpose of a college is not to make money, but to make men of clear and vigorous intelligence, strong character, and sensitive conscience. It is better that a few such men should annually round up a four-years' course than that the quality should deteriorate, even if the fame and numbers of the college increased. An increase up to the number indicated, would, however, probably sacrifice no feature of value, and would add to the strength and efficiency of our work.

COLLEGE VERSE.

Alkman XXI.

Glens and chasms on the hills,
Promontories, torrent beds,
Renew in sleep sweet Nature's rills.

Beasts of caverns, swarms of bees,
Creeping things of Mother Earth,
The finny tribe beneath the seas,
Repeat the story of their birth.

Hushed the world of elf and sprite,
Hushed the birds whose carol rings,
Echoing joy of life and light,
Touching founts of blissful springs,
All Nature feels the stillness of the night.
R. M. G., '02.

A Quoi Bon Entendre.

(Victor Hugo.)

O, why should I hark
As wood birds rejoice:
The tend'rest of birds
Sings clear in thy voice.

Let God show or veil
The stars of the skies:
The purest of stars
Shine bright in thine eyes.

Let April renew
The garden with flow'rs:
The lov'liest of blooms
Thy dear heart embowers.

This star of the day,
This bird here of flame,
This bloom of the soul,
Has *Love* for its name.
A. G. H. S., '02.

Horace. Odes III: 18.

Faunus, fond of nymphs, rapidly tho' they
flee
To my sunny fields merciful may'st thou be
When thou dost depart, carry away in thy
heart
Love for my nurselings.

If the tender kid fall with the filling year,
Wine fails not the bowl, comrade to Venus
dear;
From the ancient stone incense would fain
atone
Fragrantly smoking.

Sports the joyful flock over the grassy
plain
Whosoever thy Nones merriness bring
again:
Then both man and beast share in thy glad-
some feast
Peacefully resting.

Then the timid lambs fear from the wolf no
harm,
Forests strew thy path, shedding their leafy
charm.
Gladly on the soil, scene of his hated toil
Three-steps the farmer.
H. J. C., '03.

Little Lady of My Heart.

Little lady of my heart,
Tell me not that we must part!
Loving hearts there's naught can sever,
Parents' wrath or stormy weather.
Little lady of my heart,
Tell me not that we must part!

Cherished image of my maid,
 In my heart so fondly laid,
 Let me leave the straight path never;
 Keep me worthy of her ever:
 This my standard be forever!
 O, dear image never fade,
 Never, never, dearest maid!

A. G. H. S., '02.

Dirge.

The breath of three winters has curdled the sand.

Black-cowled the wand'rer revisits the strand
 Of the rock-hewn tomb—the omnipotent hand

Beckons the twilight wane,
 And the breakers roar
 Their remorseless lore
 On the rough-ribbed shore
 Of the sea.

"Fair angel, the starlight did creep to thine eyes

As upward thou liftedst thy gaze to the skies."

Be gone!—Must these phantoms forever arise

To madden me with their refrain?
 While the billows croon
 And murmur a tune
 To the flare of the moon
 On the sea.

The lightning reddens a foam-bleached crest.
 An eaglet feathers the night toward his nest
 With a scream—it pierces my guilt-seared breast

That it sickens and moans with the pain.
 But the wild waves dash
 And re-echo their crash
 In the eddying splash
 Of the sea.

Horace. Odes III: 9.

Amator and Lydia—A Reconciliation

While I possessed your favor, dear,
 And claimed you for my truest love,
 No Persian king, no potentate,
 Could call such blessings from above.

When fierce and hot your ardor swelled,
 My rivals all you'd trample down; (
 The city hailed me as its queen,
 A Lydia of great renown.

Dear Chloe holds my heart enthralled
 My lips that pledge her in the bowl;
 For her I'd cast my life away
 If Fate would spare her precious soul.

My being thrums the old, old tune,
 That song of yore, whence Freedom rings
 Love's slavery is liberty,
 And Calais sweeps across the strings.

What if the ancient love return
 To fan our coldness into flame?
 What if poor Chloe lose her caste,
 And Lydia's door regain its name?

Although he may the stars surpass
 In beauty, while the eastern sea
 With restless surges calls you lord,
 With you I'll fight, with you I'll flee.

R. M. G., '02.

A Flash-Light.

The water falls through soapy halls,
 From iron buckets, old and hoary;
 In foot-ball duds, wet with soap-suds
 The Freshmen slip and slide in glory!
 Slide Freshmen, slide! Over the floor a-
 gliding!

Up Freshmen! On Freshmen!
 Sliding, sliding, sliding!

See here! See there! See everywhere!
 Those dazed forms ever faster going!
 Clothes rip and tear! 'Tis no night-mare,
 Just water from the hose is flowing.
 Slide Freshmen, slide! Over each other
 riding!

Up Freshmen! On Freshmen!
 Sliding, sliding, sliding!

The blanket strong is brought along,—
 A home-sick lad is in it keeling,

Together all! Up to the wall!

Glue his home-sickness to the ceiling!

Up, Freshmen! Up! Up to the wall a flying!

Home Freshmen! Home Freshmen!

Back to your rooms, half dying!

D. L. B., '04.

TEN DAYS AT NORTHFIELD.

AT the beginning of a new college year we are all appreciating the necessity of the "strenuous life" of President Roosevelt, and making resolutions to live it out in the coming year; hence it is fitting that we should

know something of Northfield, the place that has done so much for Haverford.

On June 27th of this year, two weeks after college closed, ten Haverfordians joined later by seven others left Phila-

delphia en route for Northfield. The trip from New York to New London is by the Norwich Line boat, warranted to be the one from which the extremely beautiful moonlight can be best observed, for the simple reason that it is one of the slowest boats on the sound. After enjoying the moonlight till a respectably late hour, we retired for a short night's rest. At 5.30 a. m., we have had breakfast and are on the train for a five hour's ride. To a fellow fond of comfort and personal cleanliness, the ride does not especially appeal, for the roadbed is uncertain and the cinders thick.

However it literally "all comes out in the wash," for we take a plunge in the Connecticut River in the afternoon. Northfield is situated on the east side of the valley of the Connecticut. It is perhaps three miles from a stone in the middle of the river marking the meeting place of the boundary lines of Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire. From Northfield a splendid view is to be had for several miles up the river, while the sunsets across the valley are magnificent. To a person who has not been there, description seems exaggerated, but to one who knows, all description is inadequate.

Northfield is indeed the Mecca of Christian thought and activity in the United States, and students to the number of about six hundred, yearly flock thither from all the Eastern colleges. Although primarily a religious centre, do not imagine that the days spent there are in any way dull, for there is always plenty to do in various athletic lines. It is in fact, as good a place as you could find to spend two weeks of your vacation. There are a golf course, tennis tournaments in singles and doubles, swimming every afternoon, and as chief attraction the base ball games. Although a cricket college, Haverford produces a strong base ball nine, as those who played against the team will

testify. Our aggregation defeated Cornell 18 to 0, but was downed by Princeton, 8 to 1. Yale won the championship, defeating Princeton.

Another feature of our fortnight's stay was the monster celebration on the Fourth of July. Field sports in the afternoon were followed in the evening by a jubilation in the Auditorium. The fellows marched in by colleges, and each college vied with the others in trying to make the most noise. Haverford was fortunate in having a cornet, which was used to great advantage. After a good address by President Seth Low, of Columbia, the real fun began. As each college was called on, it gave a song and college cheer. The enthusiasm was tremendous. The singing of the Japanese students was a feature, while the cheers of Yale's one hundred men carried everything before them. The evening closed with some wild orgies—running and dancing around a bonfire, that leaped sixty odd feet toward the heavens.

It is not enough merely to enumerate the various good times to be had at Northfield for the reason that the really enjoyable part of them all is the spirit in which they are conducted. It is a good lesson in practical Christianity to play base ball at Northfield. The games are played hard, but there is no rowdyism, no kicking at the umpire's decisions, no unfair acts. The men you meet are the pick of the colleges, men you admire, and from contact with whom you cannot help getting much good. Association with the men around you is indeed of the greatest influence in a visit to Northfield.

Of course the principal objects of interest are the conference classes and meetings. There are the Bible Study and Personal Workers classes with the Missionary Institute in the morning. At 11 a. m., and 8 p. m., are the "platform meetings." These, open to the public, are addressed by the best speakers in

the country. Probably the most famous this year were Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, appointed to Mr. Moody's place, and Mr. Robert E. Speer. Any man who has heard these magnetic speakers cannot but feel their power, for they give him a great spiritual uplift. At seven p. m., there is a regular open-air meeting on Round Top. From there is a beautiful view up the valley, and there many a man has decided his life-work. The day closes with the separ-

ate delegation meetings of the various colleges. Each is a little prayer-meeting in which various subjects are considered, and in which the men draw nearer to each other and to their God than in any of the other exercises. It is a fitting climax to the busy day.

The closing meeting was on Sunday night. On Monday we broke camp, leaving by various routes, most of us to meet again at college in the fall.

G. S. G., '02.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN SPORTS.

ON the afternoon of Friday, October 18th, the annual dual fall sports between the Sophomore and Freshman classes were held on Walton Field. The weather was calculated to freeze any lingering dregs of enthusiasm out of the attending spectators, who numbered few. A brisk wind blowing directly up the homestretch was partially responsible for the poor-ness of the records. The 50-yards dash was included for the first time in the events and the record of six seconds therefore stands. The Sophomores were victorious by a score of 43 to 29. C. C. Morris made the highest individual score, with two firsts and two seconds. The summary:—

50 Yards Dash—Won by Thorn, '04; second, C. C. Morris, '04; third, Eshleman, '05. Time, 6 seconds.

Half Mile Run—Won by Bausman, '05; second, H. H. Morris, '04; third, Bushnell, '05. Time, 2 minutes 19 1-5 seconds.

100 Yards Dash—Won by C. C. Morris, '04; second, Thorn, '04; third, Lowry, '04. Time, 11 3-5 seconds.

Shot Put—Won by Folwell, '04; second, Perkins, '04; third, Libby, '05. Distance, 34 feet 7 inches.

High Jump—Won by Hopkins, '05; second, Priestman, '05; third, Perkins, '04. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

220 Yard Dash—Won by C. C. Morris, '04; second, Thorn, '04; third, Priestman, '05. Time, 26 3-5 seconds.

Mile Run—Won by Bausman, '05; second, H. H. Morris, '04; third, Bushnell, '05. Time, 5 minutes 47 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—Won by Hopkins, '05; second, C. C. Morris, '04; third, Eshleman, '05. Distance, 18 feet 11 inches.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

THE Beginnings of Poetry" by Prof. Francis B. Gummere, Ph. D., is the title of one of Macmillan's latest books. In this comprehensive work Dr. Gummere has treated his subject according to the ruling scientific basis of evolution. Discarding none of the various forms of

poetry he has traced historically their development from the rude jargonings of primitive times to the premeditated rhyming and highly imaginative poetry of our civilized age. He claims that poetry was not primarily the work of a single genius but the "communal emotions" and "social consent of the

throng" and he explains very clearly the connection between this early stage and the modern individualism in poetry. Throughout the history of poetic effort rhythm is its one distinguishing characteristic without which it cannot exist.

In contradiction to the famous dictum of Macaulay in his essay on Milton that "as civilization advances poetry almost necessarily declines," Dr. Gummere shows that as long as there exists in the human heart deep feeling and emotion, poetry must and will exist as the only possible medium of its expression. Furthermore is this popular fallacy corrected by the logical argument that civilization and material science instead of cramping poetry, by widening the intellectual and moral life of the poet raise his words from the trite to the original, from the commonplace to the sublime, and from the material to the ideal.

'65. Allen C. Thomas is again acting as clerk of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends.

'74. John G. Bullock, for many years in charge of the Chemical and Chemical Apparatus Department of Bullock & Crenshaw, Philadelphia, will continue in the same capacity with their successors, George D. Feidt & Co.

'74. James B. Thompson, with his family, returned home from Europe on October 5th.

'88. John C. Corbit, Jr., was married on November 7th to Miss Anna D. Gibson, of Odessa, Del.

'93. Clarence G. Hoag is Instructor in English at the University of Pennsylvania.

'92. The address of Walter M. Hart delivered on Alumni Day, June 12th, has been printed in full in the report of the Association.

'95. John B. Leeds was married to Miss Alice Cary Hay, at 4041 Walnut street, Philadelphia, on October 8th. Owing to a recent death in the bride's family the wedding company was limited to relations. Mr. and Mrs. Leeds after a short tour will reside at Moorestown, N. J.

'97. An interesting report prepared under the direction of the Industrial Commission by Roswell C. McCrea has come to hand. Its subject is "Taxation of Transportation Companies," treated statistically and by States.

'98. Arthur S. Harding was married to Miss Marguerite Perry on October 10th. They expect to live at 3621 Hamilton Street, Philadelphia.

'00. S. W. Mifflin has been playing full-back on the Harvard Varsity football team with great success.

'00. J. P. Carter is chemist for the Carter and Scattergood Co., 626 South 24th street, Philadelphia.

Ex-'00. Freedley had charge of the granite yards in Vermont of J. K. Freedley & Sons during the summer months. He has now returned to the Philadelphia office.

'00. Cope has returned to the Graduate School at Harvard to study Sociology and Municipal Government.

Ex-'00. Murphy has been appointed a Cadet Sergeant at West Point. He is also Assistant Manager of the foot ball team.

'00. Lutz spent the early part of the summer collecting animals in Mexico for the Field Columbian Museum. Later he was appointed entomologist for the mosquito survey on the North Shore of Long Island. He is now a graduate

student in Biology at the University of Chicago and an assistant instructor in the Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates at the same institution.

Ex-'00. Linden Harris White is now Business Manager for the newspaper "El País," the only afternoon paper published in San Juan, Porto Rico. This paper is the chief organ of the Republican party of Porto Rico and as that party is in power it is also the Government paper for the present.

Ex-'01. Chas. F. Allen is residing at his home at Beverly, N. J. He is employed as a clerk in the Provident Life and Trust Co., Philadelphia.

Ex-'01. Harold F. Babbitt is with the Presbyterian Board of Publication, New York City. Address 156 Fifth avenue, New York, N. Y.

'01. Clarence W. Bankard is at present living at Berwyn, Pa. He expects employment as a correspondent during the winter.

'01. William S. Baltz was engaged during the summer with the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

'01. Howard V. Bullinger is in the Senior Class at Harvard College.

'01. Ellis Y. Brown, Jr., is now working for the Pennsylvania Steel Co., Steelton, Pa.

'01. John W. Cadbury, Jr., has recently returned from a trip in Europe.

'01. W. E. Cadbury is studying Philosophy and Biblical Literature as a Graduate Student at Haverford College.

Ex-'01. T. J. Grayson is continuing his study in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

'01. J. Keyser De Armond resides at Merion, Pa. He has connected himself with the wholesale upholstery house of De Armond & Co., 932 Arch street, Philadelphia.

'01. Lawrence W. DeMotte is in the freight department of the Pennsylvania R. R. His address is 308 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

'01. A. Lovett Dewees sailed for Europe on the 28th of August. He will teach gymnastics during the present year at Bootham School, York, England.

'01. A. E. Freeman is studying in the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania.

Ex-'01. Herbert S. Langfeld after two and a half year's travel abroad has returned to his home at 2417 Master street, Philadelphia, where he is engaged in journalistic work.

Ex-'01. Edward L. Macomber is Town Clerk of the town of Westport, Mass., and also engaged in the probate business. Address, Central Village, Mass.

Ex-'01. George B. Mellor is occupied in farming. During the summer he took a horse-back ride to Poughkeepsie and the Catskill Mts. His address is Willow Dale Farm, R. F. D., No. 8, West Chester, Pa.

'01. Walter Mellor is living at home and attending the School of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania.

'01. Wm. O. Mendenhall is teaching at Iowa.

'01. Clement O. Meredith is superintendent and principal of the Graded School at Guilford College, N. C.

'01. Richard Patton is in the employ of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. Address, Wayne, Pa.

'01. Edw. C. Rossmassler is "working" in the Saquoit Silk Mfg. Co. His address is still Germantown, Phila.

'01. Calvin C. Rush is employed as a clerk by the Philadelphia National Bank.

'01. E. Marshall Scull is studying Modern Languages in Germany. Address, care of Frau Bruhn, Nuremburg Strasse 65, Berlin, W.

Ex-'01. Russell E. Thomas is in the Senior class of Lehigh University.

'01. Alexander C. Tomlinson, Jr., is with the Glen Iron Furnace Co. Address, Laurel Springs, N. J.

Ex-'01. I. H. Webster was married to Miss Hobenrack, of Norristown, Pa., on October 3rd.

'01. W. W. Woodward is studying in the First Year Medical class of the University of Pennsylvania.

'01. George J. Walenta is studying for the ministry at the Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

'01. J. L. Winslow is studying law at the University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.

'01. W. W. Wirgman is in the engineering department of the Phoenixville Bridge Building Company, Phoenixville, Pa.

'01. Walter H. Wood is teaching Mathematics in Friends' School, Philadelphia. He has announced his engagement of marriage to Miss Jessie Virginia Atkinson, of Salem, Ohio.

'01. A. R. Yearsley is working in the Lukens Iron and Steel Company at Coatesville, Pa.

Ex-'01. C. A. B. Zook has for some time been in partnership with his father in Lancaster, Pa.

Ex-'02. Carl Johnson is with his brother, Irving C. Johnson, in the Oskaloosa Collection Agency, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

FOOTBALL.

Haverford vs. Princeton.

Played at Princeton, Oct. 5, 1901. Won by Princeton, 47 to 0.

THE score of the game, though large, cannot rightly indicate the quality of foot ball which Haverford put up; since two of our opponent's touchdowns were made on fumbles, and first down was gained by the lighter Haverford men at least six times.

By a good end run of twenty yards by Stone, Haverford was soon on Princeton's twenty-five yard line, only to lose

the ball on downs, for Princeton's line was impregnable. The first touchdown was made by Henry, of Princeton, who picked up the ball at full speed on a fumble of one of Underhill's high twisting punts. Up to this time Haverford had been holding her own. McCord scored the second touchdown after twelve minutes of play. His low, hard running, protected by strong interference and backed up by Underhill's plunges, took the ball rapidly down the field. Dewitt kicked the goals for both of these touchdowns. Underhill made

the next touchdown outside of tackle and the goal was kicked. At the end of the first half Princeton was eighteen points to the good.

In the second half while Haverford made only one change, Princeton put in a fresh back field and two new line men. The result was that these new men, who are nearly up to the standard of the others, rushed the ball down the field irresistibly, Haverford doing as well as could be expected against their heavier opponents. Five touchdowns were made, by McCord, McClave, Kafer Foulke and Dewitt. In this half Pell made a 45-yard run around left end.

The game was clean and the Princeton side-lines were very sportsmanlike; but the fact must be declared that Princeton used their hands entirely too much, especially in the interference. Stone, Jones, Fox and Simkin played the best game for Haverford, while McCord, McClave, Pell and Dewitt figured conspicuously for Princeton.

The line-up:

Princeton	Positions.	Haverford.
Davis (Roper)....	left end	Reeder
Dewitt.....	left tackle	Cadbury (Perkins)
Short (Fisher)....	left guard	Chambers
Butkiewicz.....	center	Ross
Wright.....	right guard	Simkin
Pell.....	right tackle ...	Worthington
Henry (McClave) ..	right end	Grant
Meier.....	quarter-back	Phillips (Freeman)
S. McClave.....	left half-back	Stone (Vanderhoff)
McCord (Kafer) ..	right half back.....	Jones
Underhill.....	full-back	Fox (Foulke)

Touchdowns, Underhill, McCord 2, Dewitt 2, McClave, Kafer. Referee, Charles Young, of Cornell University. Umpire, Wheeler, of Princeton. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Haverford vs. F. and M.

Played at Haverford Oct. 12, 1901. Won by F. and M., 12 to 6.

The game was stubbornly contested throughout, both teams being stronger on offensive than defensive play. Worthington kicked off for Haverford.

By a series of short gains F. and M. carried the ball to the two-yard line and on the next play Horn went over for a touchdown. On the kick-off F. and M. carried the ball to the centre of the field but was soon forced to kick. Stone and Jones by long end runs now carried the ball to the centre of the field. F. and M. again came into possession of the ball, but was forced to kick, Chambers and Stone advanced the ball thirty yards; after a few small gains Jones was pushed through the centre fifteen yards for a touchdown.

In the second half Haverford carried the ball to the centre of the field, where it several times exchanged hands. F. and M. secured the ball on a fumble and carried it to the five-yard line. Horn secured a touchdown on the next play. The line up:—

HAVERFORD.	Positions.	F. & M.
Reeder.....	left end	Moyer (Cookman)
Cadbury.....	left tackle	Brubaker
Chambers.....	left guard	Mashingier
Ross.....	centre	Strohm
Simkin.....	right guard	Stein
Worthington....	right tackle	Bell
Grant.....	right end	Lutz
Phillips.....	quarter-back ..	Westerman
Stone.....	left half-back	Treichler
Jones.....	right half-back ...	Killeffer
Fox.....	full-back	Horn

Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Wilson. Umpire, Garwood. Linesmen, Perkins and Pascre. Timers, Wood and Evans.

Haverford vs. Indians.

Played at Carlisle, October 16, 1901. Won by Indians, 29 to 0.

Haverford played a strong offensive game, her guards back play being fast and effective. By fast work she got the ball to the Indians' 5-yard line, but was unable to take it over. The Indians scored in the first half after two minutes of play, Yarlot being pushed over the line for a touchdown. Palmer several times broke loose for large gains, finally scoring. Johnson made a 55-yard run from the kick off, the fleetness of Captain Stone just saving a touchdown. In

the second half the Indians' team was much changed, and Haverford's play improved considerably. They scored but once in that part of the game.

For Haverford Stone, Fox, Jones and Worthington were the bright particular stars.

The line-up:

HAVERFORD.	Positions.	INDIANS.
Scattergood.....	left end	Beaver (Bradley)
(Hopkins)		
Cadbury.....	left tackle	Williams (Floris)
Worthington....	left guard	Bowen (White)
Ross.....	centre	Chesow
Perkins.....	right guard	Dillen
Chambers.....	right tackle	(Snow) Subo
Grant.....	right end	(Coleman) Hare
Phillips.....	quarter-back	Johnson (Ruiz)
Stone.....	right half-back	Deora (Leroy)
Jones.....	left half-back	Yarlot (Demar)
Fox.....	full-back	(Saul) Palmer

Touchdowns, Palmer, Yarlot, Demar 2, Leroy. Goals from touchdowns, Palmer 4. Referee, Thompson, Indian School. Umpire, Dr. Babbitt, Haverford. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Haverford vs. Delaware.

Played at Wilmington, Oct. 19, 1901. Won by Delaware, 6 to 0.

The game was one of the most stubbornly contested that was ever seen in the city. Neither side scored in the first half, though Haverford was outplayed. Delaware kicked and soon got the ball on downs near the centre of the field. It was now carried to the centre of the field, where Haverford got it on a fumble. They surged back in Haverford's territory until within five minutes of the end of the half. Then by a series of rushes they carried the ball to Delaware's 15 yard line. Delaware got it on downs and was rushing it back when time was called.

In the second half Haverford was unable to stop Delaware's fierce rushes. On the kick-off Jackson carried the ball 45 yards to the centre of the field, whence it was carried over the line by

successive plunges, Jackson making the touchdown. Huxley kicked a difficult goal. On the next kick-off Delaware was held for downs on her own 15-yard line. Haverford, however, could not score, and Delaware recovered the ball. Harrington, Tunnell, Lawton, Evans, and Jackson took turns carrying the ball to Haverford's 10-yard line, where Haverford held them for downs just as the game ended. The line up:—

HAVERFORD.	Positions.	DELAWARE.
Grant.....	right end	Cann
Bausman.....	right tackle	McCoy
Perkins.....	right guard	Tunnell
Ross.....	centre	Ferguson
Chambers.....	left guard	Jackson
Cadbury.....	left tackle	Wharton
Haviland.....	left end	Powell
Phillips.....	quarter-back	(Capt) Huxley
Jones.....	right half-back	Harrington
Stone.....	left half-back	Bevan (Lawton)
Fox.....	full-back	Evans

Touchdowns, Jackson. Goal from touchdown, Huxley. Umpire, Longstreth, Haverford. Timekeepers, Pusey, Haverford, and Kyle, Delaware. Time of halves, 22 minutes.

Haverford vs. Ursinus.

Played at Collegeville, Oct. 23, 1901. Won by Ursinus, 12 to 5.

Both teams went into this game in a very much crippled condition. Roth, Lentz and Price, of Ursinus and Stone, Fox and Simkin, of Haverford, were unable to play. With the exception of a few minutes in the second half Haverford did not play the game of which she is capable.

For Haverford Grant, Thorn, Jones and Drinker played well, a drop kick by the latter being accountable for Haverford's only score. The best work for Ursinus was done by Long. Line up:

URSINUS.	Positions	HAVERFORD.
Faringer.....	left end	Haviland (Scattergood)
Place.....	left tackle	Cadbury
Hobson.....	left guard	Worthington
Trexler.....	Centre	Ross
Siegler.....	right guard	Chambers
Haines.....	right tackle	Hopkins
Rapp.....	right end	Grant
Hoffsommer...	quarter-back	Phillips
Miller.....	right half-back	Thorn
Long.....	left half-back	Drinker
Brown.....	full-back	Jones

Touchdowns, Brown, Long. Goal from touchdown, Faringer. Goal from field, Drinker. Umpire, Barnard, U. of P. Referee, Longstreth, Haverford. Linesmen, Cookman, Haverford, and Price, Ursinus. Time of halves, 25 and 30 minutes.

Haverford vs. Dickinson.

Played at Haverford, Oct. 26, 1901. Won by Dickinson, 10 to 0.

Haverford kicked off and Dickinson advanced the ball to the centre in a fumble. Haverford was soon forced to kick, and Dickinson by steady gains took the ball toward Haverford's goal. Robb finally broke through Haverford's line and scored a touchdown. No goal was kicked. During the rest of the first half the play was more open and punting frequent. No further points were scored. In the second half Haverford played a much stronger game. Dickinson finally advanced the ball to Haverford's two yard line but were unable to carry it over the goal line, until a fumble was made and a Dickinson man seized the ball and fell over the line for

touchdown. Again no goal resulted.

In spite of the fact that many of the 1st eleven were crippled the Haverford team played with more spirit and vim, in a word, better foot ball, than at any previous time this season. For Haverford Thorn, Jones, Hopkins, Worthington, Grant and Phillips did good work. Robb, Stanton, Shiffer and Powell did the best playing for Dickinson.

The line-up:

Haverford.	Positions.	Dickinson.
Grant (Capt)....	right end ..	(Robb) Powell
Hopkins.....	right tackle	Carlin
Worthington....	right guard	Hoke
Ross.....	centre (Capt)	Ammeman
Spiers.....	left guard	Core
Cadbury.....	left tackle	Seely
Haviland.....	left end	Williams
Cookman.....	quarter-back	Gano (Phillips) Cannon
Thorn.....	right half-back	Shiffer
Scattergood....	left half-back	Powell
Jones	full-back	Stanton

Touchdowns, Robb, Carlin. Time of halves, 22 and 20 minutes. Referee, Wilson. Umpire, Tyler, Princeton. Linesmen, Balderston and Tompkinson. Timers, C. C. Morris and Tate.

SKETCHES.

The Fog.

IT comes so stealthily, so subtly, that the victim caught within its soft, yet terrifying embrace, is almost always taken unawares. So did it surprise me. All alone I was steering my little ship towards her post when up I glanced and there it was. All around the pallid shroud hung down, soft, white, immaculate like a bridal veil. Before me reared the tossing waves; behind me sped the bubbling wake. On every side the same; above, the fog; below, the sea. The one moving, throb-

bing, rising, falling; the other never changing, always white and thick and still. Behind that colorless wall lay all I knew. My well-known landmarks were behind that silver fleece I still felt sure, and yet I could not tell,—how could I tell? For the fog is thin nearby, but thick afar. On I sailed; not once did it change,—fog took the place of fog. It seemed as though the hand of God moved along above, ever enveloping me in his dreadful drapery, and I, making my way as fast as possible, would have this thing forever as my pall.

E. M. S., '01.

The Summer Girl.

I shall follow out DeQuincey's idea of employing a master to paint from my imagination the wealth of ideas that centre round such an interesting subject. Paint me a pretty young girl (not too old, painter!), with golden hair and fairy face. She must be imaginative as well as myself—she must have the "aliquid sanctum atque providum" of the German woman; not the modern German *fräulein*. I am thankful to say, but the representative of a more independent community. Her favorite novel must not be "Janice Meredith," her favorite hero must not be "Richard Carvel;" but she must adore Stevenson, and be willing to humble herself before Long John Silver, Squire Trelawney, and the other heroes of the pigeon-pie and Parmesan cheese. By the way, Raphael, put me in the picture, sitting with her on the sand, and throwing pebbles at the receding foam. She must not hail from Boston, where she would be steeped in Greek from the cradle upwards; she must not hail from New York, where they have oligarchical ideas as to millions. Let her come preferably from the South. But, O Master of Arts, in the last scene, let her be playing for me pieces from the latest operas, and surfeiting my soul with delight. If the success of the picture can be measured by the degree of happiness in my face, your canvas, painter, will soon hang in the Salon de Beaux Arts, a true specimen of that rare article—perfection!

R. M. G., '02.

The North Star.

Gleaming in the heavens straight from the outer edge of the "Great Dipper" is the North Star. Most constant of the lights of the night, in eternal fixedness it serves as a compass for the mariner, and a guide for the wanderer ashore. The Star of Love has her phases; the Star of Wisdom is far less constant in his rays, and burning Saturn leads the "Dragon" in its varying cycles about the

sun. The red light of Mars is as changeful as the seasons, but there, above the unknown land of ice and the midnight sun, the North Star glows, a pivot for its pointer, the "Dipper," and the one sure starting-place for the student of the heavenly bodies. Why should it not be our Star of Love? But is mortal love so phaseless? Why not our Star of Wisdom? Ah! The wisdom that mortals profess and the love that mortals know are indeed unworthy of such a symbol as the eternal, unerring lamp that abides in the northern sky.

P. L. W., '02.

The Paris Morgue.

There is a well-known adage, penned in some remote period of antiquity, to the effect that, "dead men tell no tales." Generations of use have surrounded this ancient gem with such a halo of unassailed venerability that it seems a pity to put in a word of doubt as to the truth which it professes to state. But if you will saunter along the banks of the Seine, and thence across to the Cité, and beneath the sombre buttresses of Notre Dame, until you come to the long low-lying front of the Paris Morgue, and jostle your way through the motley crowd that constantly infests it, you will come to the conclusion that there are dead men who speak, and who can tell fearful tales. Here the upturned face of a young man, with unkempt beard and bulging eyes;—his jaw set in grim despair, the gaping wound on his forehead—all bespeak but too eloquently the drink, the brawl, the blow! Beside him lies the form of a young woman. She is gaunt and pale; her long black hair tangled and disheveled. Emaciation brings out the angles of her face in startling relief. Hunger has driven her to the Seine! And these are but types of the scenes in that gloomy den, but they speak volumes in themselves—of shattered hopes and baffled plans, of ruined manhood and blasted lives.

COLLEGE NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the golf club it was decided to reduce the entrance fees to twenty-five cents; also to use the money already in the treasury to repair and make much needed additions to the teeing grounds and greens.

G. S. Garrett, '02, has been elected manager of the second foot ball team. Good work is being done by the scrub and a schedule will probably be arranged for their benefit. One game with the Grammar School has already been played. Score, Grammar School 19, Scrub 0.

Enthusiastic foot ball association meetings have been held frequently during the season to encourage the team and give hearty "send-offs" before the games. At one of these all four classes joined the association *en masse*.

President Sharpless recently attended the bi-centennial at Yale University; on his return he addressed the Haverford students, emphasizing the growing influence of the graduates of Yale upon the affairs of our nation.

The Campus Club met Oct. 27 in the Faculty room and organized for the year. Several committees were appointed to care for different branches of the club's interests.

At the first meeting of the Advisory Board A. S. Cookman, '02, was elected president and A. J. Phillips, '03, secretary of the Board.

Dr. Jones' class in Biblical Literature was given an interesting address Oct. 28, by John Wilhelm Rowntree, of Scarborough, England, on the subject of Bible Study.

The students heartily welcome the new cement walk leading to the station.

As a result of the recent small-pox scare in Philadelphia and vicinity most of the students have deemed it advisable to be vaccinated.

A large and accurate plaster of Paris copy of the famous Greek sculpture of the Wrestlers has recently been placed in the reading room of the gymnasium. This work of art, a gift to the college, was obtained, we understand, largely through the efforts of Mrs. F. B. Gumiere.

The college year of 1901-'02 promises to be an unusually bright and successful one for the Musical Association of Haverford College. The season of last year, certainly one of great pleasure to the members of the different musical clubs, and also one of careful and efficient financial management, has been a very pleasant memory to the old men, and an impetus to enthusiasm for better results this year. So far no engagements have been made either inside or outside the college, but the annual concert, at the close of the Fall Term, is a goal to which the old and new members are working at present. The Freshmen class seems rather promising for material in both glee and instrumental work, and the association as far as members are concerned is in a flourishing condition. C. L. S., '02.

The gate erected by the class of '99 in memory of their deceased classmate, Edward B. Conklin, and situated at the North entrance to the campus on College avenue, is now entirely completed.

The advisory board, containing nine members of the two upper classes to act

as a court of appeal for the two lower classes, is this year composed thus: A. S. Cookman, J. S. Fox, W. P. Philips, E. E. Trout and A. C. Wood, Jr., of 1902, and O. E. Duerr, A. J. Phillips, R. L. Simkin and W. E. Swift, of 1903.

J. J. Barclay, 1902, has been elected assistant manager of the Gymnasium Team.

The faculty have recently abolished the rule requiring a year each of French and German before graduation.

Some of the improvements made in the halls and grounds last summer are: The new chairs in the dining room, the renovation and equipment of the old

gymnasium and the laying of a walk along the south side of the quadrangle.

As a part of the State Temperance Convention of Pennsylvania, held at Harrisburg June 26th, there was a contest in which prizes were offered to college men making the best oration on Temperance issues. The first prize, thirty-five dollars, was won by E. F. Hoffman, '03. His oration, entitled, "An Unavoidable Issue," contained a stirring denunciation of the liquor traffic.

The first regular monthly collation and symposium of the HAVERFORDIAN Board was held in the sanctum on the evening of Oct. 16th. All the editors were present and the occasion bids fair to become historic.

The annual tennis tournament, just concluded, has been a great success. More men entered than ever before and great interest was shown in the results. It resulted as follows:

Preliminary.	First Round	Second Round.	Third Round.	Semi Finals.	Finals.
	Spaeth, '05.....	Barclay.....			
	Barclay, '02....	6-2, 6-3.	Wood.....		
	Wood, '02.....	Wood.....	4-6, 6-0, 6-2.		
	Cookman, '05..	6-0, 6-0.		Lee.....	
	Lee, '05.....	Lee.....		6-1, 6-2.	
	Miller, '03....	6-0, 6-0.	Lee.....		
	Pierce, '03....	Scott.....	6-1, 6-2.		
	Scott, '02....	By Default.			
	Hopkins, '05..	Spiers.....			
	Spiers, '02....	6-1, 6-8, 6-4.	Comfort.....		
Evans, '02.....	Evans.....		6-4, 6-2.		
Godshall, '05..	6-0, 6-0.	Comfort.....			
Prof. Comfort...	Comfort.....	6-4, 6-3.			
Hendricks, '02.	6-1, 6-0.			Comfort.....	
Sheldon, '04..	Garrett.....			6-1, 6-4.	
Garrett, '02...	3-6, 6-2, 6-2.	Bonbright.....			
Wills, '04.....	Bonbright.....	6-0, 6-0.	Bonbright.....		
Bonbright, '04.	6-2, 6-2.		6-0, 6-4.		
Newman, '02..	Stork.....				
Stork, '02.....	6-0, 6-1.	Tilnev.....			
Tilney, '05....	Tilney.....	4-6, 6-4, 6-1.			
Hilles, '04....	6-4, 6-3.				
Scull, '05.....	Dean.....				
Dean, '03.....	6-4, 3-6, 6-3.	Thomas.....			
Helbert, '04..	Thomas.....	6-4, 6-4.			
Thomas, '02....	6-1, 6-3.			Bevan.....	
Fox, '02.....	Fox.....			6-0, 6-2.	
Wilson, '03....	6-2, 6-1.	Bevan.....			
Kratz, '04.....	Bevan.....	By Default.			
Bevan, '04....	6-3, 6-1.			Philips.....	
Roberts, '02..	Roberts.....			6-1, 3-6, 6-1.	
Burgess, '04..	By Default.	Philips.....			
Philips, '02..	Philips.....	6-2, 3-6, 6-4.			
Prof. Reid.....	8-10, 6-4, 8-6.		Philips.....		
Trout, '02.....	Trout.....		6-2, 6-2.		
Brown, '02....	6-1, 6-0.	Cadbury.....			
	Cadbury, '03..	6-1, 6-2.			
	Kimber, '04..	Cadbury.....			
	6-0, 6-0.				
	Stokes, '01..	Stokes.....			
	Stokes, '04..	By Default.			
	Pusey, '02....				
	Gummere, '02.	Jones.....			
	Jones, '02....	6-2, 7-5.	Jones.....		
	Megear, '04..	Megear.....	6-1, 6-2.		
	Pierce, '05....	6-0, 3-6, 6-1.			

EXCHANGES.

WE have been examining more carefully this month the external form and appearance of our contemporaries. All shapes and sizes from the large folded sheet to the small leaved book are represented in our file. Varieties of papers, covers, colors, wrappers and type are in full exhibition and we cannot but feel, "etsi dicamus quibus non oportet," that the HAVERFORDIAN in the outward, at least, compares favorably with any paper on our table. In this respect too, we commend the *Georgetown College Journal*. Some papers come rolled up as tight as their wrappers can hold them, reminding us of infants in swaddling clothes. Others modestly hide their contents within uncut leaves, so that the weary reader must (to borrow a figure from the surgeon's table) rip them open with his paper knife to examine what is within. Where a paper presents such obstacles to the would-be peruser we often conclude that it is not really worth the reading. But if, by chance, overcoming our temptation to throw it in the basket unopened, we do look it over, we often find that our original conclusion was entirely correct.

We feel a sympathetic interest in the editorial appeal for contributions in *The College Student* published by F. and M. College. The management of this periodical has also introduced two new contrivances for securing the college support, appealing the one to the class and the other to the individual pride of the students. The first method is the publication of class numbers, each of which contains the contributions of a single class in college, thus creating an honest class literary rivalry. The second scheme is the insertion of the pictures of the authors of all the contributed articles. We shall gladly watch the results of these experiments.

The practice of indiscriminately reviewing popular books of fiction, current in many of our exchanges, even in those whose literary standard would seem to indicate better judgment is rather questionable as a peculiar field of college journalism. Where either the author or the contents of the book has some distinct connection with the college life generally, a brief review may be appropriate. But when whole pages, devoted to the review of fiction and literature of lighter vein, appear in college papers oftentimes long after the book has been read and discussed by everybody, and its popularity usurped and forgotten, both the good taste and the good motives of the editors must be doubted. We understand that such a practice advertises the periodical in the various publishing houses and thereby secures, free of charge for review many of the new books which incidentally can grace the editor's bookshelves and entertain his leisure hours.

A stranger and curiosity on our table is the *Rocky Mountain Collegian*, published by the Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colorado.

Since our last issue, our friend *The Penn Chronicle*, has appeared with a plain brown cover. "Verbum Sapienti."

Lives of students all remind us
 We should pay no heed to looks;
 But on passing leave behind us
 Inter-linings in our books—
 Inter-linings which another,
 Toiling hard midst grief and pain,
 Some forlorn and flunked-out fellow,
 Reading ne'er shall flunk again.—Ex.

Bright—Why is a duck like a doctor?
 Wright—Don't know.
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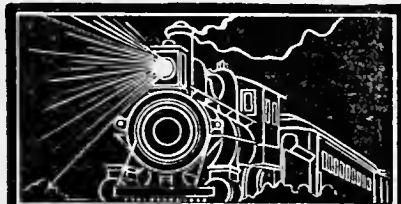
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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIII, No. 7

DECEMBER, 1901

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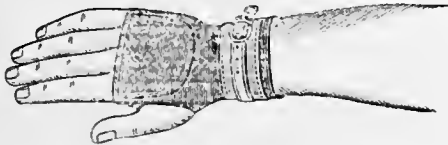
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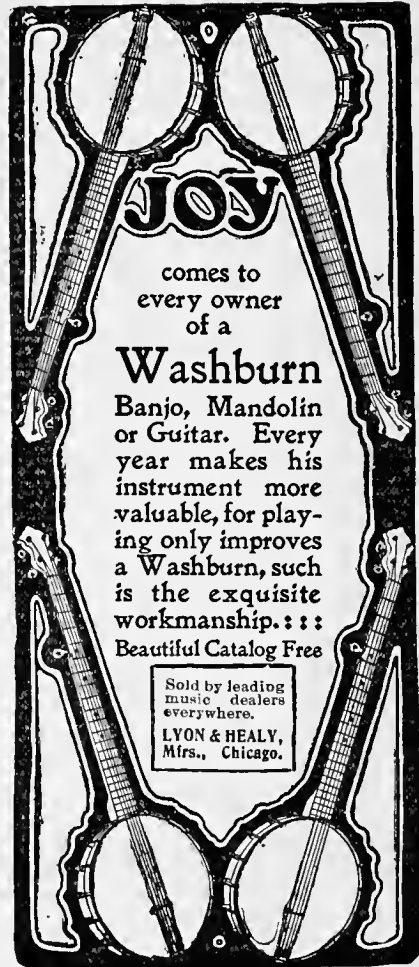
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EDITORS

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H. A. DOMINOVICH, 1903, *Business Manager.*

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Remember, remember
Twenty-third of November.

would be a fair modern version of the patriotic ditty of old. Glory there was that day, enough for all, and while we might unselfishly wish for the lion's share, "ifs" and excuses are but idle prattle; our team has "done us proud." With the elements doing their mightiest to dismay them those eleven men struggled as never before. Winning or losing, in attack or defense, the stand sustained and cheered them to a man. Such resourcefulness of college-spirit is well-nigh unique. Certainly eclipsing the past, it will be an inspiration, almost

an ideal for years to come. No harder, no more gentlemanly, no more sportsmanlike game was ever played. To draw lessons would be idle. We have seen again what "the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull all together" can accomplish.

But scores become less significant in the face of truer results. When Swarthmore applauds the rise of a fallen opponent; when Haverford permits no cheering to interfere with Swarthmore signals; when President Birdsall is so thoughtful as to telegraph "thanks for courteous treatment and congratulations for Haverford's plucky game;" and when Haverford winds up the season that has meant so much of personal exertion and sacrifice with a "long and fast" for Swarthmore and Captain Hall, failure to win is not half so keen a disappointment! Though unsatisfactory for its indecisiveness, this tie score has done much to promote the "era of good feeling." After all there is a grain of truth in the remark that Hamlet was once heard to make upon a very, very different occasion: "The play's the thing, wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

WE heartily endorse the following unsigned contribution:—

Rather more than a year ago, a few members of the Faculty and students of Haverford met to form a little club, having for its purpose the study of trees and birds. Nowhere in the Middle States could better opportunities for such study be found; and while the club was small, and its enthusiasm subdued in expression, there was interest enough to carry it success-

fully through its first year of existence, to secure an increase of membership, and to attract a large audience to a lecture on Birds, given by a cordial friend and supporter of Haverford.

The Club's observations during the past year have had a startling effect upon the minds of its members. They knew the trees were many of them old. They had watched the decay and death of sturdy oaks and purple beeches and gorgeous maples, and had sentimentalized as the ivy was stripped from Founders' Hall to save the life of a remnant, and as the green covering disappeared from the old arch on the Observatory walk. But now their eyes have been opened to the ravages that time has worked in the destruction of trees and shrubbery. Twelve large trees during the past summer have become firewood, no one of which has had a successor. Great scars and bumps and scratches on delicate tree stems—one of them a California redwood—may be noted, where the lawn-mower has worked its will. The college has been able to afford no protection against such damage.

The Observer, in reflecting upon the situation, and casting his eye across the lovely landscape that of an autumn day stretches its glorious coloring before him from the east front of Barclay Hall, feels like entreating all good and true friends of Haverford to awake to the fact that now is a critical time in the history of the Haverford lawn. It is a lawn dear to the heart of every Alumnus, who has studied under or in its trees, who has flirted in its shady walks, who has meditated on its grassy banks, who has driven through its winding ways, or who has cricketed and golfed within its hospitable bounds. The Campus needs a complete renewal of attention, and the early traditions of the lawn must be revived, to be at all commensurate with the future plans for building. This takes time, foresight and money. Planting—careful and wise planting, singly and in well-chosen

groups—must be done in proportion to the cutting. Every tree should go in accordance with plans drawn by an expert in landscape gardening. Samuel B. Parsons, recently in charge of Central Park New York, and now of the Niagara Reservation, himself an Alumnus of Haverford, has visited the lawn and given valuable advice. The Campus Club is preparing a correct list of the specimens on the lawn, some of them very rare. The trees have been identified by James Moon, of the Morrisville nurseries, an authority on the subject. Tags will be placed upon each tree, bearing its common and scientific name. The Campus Club has been so impressed with the necessity for mere interest of an active sort, that it recently brought a minute on the subject to the attention of the Board of Managers, and hopes much for improved conditions, as a result of their action in the future. They have appropriated one hundred dollars for immediate use.

The Observer is not without hope that this statement may stir memories and sentiments in minds once full of affection for the lawn, and that its silent and pathetic appeal to their awakened eyes, as they walk once more under the old maples on the lane, now past their prime, may open their heart and pocket-book. If so, the Treasurer of the Campus Club will be happy to relieve both.

OBSERVER.

WE have been at considerable pains this month to compile an analytic record of all football games in which Haverford has taken part from 1883, which marks the beginning of foot ball as played to-day, down to and including the season just concluded. A separate record is given of all Haverford-Swarthmore games. These statistics have been gathered mainly from files of the HAVERFORDIAN preserved in the Haverford library, and are believed to be thoroughly accurate.

THE outlook for the gymnastic season of 1901-2 seems to be at least as good as in former years. The loss of ex-Captain Rossmassler will be severely felt, but Captain Brown is starting to handle his men in good shape and with such material as the second team will add to those left from last year, should be very successful. The schedule has been started and, though few dates are absolutely settled, the general plan includes the annual meet with Columbia, this year to be on the eighteenth of January, the Rutgers' contest on March 1st, and probably a contest with Lehigh, besides the Inter-Collegiate meet to which Haverford always sends representatives. Other

meets may be arranged later and Haverford gymnastics may branch out in new directions. The gymnasium gives added impetus to the work here and both the Columbia and Rutgers meets will probably be held in it. With the additional facilities afforded to both contestants and spectators Haverford should, notwithstanding her few men, be able to give exhibitions that hold their own with the large Universities. The management of this year's team wishes to take this opportunity of saying to HAVERFORDIAN readers how much the undergraduates are appreciating the gift of their Alumni.

W. C. L., '02.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND ECONOMIC INTERESTS.

THE struggle for existence impresses itself upon us more emphatically day by day and year by year. Meanwhile the same force acts seriously upon every nation; and no country exists unless protected by the jurisdiction of International Law. Is International Law a law? This is still a debated question among scholars. In its most general acceptance, the term "Law" is applied to the rule or principle which underlies or controls a sequence of events; but this is too broad in significance and the term is made to include the rules which control the forces of nature in their operations, as well as those which regulate the conduct of men in organized societies. In this connection some declare that International Law can not be recognized as a law but merely as an agreement, because no superior authority exists which can effectively coerce it into obedience to the provisions of International law; while others define International Law as a law.

It is not necessary to discuss these points of the subject and I shall pass them by here; but I would call to mind

that International Law may be defined as that body of rules and limitations which the sovereign states of the civilized world agree to observe in their intercourse and relations with one another, because this is sufficient for my discussion which concerns the "relation of International Law to economic interests."

It seems to me there is nothing which has such close relation with International intercourses as economic interests. A knowledge of economy is a guarantee of peace. It can prevent the terrible havoc of war while encouraging the benefits of international commerce. Treaties of peace are a principal source of international law. Treaties of commerce are its essence and can be explained by economics. When diplomats confer upon treaties, that which gives them their important references is the knowledge of economy. When a war is carried on between nations its expenditure, military occupation, and so forth, have considerable relations with economy under International law. When the war is over, the acquisition of territory and the exaction of

indemnity are also controlled by the same. Moreover, treaties of navigation, fishery, closed seas, boundary rivers, neutral rights and some others are related in the circle of economic attainments.

If we remove economic interests from international intercourse what remains? The peace of the world can be supported by nothing else, because no morality exists among countries but only economic interests. In 1898, the United States entered into war with Spain in the name of poor Cuba's independence and poor Cuba was invaded under the flag of the United States. While the sympathetic declaration to Cuba against Spain is still echoing all over the world, Cuba is still poor.

This is one of the marks of sympathy or morality, or humanity, among so-called powers and it is surely different from the morality or sympathy of human nature; so I might say that economic interest looks like a moral standard among countries, because every act of theirs for others is instigated by this. In other words this means that the justice of international law can only coerce or force another party when the economic condition of that country warrants it.

Consequently, I should say that the study of international law can not be solved without the help of economics and its practice still less.

TETSUTARO INUMARU, P. G.

AN OLD TALE WITH VARIATIONS.

BEFORE Southampton lay twenty-four hours to the stern every soul on the ship knew who Brokten was; only a few perhaps by the name with which he has made his initial bow, but surely everyone, from the captain down to the meanest occupant of the steerage knew him, by sight or by hearsay. The deck-stewards had been the first to notice what was peculiar about the man. "Yessir," said one of them to an inquisitive old frequenter of the smoking-room, "he was up before we were, pacin' the slippery maindeck the whole length of the rail with a steady step that Newgate might brag of. Always lookin' straight ahead, too, sir; never seemin' to see anything in pertikerler, but never a bit upset at what he don't see; you know how he's been keepin' it up all day—" The steward hushed his voice as the erect figure of a man, enveloped in six feet of overcoat, strode noiselessly by. "See him knock into that rope; he's done that every time he's come past here."

It was not long before "Old-Foot-It," as the stranger had immediately been

dubbed, was the sole topic of gossip in smoking-room and saloon. The one fact that was definitely known about him, was that he occupied a four-berth state-room on the upper deck all to himself, which in itself was quite a suspicious circumstance for the second week of September, when every boat was crowded to overflowing with home-bound tourists. Several theories had been propounded, all more or less improbable. One bright youth suggested that the unknown was fulfilling an election bet; another rather pale-faced man had no doubt but that he was in mortal fear of the "bucket of horrors," and kept moving to sooth the throbbing of a dizzy head; a wag volunteered the theory that he was one of the walking advertisements from the Strand, who could not shake off the bonds of habit. The majority of the passengers, however, concluded that he was somewhat unbalanced in mind. The deck loungers in the long line of steamer-chairs learned to look out for him and could calculate to the fraction of a minute when he would stalk past. Children

were forbidden to play near him, for fond parents would not think of risking their darlings with only a three-foot railing between the stranger and the sea. Even the captain turned his spy-glass on him from the bridge, but beyond seeing him, with no visible effect!

It is not strange that from the start all the routine gossip of a voyage at sea was entirely suppressed in favor of our eccentric friend. Nobody liked the idea of accosting the man but curiosity had about come to the point of open rebellion, and a committee had already been appointed to approach him with a view to an explanation of his strange conduct, when, on the third day out, an event occurred, which put an entirely new aspect on affairs. Brokten was varying his aimless wanderings by a descent to the dining-room, when at a turn in the staircase he ran into—or better was run into (for he systematically avoided his fellow-passengers) by a young girl carrying a pitcher of water up on deck. The pitcher fell with a crash, and its pretty bearer received a bloody gash in the hand. As swiftly as by magic "Old-Foot-It" had vanished and in his place stood an extremely affable and very much mortified young man of the same height, and face, and costume, to be sure, as his predecessor, but as unlike him as well could be; the very essence of gallantry, the impersonation of anxious solicitude for the fair one, whom he had so inadvertently injured. The cut turned out to be a slight one, and the pitcher was anything but cut glass; but the effects were more lasting.

Dorothy Fearnside was too world-awake and too thoroughly an American girl to remain unresponsive to the modest advance of our really very attractive young man; very largely, let us believe, out of curiosity, in view of the fact that she might thus effect the solution of the tantalizing puzzle, which had so successfully baffled a whole ship-

load of travelers. She was on her way home alone from a year's stay in Paris and Sienna, where she had been gratifying her passionate love of the romance languages. Motherless, taught to care for herself at home, and thrown upon her own resources abroad, she was unusually thoughtful for her age; you would think it soberness at first sight, soberness even to the point of sadness, what was really only the knowledge gained by experience of the value of suppressing one's emotions before those with whom one is not yet intimate.

How could it be otherwise, when Brokten had once been aroused from his dream, than that a lively friendship should spring up between him and the girl, who had been the means of awakening him? Both accomplished sailors, both gifted with an inexhaustible store of breezy experiences of life and travel, both wide awake in the realms of letters, music and art, warmly sympathetic in the conception of their ideals—quid multa! Suffice it to say that before long Brokten had hired a steamer-chair and placed it beside Dorothy's. There they would sit for hours, tucked up cumbrously in monster Scotch blankets, or they would play shuffle-boards on the after-deck, or take long promenades together up and down the railing, every inch of which he must have known by heart. The volgus profanum was naturally more curious than ever, one paradox had but been supplanted by another. The wiseacres of the smoking-room were agreed that it must be a case of the reopening of a sometime acquaintance. Several proper old mamas shook their heads and whispered disapprovingly. But there was as little to be learned from the one of our young pair as from the other; they were independent to a fault and spent their hours together in utter disregard of their fellow-voyagers.

* * * * *

It was the last night on board, and a

full moon was just rising over the far-away crest of the water. The decks were swarming with a noisy crowd of enthusiasts. Brokten and Dorothy had stolen away and clambered up on to the very beak of the ship, the better to drink in the glory of the spectacle in silence. They were half leaning on the rail, instinctively holding their breath as the swift ship dipped its glistening head far into the phosphorescent waves, and then, as if lifted on some mighty wings, flew upward again toward the star-flaked sky. "Mr. Brokten," began Dorothy dreamily, "do you know, I fancy you resemble yonder moon. Couldn't guess why, could you? Well, I shall have to tell you. You always seem bright and open, yet some how I'm afraid the world sees but one side of you. I feel that there is a side to your nature, of which I have never caught a glimpse, yet just as in the case of the moon, I am absolutely certain of its existence." Brokten struck a match, and lifted it gingerly to his lips. A red glow fell on his teeth. He was thinking hard. "Mutabile semper femina" he muttered, "wonderful, wonderful!" "Yes," she went on, "I know you are hiding some secret from the world, which you want awfully to confide to it, yet I shall not feel that I have truly learned to know you, unless I have seen this darker side of your nature, too."

Brokten puffed at his cigarette for a moment in deep silence. "No need for a second guess here," he began quietly, "Suppose I might as well make a clean breast of the whole affair. There is in my life, Miss Fearnside, such a cloud as you have described, and it will not blow off. Don't feel intrusive, for I am, believe me, heartsick to confide my secret to a sympathetic friend. To come to the point, I am to marry the daughter of a wealthy man, an intimate friend of the family. My people have always regarded the match as made; she is a charming girl, and would be a find for any man. One thing is lacking, however;

she falls far, far short of my ideal. Yet after thinking the matter over deliberately, as the highest mark of filial piety, a week before we set sail I wrote to her father, asking for her hand; and tomorrow I shall read his answer, which cannot be other than affirmative. I thought I could resign myself and be happy, but since coming on board this ship—well, Miss Fearnside, you know I can never be happy with that woman, or with any other in the world but * *"

He broke off abruptly at the sudden flash that shot from her eye, and his composure returned. "Dorothy," he asked, "help me. What am I to do?" "Why carry out your intentions of course," she replied with animation. "But that means slavery, death, worst of all separation—have I no hope?" he burst out passionately. "Your salvation lies in that letter, Mr. Brokten. I shall be obliged to say good-bye to you sooner than I had expected. I should have remembered this voyage as one of the pleasantest incidents of my life, if—," her voice quivered, "if we had got into port one day sooner." She turned and was gone. The man was changed. He began to pace the decks. "Old-Foot-It" is walking again, the rumor flew.

* * * * *

It was nearly seven o'clock the next morning when a cab stopped with a jerk in front of a house in the fashionable quarter of Brooklyn and a man leaped out, dashed up the steep steps, rang the door-bell and then stamped the stone impatiently until he was admitted. From a pile of correspondence he snatched out a letter, addressed in an almost illegible business hand, and tore it open. It was dated the preceding day and ran thus:

My Dear Boy:—

We all expect you to dinner to-morrow evening at seven. Louise is too bashful to send her love, but her eyes betray it, and I in turn her.

Your father in prospectu,
Robert A. Windon.

Brokten turned a shade paler but he did not wince. It was not in vain that he had spent the last day of the voyage pacing the decks. He turned again to the door. "1304 Beacon street," he yelled to the cabman, who was waiting for his fee, and jumped inside. The street-lights one by one flashed through the cab-window and fell behind as it bumped and jostled on over the cobblestones. Never had the way seemed so long. Now for the first time he had leisure to turn the matter over in his mind. "Strange," he thought, "that Windon should have known so well when I was going to arrive; still more strange his carriage wasn't at the boat to meet me. Well matters will be cleared up in about five minutes and then I'll have my little say." The cab came to a standstill; he descended, settled with the driver, rang the bell—all automatically. The door opened as with a roar of welcome, an elderly man sprang to meet the comer. He recoiled as if from a vision of death. "Mr. Brokten? At your service, sir. Will you kindly step into the next room. I shall be through in a moment," he called to the little family group gathered in the hall, who, the moment before, in impatient expectancy, were now retiring in embarrassed silence. The two men seated themselves facing each other. "It gives me pain, Mr. Brokten," began the elder across the table, "to be compelled to discuss an affair which I had considered closed. My letter must have shown you clearly how matters stood." "My dear Mr. Windon," interrupted the other without stopping to comprehend a word of what had been said, "I

realize that my conduct is neither to be explained nor to be excused. You will probably think me a fool, if nothing worse, but I've come to tell you that for her sake and for mine I—can't marry your daughter."

Windon sprang from his chair. "What's that?" he thundered, "marry Louise! I should say not. It is useless to remonstrate, Mr. Brokten, and entirely unworthy of you to intrude on us at a time when you are so manifestly unwelcome."

Our hero was in a quandary indeed! "Your words are as much of a mystery to me, Mr. Windon, as mine seem to be to you. At least you acknowledge this letter as your own." He pulled the wrinkled paper from his pocket and thrust it over the table. Windon threw up his hands in horror. "Brokten, my dear boy, it's a dreadful mistake. This letter was meant for my nephew, who wrote for Louise's hand at the same time as did you, and the poor fellow's at home bewailing his fate. My God! what a mess—" and he ran out of the room.

And then there opened up before Brokten visions of glory such as martyr of old had ne'er yet beheld. He was out of the house with a bound and tearing up the street at full speed for the nearest Western Union office. "Boy," he cried, as he burst through the door, "here's a five dollar bill. Get this telegram off ahead of all others:

To Miss Dorothy Fearnside, State Place, Washington, D. C.:—

"Turned down! Happiest man on face of earth on his way south!"

(Signed)

BROKTEN.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

Publications of the Faculty, 1900-1901.

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The following is an extract from a private letter which contains some interesting historical matter. The friend referred to is Isaac Collins:

"In 1830, Sixth-month, 28th, father and a number of Friends met to consider the subject of establishing an Academy or High School for the members of the Society of Friends, for instruction in the higher branches of English literature as well as Greek and Latin. The plan was adopted and met with entire approval. Father devoted much of his time in collecting funds, &c., which resulted in the building of Haverford School.

The grounds were laid out under his supervision, he having secured the services of William Carvill, an English professional gardener.

A large conservatory was built and stocked with choice plants, and a garden laid out in beds to be cared for by the students, each one having one bed for his individual cultivation.

Later on the institution became financially embarrassed. Father labored assiduously to extricate it from its difficulties. He applied to his friend, Nathan Dunn, among others, for assistance and proposed the sale of his Chinese Museum, devoting the proceeds to charitable institutions. To this Nathan Dunn agreed provided father would find a purchaser for the exhibition and attend to the distribution of the proceeds. Father consented, went to London, made a satisfactory sale, and by this means secured a large contribution to Haverford, much to the relief of Friends. Haverford College is largely due my father for its existence to-day."

SAPPHO LII.

The hour is late, the moon has set
 The Pleiads sink beneath the sea.
 'Tis midnight, yet I lie alone,
 For my false love comes not to me.
 C. W. S., '02.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Dinner of the New York Alumni.

THE Annual Dinner of the New York Alumni of Haverford College was held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York City, on October 30. The dinner was enlivened by the presence of the members of the foot ball team, who had consented to remain after their game with Columbia University. The New York Alumni present were James Wood, Stephen W. Collins, Ernest F. Walton, Minturn Post Collins, D. Shearman Taber, Alfred Busselle, Henry E. Thomas, L. H. Wood, and John Story Jenks. Speeches were confined to remarks on foot ball from the former players and short sketches of the season's work by Manager Pusey and Captain Grant. No election was held owing to the small number of Alumni present and the officers elected last year held over for another term.

'90's Reunion.

The Eleventh Reunion and supper of '90 was held at Boothby's, 13th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on the evening of Nov. 23rd. Fourteen members were present, making one of the largest gatherings the class has had, two of the number having previously attended but one reunion. The increased attendance was due, in large measure, to the change of time from mid-winter to the day of the Swarthmore game, which was attended by nearly all of the fourteen who met together in the evening. The old jokes and songs and stories were revived with great zest and the only thing to mar the joyousness of the occasion was the absence from our midst of that faithful friend of the class and of Haverford, Dr. Thomas S. Kirkbride, Jr., whose loss both at this meeting and the meeting last winter, was keenly felt. The officers of the class are Ernest F. Walton, President; Geo. T. Butler, Vice President; Jonathan M. Steere, Secretary and Treasurer. The

following were present: William G. Audenried, Jr., Henry P. Baily, Henry R. Bringham, Jr., Geo. T. Butler, T. Amory Coffin, Percy S. Darlington, Guy H. Davies, Edwin J. Haley, Dilworth P. Hibberd, Thomas S. Janney, John F. T. Lewis, James G. Shaw, Jonathan M. Steere, Ernest F. Walton.

'92's Class Dinner.

The annual dinner of the class of '92 was held at the University Club, Philadelphia, on the evening of November 23d. The dinner was very informal and was much enjoyed. Those present were: E. S. Cary, M. P. Collins, W. H. Detwiler, J. W. Muir, W. H. Nicholson, Jr., W. N. L. West and S. R. Yarnall.

'96's Reunion.

The class of '96 held their annual dinner the night of the Swarthmore game at Merion Cricket Club. The following men were present: Alsop and Wood, from New York; Middleton, from Baltimore, and Bettle, Hinchman, Meier and Scattergood from Philadelphia.

'97's Class Dinner.

Ten members—Brown, Burns, Collins, Hoffman, Howson, Hume, Hutton, Palmer, Rhoads and Thacher—were present at the fifth annual dinner of the class of '97, which was held in the Senior dining room on the evening of November 22nd, 1901. In the absence of President Jacobs, Vice President Rhoads was toastmaster. After speeches from several members the following business claimed the attention of the class:

The secretary was instructed to prepare a fitting memorial and send it to the family of our late beloved classmate, Charles D. Nason, who died at Angola, Indiana, last spring.

In order to carry out the intention voiced at the meeting of May 17th, 1897, the secretary was empowered to purchase and present a suitable trophy to Master Sidney Meader White, of the class of 1920, as the first to apply for admission to that class.

The President, Vice President and Secretary were appointed a committee to prepare for our next meeting a plan for an appropriate annual gift to the college.

The members present were found to be engaged in the same professions or business that they were one year ago. The following from absent members were of especial interest:

F. H. Detwiler is at Aurora, New York, engaged in engineering work for the Pennsylvania railroad.

F. N. Maxfield is Headmaster of Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, New York.

O. E. Mendenhall is secretary and treasurer of the North Carolina Chair Manufacturers' Association.

R. C. McCrea is teaching History and Economics at the State Normal School at Charleston, Ill. He was married on June 19th to Miss Marian Iola Grater, of Norristown, Pa.

W. B. Rodney is managing the Rochester (New York) branch of the Book Lovers' Library.

Henry A. White is organizing a carriage manufacturing company at High Point, North Carolina, to start business January 1st, 1902. He has a son, Sidney Meader White, born July 4th, 1901.

W. H. MacAfee is with his brother, John MacAfee, in the Harrison Building, Philadelphia. At present he is erecting an electric plant at Augusta, Georgia.

After electing A. M. Collins president and Chas. H. Howson vice president the class adjourned to the singing of the songs learned in '97.

Geo. M. Palmer, Secretary.

E. Field has been ordained and has

a charge at Trout Run, near Williamsport, Pa.

'98's Reunion and Dinner.

After a good swim in the tank of the new gymnasium ten members of the class of '98 sat down to their fourth annual reunion and dinner in the Senior dining room, on Saturday evening, November 23rd. Those present were: J. H. Haines, V. Gilpin, J. S. Jenks, Jr., D. G. Jones, M. Lee, S. Rhoads, A. G. Scattergood, F. R. Strawbridge, T. Wistar and R. D. Wood. The dinner was entirely informal, and, after the Swarthmore game had been thoroughly talked over and the team praised again and again, the reports of the secretary and treasurer and letters from W. C. Janney and F. S. McGrath were listened to with much pleasure and interest. In the hope that some of the other classes would join with us, it was decided to begin the furnishing of the two Alumni sleeping rooms in the new gymnasium by providing a brass bedstead, and necessary fittings, together with as many other articles as the funds set aside for this purpose would purchase. Dinner and business finished, the fellows adjourned to Lloyd Hall, where a room was very kindly placed at our disposal. A pleasant hour was spent around the fire in talking over old times, after which we separated, all agreeing that we had had a most successful reunion.

ALFRED G. SCATTERGOOD,
President.

'99's Dinner.

The class of '99 held its second annual dinner on the evening of November 22nd, in the Y. M. C. A. room at 8:30 o'clock. After the dinner, informal speeches were made by Shipley and Lveett. At the business meeting held afterwards, a report from the Edward B. Conklin Memorial Committee was read and accepted and the officers for

the forthcoming year chosen: E. H. Lycett, President; R. J. Davis, Vice President. After some further business the meeting adjourned.

These present were: Battey, Carter, Davis, De Cou, Evans, Lycett, Maule, Mellor, Morris, Shipley and Butler.

ALFRED COLLINS MAULE,
Secretary.

Notes.

'54. John B. Garrett addressed a Tea Meeting of Friends held in Philadelphia, Oct. 28th, on the subject of "The Problems of the Hour."

'84. George Vaux, Jr., was recently reappointed by Gov. Stone an Inspector of the State Penitentiary for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

'85. Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford, and Elizabeth Bartram Cadbury, of Philadelphia, have announced their engagement. On Nov. 16th, Dr. Jones addressed a Bible School Conference of New York Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held in Brooklyn Meeting House, upon "The Psychology of Sabbath School Teaching."

'90. Guy H. Davies is chief clerk at Harrisburg, in the office of Hon. John P. Elkin, Attorney General of the State of Pennsylvania.

'95. Erroll Baldwin Hay and Mary Goodall Bradley were married in the Spring Garden Street Methodist Episcopal church on November 26th, at 6 p. m. Arthur M. Hay, '95, acted as best man and F. H. Conklin, '95, C. H. Cookman, '95, Wm. Goodman, '95, W. C. Webster, '95, and W. S. Bradley, '04, were ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Hay will reside at Wayne, Pa.

'92. Byron C. Hubbard, A. M., 1892, is an engineer with the Limited Engineering and Foundry Co., of Pitts-

burg, Pa. Mr. Hubbard recently made a visit to some of his old Haverford friends in Philadelphia.

'93. John Roberts has been appointed Assistant Supervisor of Signals on the Mohawk Division of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R., with headquarters at Utica, New York.

'93. Eugene M. Wescott recently spent a week in Philadelphia attending to business and visiting friends. He is practicing law in Shawano, Wisconsin.

'97. R. C. McCrea is now a professor in the State Normal School, Charleston, Ill.

'98. Dr. Samuel Rhoads has been elected a Resident Physician at the Pennsylvania Hospital to serve for two years from January 1st, 1902.

Ex-'98. F. S. McGrath is in the law offices of Strong and Cadwallader, 40 Wall street, New York City.

'98. Ira I. Sterner is studying at his home, Keller's Church, Pa.

'98. C. A. Varney has gone west on business.

'98. Good reports come from Guilford College with regard to R. N. Wilson, as Professor of Chemistry and Physics.

'00. Wm. B. Bell has announced his engagement of marriage to Miss Susan K. Alsop, of Haverford. During the recent mayoralty campaign in New York, he was a successful speaker in behalf of Hon. Seth Low.

'01. L. W. DeMotte is studying law in Indiana.

Among the speakers and subjects at the American Friends' Peace Confer-

ence to be held in Philadelphia, December 12th, 13th and 14th, the following are announced:

Dr. George A. Barton, '82, "Elements of Peace Doctrine in the Old Testament;" Dr. Rufus M. Jones, '85, "Peace as Involved in the Christian Conception;" James Wood, '58, "Early

Christianity and War;" Dr. Richard H. Thomas, '72, "The Christian Idea of Force;" President Sharpless, "To What Extent are Peace Principles Practicable;" P. C. Garrett, '51, "William Penn's Peace Work;" President Chas. E. Tebbetts, '75 "War Inconsistent with the Genius of Quakerism."

YEARLY RECORD OF HAVERFORD FOOTBALL TEAMS, 1883-1901.

Year	Games	Victories	Defeats	Ties	Games in which		Points made by		Points made by	
					Haverford was not scored on	Haverford did score	Haverford Total	Haverford Average	opponents Total	opponents Average
1883	4	2	2	0	2	1	118	29.50	41	10.25
1884	2	2	0	0	0	0	46	23.00	18	9.00
1885	2	2	0	0	0	0	64	32.00	18	9.00
1886	4	1	3	0	1	0	46	11.50	62	15.50
1887	5	2	3	0	1	1	68	13.60	94	18.80
1888	6	2	3	1	3	3	28	4.66	48	8.00
1889	7	4	2	1	2	2	92	13.14	110	15.70
1890	8	2	6	0	2	5	37	4.63	91	11.38
1891	9	3	6	0	2	4	48	5.33	247	27.33
1892	10	4	6	0	2	3	88	8.80	176	17.60
1893	8	2	6	0	2	3	52	6.50	178	22.25
1894	8	6	2	0	3	1	178	22.25	60	7.50
1896	8	7	0	1	4	1	106	13.25	20	2.50
1896	9	3	4	2	2	1	104	11.55	79	8.78
1897	9	8	1	0	6	0	155	17.22	22	2.44
1898	8	4	3	1	5	4	94	11.75	41	5.12
1899	8	5	2	1	4	1	111	13.88	60	7.50
1900	10	4	5	1	3	3	65	6.50	120	12.00
1901	11	2	8	1	2	3	67	6.09	195	17.73
Totals	136	65	62	9	46	36	1567	11.52	1680	12.35

Summary of Haverford Football Records

Total No. of games played.....	136
Total No. of games won by Haverford.	65
Total No. of games tied by Haverford.	9
Total No. of games lost by Haverford..	62
Total No. of games in which Haverford was not scored on	46
Total No. of games in which Haverford did not score	36
Total score of Haverford	1567
Total score of opponents	1680
Haverford's average per game.....	11.52
Opponents' average per game.....	12.35
Highest score made by Haverford (Camden, '83)	74
Highest score made by opponents (Swarthmore, '91)	62
Highest average of Haverford (1885)....	32.00
Highest average of opponents (1891)....	27.33
Lowest average of Haverford (1890)....	4.63

Lowest average of opponents (1897).... 2.44
 No. of seasons in which Haverford scored less than opponent..... 10

Yearly Record of Haverford-Swarthmore Games.

	Haverford.	Swarthmore.
*1879	1 goal 1 touchdown 1 safety	13 safeties } 2
*1883 (spring)	2 safety-t'uch- downs 1 goal	6 safeties } 8 1 t'chd'n }
*These games were played under a different system of scoring. The managers do not count them in the present series.		
1883 fall.....	9.....	12
1884	10.....	6
1885	40.....	10

1887	16	40
1888	6	0
1889	10	4
1890	14	30
1891	0	62
1892	6	22
1893	0	50
1894	0	32
1895	24	0
1896	42	6
1897	8	6
1898	12	0
1899	12	34
1900	10	17
1901	6	6
Totals		277
		347

Summary Haverford-Swarthmore Records.

Total No. of games played	20
Total No. of games won by Haverford	10
Total No. of games tied by Haverford	1
Total No. of games won by Swarthmore	9
Total No. of games in which Haverford did not score	3
Total No. of games in which Swarthmore did not score	3
Total score made by Haverford	277
Total score made by Swarthmore	347
Haverford's average per game	13.85
Swarthmore's average per game	17.35
Highest score made by Haverford (1896)	42
Highest score made by Swarthmore (1891)	62

GAMES.

Haverford vs Columbia.

Played at New York October 30th. Won by Columbia, 29 to 6.

THIS game brought to light Haverford's ability to play a plucky game even when crippled by the absence of half the regulars and to stand firm in the second half when the score looked rather formidable. Columbia played without Berrien, Kindgen and Jackson; while Haverford was minus the services of Stone, Fox, Simkin, Phillips and Jones.

In the first half Columbia did most of her scoring, running the ball quickly down the field for three touchdowns, from which two goals were kicked, alternating with Weekes, Smith, Bruce and Lancon. In a centre play Duell had nearly succeeded in crossing the line for the fourth time, when he dropped the ball. It is usually a fault of Haverford's that when their opponents' ball is fumbled there is no one on the spot to take advantage of the misplay, but the occasion presented itself this time, and Hopkins was at hand. He circled the end and was down the field before Columbia had realized that they had lost their touchdown. Grant kicked the goal. One more touchdown and goal was scored in this half by Columbia.

In the second part of the game Haverford showed the New York Alumni, many of whom were spectators, that a light team can often make its presence felt, if imbued with the proper spirit. Only six points went to Columbia's credit in this half. After the kickoff began a punting contest, in which Morley had decidedly the better of it. Columbia had the ball on Haverford's 35-yard line, where they were held. Morley tried for a goal, but the kick was blocked and the ball advanced to Columbia's 30-yard line on some good running by Thorn, Grant and Tilney. Drinker made an attempt at field goal, but failed, and Weekes ran the length of the field for a touchdown.

The best playing for Columbia was done by Bruce, Weekes, Smith and Morley; for Haverford, by Grant, Thorn and Hopkins. Cookman and Tilney played well, considering their inexperience in big games.

After the game the New York Alumni gave the team a dinner at the Manhattan.

The line-up:—

Columbia.	Haverford
Reehm (Boyesen) left end	Haviland (Scattergood)
Irvine (Whitwell) left tackle	Cadbury
Lancon	left guard
Shaw	centre
	Ross

McClellan..... right guard ...Worthington (Angell)
 Bruce (Duden) right tackleHopkins
 Van Hoevenberg.. right endGrant
 Morley..... quarter-backCookman
 Weekes..... left half-backThorn
 Smith..... right half-backTilney
 Luell..... full-backDrinker
 Touchdowns. Weeks 3. Bruce Smith, Hopkins; goals from touchdowns, Bruce 3, Morley, Grant; referee, J. Wolff, Columbia; umpire, J. Sykes, Columbia; time of halves, 30 and 25 minutes.

Haverford vs. Johns Hopkins.

Played at Haverford October 2. Won by Haverford 5 to 0.

The game with Johns Hopkins was stubbornly fought throughout, the only score being a field goal by Drinker, late in the second half. While the Johns Hopkins team was considerably heavier than Haverford, the latter showed better training and team work.

The line-up:—

Haverford.	John Hopkins.
Grant (Capt).... right end	Houghton
Spiers..... right tackle	Bacon
Sinkin..... right guard	Yearley
Ross..... center	Campbell
Worthington.... left guard	Garwood
Bausman..... left tackle	Ill
Scattergood..... left end ..(Capt) Gillespie (Haviland)	
Phillips..... quarter-back	Burheim
Thorn..... right half-back	Saylor
Drinker..... left half-back	Faris
Jones..... full-back	Blanche
Goal from field, Drinker; referee, Scattergood, Haverford; umpire, Gillender, U. of P.	

Haverford vs. Jefferson.

Played at Haverford November 6th. Won by Jefferson 24 to 17.

In this game Haverford was further weakened by the absence of Thorn. At first it seemed that she might win, but lack of consistent playing and weak tackling in the back field lost her the game. The play was, for the most part, open and spectacular runs abounded. At times the Haverford line held like a rock; and, then, on the next play the opposing team would break through with the greatest of ease. Jones and Bausman for Haverford and Boyer for Jefferson did good work.

The line-up:—

Haverford.	Jefferson Med.
Haviland..... left end	Walters
(Bausman)	(Schnader)
Cadbury..... left tackle	McCormick
Spiers..... left guard	Leitze
(Chambers)	
Ross..... center	Carey
Worthington... right guard	Hart
Hopkins..... right tackle	Mylin
	(Sheets)
Grant..... right end	Waggoner
	(Bowers)
Phillips..... quarter-back	Boyer
Drinker..... left half-back	Dyer
	(Bellamy)
Scattergood... right half-back	Sharp
Jones..... full-back	Schnader
	(Bowman)
Touchdowns, Jones 2, Waggoner, Boyer, Sharp 2; goals from touchdown, Drinker 2, Schnader 4; goal from field, Drinker; referee, Adams, Haverford College Grammar School; umpire, Hazlitt, Jefferson; time of halves, 25 minutes.	

Haverford vs. Rutgers.

Played at Haverford November 9th. Won by Haverford 17 to 0.

On account of the Pennsylvania-Harvard game's coming in the afternoon of this day, the game with Rutgers was scheduled for 11 a. m. Haverford played a hard, fast game, with excellent team work and spirit, although Rutgers was considerably out-weighted. The line-up follows:—

Haverford	Rutgers.
Bausman..... right end	R. Morris
(Pearson)	
Hopkins..... right tackle	Skleim
Worthington... right guard	R. Morris
Ross..... center	Glewort
Spiers..... right guard	Hitchener
Cadbury..... left tackle	Fortner
Scattergood..... left end	Malvin
Phillips..... quarter-back	Smith
Grant..... right half-back	Wyckoff
Drinker..... left half-back	Volker
Jones..... full-back	Edgar
	(Herbert)
Referee, Donger, of Rutgers; umpire, Brown, of Haverford.	

Haverford vs. Lehigh.

Played at Bethlehem November 13. Won by Lehigh 22 to 5.

The entire first half Haverford played a fast, snappy game, scoring the first touchdown. In the second half Hay-

ertord advanced the ball to within a yard of their opponent's goal, when the ball was fumbled and Lehigh took the ball up the field for a touchdown. It had now become so dark that the ball could not be seen after the kick-off. In the remaining two minutes Lehigh scored three touchdowns.

The line-up:—

Haverford	Lehigh.
Scattergood..... left end	Dow
Cadbury..... left tackle	Johnson
Spiers..... left guard	Waters
Ross..... centre	McFarlane
Worthington... right guard	Kelly
Bausman..... right tackle	Jones
Scattergood.... right end	Bru h
(Drinker)	
Phillips..... quarter-back	Parsons
(Drinker)	
Jones..... left half-back	A. Farabaugh
Duerr (Thorn) right half-back	Fuller
	(L. Farabaugh)
Fox..... full-back	Butler

Touchdowns, Haverford, Fox; Lehigh, Butler, A. Farabaugh, L. Farabaugh and Parsons. Goal from touchdown L. Farabaugh 2. Umpire, Stearns, Pennsylvania. Referee, Minds, Pennsylvania.

Haverford vs. Swarthmore.

Played at Haverford November 23rd. Swarthmore 6, Haverford 6.

In spite of the fact that rain fell almost without cessation during the entire game, the twentieth annual foot ball contest between Swarthmore and Haverford was witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd of three thousand persons; and the grand stands, erected for the first time on Walton Field, had scarcely a seat unsold.

Captain Hall, of Swarthmore, won the toss and chose the kick-off, Haverford defending the north goal. Cadbury caught the ball on Haverford's twenty-yard line. Jones made 6 yards around the end, but Chambers fumbled and the ball went to Swarthmore. Swarthmore was given 10 yards for off-side play. Haverford got the ball on a fumble. Through the efforts of Grant, Chambers and Fox the ball was carried to within 15 yards of Swarthmore's goal. Fox failed to kick a field goal. Smith kick-

ed out from the 25-yard line, and after gains by Thorn and Chambers the ball went to Swarthmore on downs.

After several exchanges of punts, Smith, of Swarthmore, tried for a goal on Haverford's 30-yard line but failed. Marter ran back the kick-out 15 yards. The ball changed hands several times on punts. Marter got through Haverford's line for 25 yards, being finally downed by Thorn on Haverford's 20-yard line. Again Swarthmore tried for a field goal, but the kick was blocked and Worthington fell on the ball for Haverford. The half ended with the ball in Haverford's possession on her 35-yard line, neither side having scored.

In the second half Haverford kicked off and the play, for a time, resembled that of the first half. The two teams alternately gained and were held for downs. Then, with the ball on Haverford's 45-yard line came the most spectacular play of the game. Thorn was given the ball to carry around right end. At the start he circled and seemed about to be thrown for a loss, but the next instant he ran through the very midst of the opposing team for a touchdown. Haverford 6, Swarthmore 0.

Almost at the end of the half Swarthmore came into possession of the ball on Haverford's 40-yard line. Hall made 15 yards on a trick play. A quarter-back kick brought them 10 yards nearer Haverford's goal. Then they received 10 yards more for Haverford's off-side play. Stewart took the ball over for a touchdown. Hall kicked the goal. Score, Haverford 6, Swarthmore 6.

In the few minutes that remained for play neither side scored.

In all the 19 games that preceded this one there has been no tie, and probably no game of the series was more pluckily and stubbornly contested. Haverford played as one man and every player was in the game from start to finish.

To mention certain men on either team as playing better than others seems almost unfair, but Stewart, W.

D. Smith, Hall and Draper, for Swarthmore, and Fox, Thorn, Chambers, Cadbury, Worthington and Phillips, for Haverford, did especially good work.

The bitterness that has been so evident in Swarthmore-Haverford games of the past was conspicuously absent, while the play throughout was exceedingly clean.

The line-up:—

Haverford.	Swarthmore.
Grant.....	right endSatterthwaite
Simkin.....	right tackleDraper
Chambers.....	right guardLippincott
Ross.....	centreBrosius
Worthington...	left guardJackson
Cadbury.....	left tackleMannakee
Stone.....	left endW. T. Smith
Phillips.....	quarter-backHall
Jones.....	left half-backMarter
Ihorn.....	right half-back ...W. D. Smith
Fox.....	full-backStewart

IN HER PRESENCE.

(Sappho II.)

I count him happy as a god,
Who sits beside your feet, love,
Who listens to your rippling laugh,
Your voice so low and sweet, love.

For me, when I am in your sight
A mist comes o'er my eyes, love.
My heart throbs high, I can not see
For fear and glad surprise, love.

My tongue is tied, a subtle fire
Consumes me from within, love.
A warning fills my ears until
I'm giddy with the din, love.

I tremble now through every limb
With longing fond yet sad, love.
I wither in your burning gaze;
Your beauty drives me mad, love.
C. W. S., '02.

SKETCHES.

A Red-Letter Day.

Picture yourself, if you will, a starlit night, a brisk salt breeze, a dancing yacht, a competent skipper, and above all a jolly, congenial crowd, and without more ado you will exclaim that these are all the essentials necessary to a genuine "Red-Letter" day.

Six of us dashed merrily out of a little harbor along the shore of Narragansett Bay to the tune of a rollicking college song. The breeze was fresh, the sea was high. Around us the water was black as night; far above us the heavens were all ablaze with myriads of tiny beacon-lights. On and on we ploughed, while the salt spray dashed o'er us again and again, leaving us dripping but gay at heart. Still will you

vote this a most glorious "Red-Letter" day!

Slowly and slowly the great yellow moon looms up from behind the dusky horizon. First a dull indefinite glow, then a faint and sudden gleam, and finally the full round orb itself, sending a flood of soft silvery light over the boisterous waters. We gaze in speechless rapture at the gorgeous spectacle, but even thus entranced are conscious of a sudden change. Our light craft bounds more languidly onward! Less sharply the briny spray bites our faces! Gentler and milder grows the breeze, and we have time only to gasp in helpless amazement before our sails flap uselessly and we are becalmed four miles from shore! Now, patient reader,

what say you to this glorious "Red-Letter" day?

At Arlington.

Of the thousands of monuments, imposing and plain, to the heroes fallen for their country, none can be more pathetic than is a massive granite block at Arlington, Virginia. Just back of the old Lee mansion, which commands a most imposing view of Washington and the placid Potomac, stands this memorial, covering the grave of over two thousand unknown dead from various battle-fields of the Rebellion. Reaching off across the plateau behind it is the "Bivouac of the dead,"—column after column of low, white stones, each bearing a number. Each number is a key to a life-story, and each low stone marks the last resting-place of a soldier of the Republic. A pall of sadness invests the visitor as he surveys this silent field, but his sadness deepens when he reads the simple inscription on the granite monument to the unknown dead. For every small white stone a mother, or wife, or sister, or sweetheart has mourned a loved one, knowing his fate. For every one of the two thousand unknown warriors, some one near and dear has suffered the longer and sadder grief of doubt and uncertainty. In the bosom of that fair Virginia hill, shrouded in silent sadness, broken only by the songs of the birds and the soft sighing of the wind among the tall, shading trees, rest forever all that is left of those soldiers, but from ocean to ocean a great nation owes them an everlasting debt for the Union they died to preserve. P. L. W., '02.

Thackeray and the Horatian Spirit.

Of all the illustrious poets and essayists who have tried to catch the elusive spirit of Horace, none has been more successful than Thackeray. He did not attempt to imitate the delicacy and felicity of the original, but he sympathized strikingly with its sentiment which he expressed in his own words.

He, too, surveyed the world with a mildly critical eye and satirized its latent weaknesses with the keenest wit. Old Dives building his costly villa, Pyrrha with her affectation of simplicity, and many another unsuspecting Roman may find their counterparts in the English society of Thackeray's day. It is hardly necessary to compare the two poets in their enjoyments of life; their appreciation of pretty girls, mellow wine and, in all modesty, their own admitted genius. Let us hope in all soberness that, if there be a convivial club in Hades, Thackeray and Horace may often meet there to compare the merits of port and Massic and perhaps to agree that men of the world have not changed much in eighteen hundred years.

C. W. S., '02.

Love in a Ball Room.

One night Love left Arcadia and fitted into a brilliantly lighted ball room. At first the glaze dazzled him, but soon his eyes grew accustomed to it, and he shouted with glee as he beheld graceful couples of men and maidens gliding about in time with the sighing waltz. Each youth was clasping his lady to his heart and gazing tenderly into her eyes, "It's rather public," thought the sprite, "but I suppose that is the modern style." The music ceased and Love followed a handsome couple into the cool conservatory. "I didn't see you at the Bullion's last night," began the girl. "No, I was awfully sorry but I had another engagement," answered her companion, slightly embarrassed. "Doesn't Mabel Elmer look well?" continued the modern Phyllis. "Yes, isn't she a queen?" said Corydon. "If only she wasn't so awfully loud," added Phyllis. "There is no use for me here," thought Love, and he flew away. When he reached the ball room he found that most of the inconstant swains had changed partners. "No one knows me," he wailed. "Here they only play at love," and he departed this time never to return.

C. W. S., '02.

LECTURE.

ON the evening of November 8, the annual Phi Beta Kappa lecture was delivered by Sir Robert Ball. The distinguished lecturer was introduced by Henry T. Coates, '62, of Philadelphia, with the remark that he was a shining illustration of the proverb "Per ardua ad astra." In substance Sir Robert said:

In this lecture we are going to discuss things which happened a long time ago, not merely a few hundred, or a few thousand years back, but millions. What we consider a great stretch of time, is really but a brief period. There is a fable told to illustrate this, that an inhabitant of Saturn rambling through space, gathering information concerning the inhabitants of the various stellar worlds chanced to alight on the ring of Saturn. He met one of the Saturnians, and they began to discuss the wonders of nature. Said the Saturnian, "Yes it is very wonderful; we should live a long time, that we might grasp it all. Now none of us live more than fifteen thousand years." When we say a watch loses time, what do we mean? We mean that it fails to keep up with the standard clock. Now this standard clock is set by the stars, which mark the rotation of the earth. But does the earth keep time? If we set a humming top spinning, and can in any way eliminate the friction between the point and the earth, and get rid of the friction of the air, our top will spin for ever. Now is the earth such a top? Is there no friction tending to retard its motion? At first glance one would think its motion to be entirely unhindered by any external force. The stars and the planets are so far away that their influence is negligible. But the moon can not be neglected. It tends to stop the earth's rotation by raising the tides. From the earliest times the connection between

the moon and the tides has been recognized. Some nations, however, have had very hazy notions as to the exact relation between them. Among some tribes, a favorite subject for debating societies is said to have been: "Does the moon cause the tides, or do the tides cause the moon?" The friction of the tides on the earth is increasing its period of rotation, and making the days longer. The increase is very slow, (amounting to about a second in a thousand years), but its importance lies in the fact that it is all in the same direction. A million years ago the day was a quarter of an hour shorter than at present, and still earlier the earth whirled round on its axis in about six hours.

By that profound law of Newton that action and reaction are equal, since the moon acts on the earth, the earth acts on the moon. Now owing to the friction of the tides, the earth exerts, in addition to direct attraction, a sideways force. This tends to increase the size of the moon's orbit very slowly, but always in the same direction. Millions of years ago the moon and the earth were still closer together, and at this remote period when the day was but six hours long, the moon was part of the earth. Also the earth was very soft and hot, so rotating at this tremendous speed, it threw off the part which formed the moon. When the moon was soft the earth raised on it vast viscous tides. These tended to hasten the rotation of the moon when it fell behind, and to slow it up when it got ahead, so that now it presents always the same face to the earth. In time the earth will always show the same side to the moon. By far the best recent work on the lunar theory is that done by Dr. Brown, of Haverford.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE first regular meeting of the Scientific Club was held in the Chemical Lecture room on the evening of November 12. Dr. Pratt delivered an interesting lecture on "Animals at the Bottom of the Sea." Several new members were enrolled and a general invitation was extended to sign the constitution of the club.

The college spirit exhibited during the recent foot ball season has given rise to much appreciative comment. Every afternoon a loyal band, representing a goodly proportion of the undergraduates, gathered on the side lines to aid the team and scrub with their cheers. Enthusiastic meetings were held every night during the week before the game, at which various alumni gave short addresses, and songs and yells were practiced.

With the close of foot ball season afternoon recitations have gone back to their old hours of two and three o'clock instead of half-past one and half-past two.

D. Babbitt's office and the examining room in the gymnasium have recently been newly equipped and neatly furnished.

Cricket practice in the shed began under direction of Coach Woolley for Freshmen and other new men with the beginning of the second quarter.

Water was let into the pond on November 23rd. A merry skating season is anticipated.

During the week of prayer several extra meetings of the Y. M. C. A. were held. On November 13th, Dr. Charles Wood, Haverford, 1870, delivered the address, and on the 14th, State Secretary Miller.

The annual concert of the Musical Association will be held in Alumni Hall on the evening of Friday, December 20th, at eight o'clock. The price of admission will be seventy-five cents. Tickets may be obtained from W. C. Longstreth.

The foot ball H has been awarded to the following men for the season of 1901: W. E. Cadbury, P. G.; J. L. Stone, '02 (Capt.); W. H. Grant, '02; J. S. Fox, '02; R. J. Ross, '02; W. W. Chambers, '02; A. G. H. Spiers, '02; H. A. Scattergood, '02; A. J. Phillips, '03; J. K. Worthington, '03; R. L. Simkin, '03; H. N. Thorn, '04; H. W. Jones, '05; A. H. Hopkins, '05.

To those doing the most conscientious work on the Scrub the 2nd XI H's were given as follows: H. L. Balderton, '02; C. Wistar, '02; P. L. Woodward, '02; F. Winslow, '03; W. S. Bradley, '04; J. M. Stokes, Jr., '04; J. R. Thomas, '04; B. Eshleman, '05; E. C. Murray, '05; A. G. Priestman, '05; E. F. Winslow, '05.

The Freshman class has elected class officers for the first half year, as follows: President, A. H. Hopkins; Vice President, H. W. Jones; Secretary, B. Eshleman; Treasurer, J. L. Scull.

A glee-club has been organized under the auspices of the Musical Association and is practicing daily, under the leadership of C. L. Seiler, '02. Those trying for the club are as follows: First tenors, Pusey, '02, Phillips, '03, Miller, '03; second tenors, Cookman, '02, Gunmere, '02, Stork, '02, Wood, '02, Wilson, '03, Withers, '04; first basses, Boles, '02, Philips, '02, Trout, '02, Worthington, '03, Godshall, '05; second bases, Haviland, '02, Simkin, '03, West, '04, Libbey, '05. They will be heard from in future concerts.

EXCHANGES.

WITH the present month foot ball takes its exit from the stage of college journalism and before its memory is swallowed up with the proverbial Thanksgiving turkey, a few words on this subject may be appropriate in a part of the paper where it may be viewed from a strictly unathletic and literary standpoint. It is a matter of interest and surprise that the "Gentleman's Game" is so generally popular in our ultracivilized nations,—that even up the steep crags of the Rockies and along the frozen River of the North, the "skin of the sacred pig" finds devoted worshippers everywhere among "well shin-guarded" students.

But in looking over some of our literary friends we have noticed the tameness and absolute lack of artistic finish in the accounts of this most literary game as played by literary devotees and reported in a so-called "literary" magazine. Beside those great works of standard literature whose light should be the beacon of every institution of learning, how stupid and uncouth appear the usual form of athletic reports, with the unadorned facts of time, place, weather conditions, plays, lineup and score. Where are all the choice tropes and epithets that grace our themes. Behold! science and slang reign in their stead. Truly it is like an oasis in this desert of modern materialism to come upon a spicy bit of modern Biblical description in the "True Story of Sampson" in the *Harvard Lampoon* or "Celestial Interference," or foot ball à la Homer in the *Columbia Jester*. Let us then drive forth the usurping divinities and reinstate in the Fane of College Athletics the "thrice battered god" of literature.

Although it is several years since we studied our geography in the preparatory schools, yet we never imagined that the modern expansion policy of the

United States had reached such extensive proportions as contemporary college journalism seems to show. Almost every paper from the little western colleges which we have opened during the past month greets us with a statement something like this, "Rah, rah, rah, Pork City University again on top. In a hard fought contest on Kornn Field last Friday, with our old rivals, The Bryan Agricultural College, our team carried off the honors by a score of 160 to 10, and thereby won the State Foot Ball Championship." With more complete statistics we shall be able to estimate correctly how many States this Union of ours contains and the average number of State foot ball championships per State per season.

—

We clip the following:

"Some bright student has made the discovery that potassium iodide will unite (under pressure) with two parts of sulphur, as indicated in the following reaction: $KI + 2 S = \text{Kiss}$. And he adds in one of our exchanges that care should be taken to perform the experiment in the dark, as some of the material is explosive, and the reaction is very violent.

—

For sometime we have heard highly favorable reports of a certain bi-weekly periodical, published by a nearby institution. We would suggest that this season of debutants is an appropriate time for it to come out of its more exclusive acquaintanceship and take a fitting place among the lights of journalistic society. So long as our bashful friend refuses, mole-like, to face the open sun-light of public opinion, no favored patrons will in vain sound its praises. We are compelled to abide rather closely by the old saying: "Believe nothing you hear and but half of what you see."

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HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIII, No. 8

JANUARY, 1902

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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The Haverfordian

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WE have heard with deep sorrow that Prof. Ladd's health will not permit of his return to the East. Haverford is deprived of one of her most faithful and best-loved officers. It is a loss that will be equally shared by officers, students and friends of the college.

THAT the student of means in any institution of learning has not always the advantage over his poorer neighbor can easily be shown by results, both in class standing and in the general attitude of the college, which shows a decided preference for a man who wins honors after an uphill climb, as contrasted with the supposedly fortunate individual who enters college with equally high ideals, but leaves it with the feeling that he has wasted his

substance and fallen short of his aims. Strange as it may seem, in the intellectual world the advantage in the race for honors lies with the former. He has fewer temptations to waste his time. He realizes that he is "up against it," and fortifies himself accordingly. In saying this, however, we are not insinuating that the poor student deserves any the less credit. Far more, rather. The man of means, on the contrary (supposing him *a priori* to be interested in study) has more temptations to draw him from his studies—he has come filled with the idea that he is to impress himself generally on the college, and little unseen forces, the room-to-room chat, delightful indeed, the social engagements, athletics, and kindred attractions render life so pleasant that Minerva's head begins to droop and the worship of Mars (in the shape of sport) and of Venus allures the loiterer.

The college man deserves all the more credit when he fortifies himself by steady application, and the daily drops of study begin to wear down the stone and show him for what sphere of interest he is suited.

IT is with real satisfaction that we can this month offer to our readers an accurate and adequate statement of the importance of supplementing a Haverford course with a year at Harvard. The writer of this article, a well known member of the younger alumni, is by experience and observation thoroughly equipped to handle his subject, and has done so in a way that must appeal to all friends of education and very directly to Haverford-Harvard men. Undergraduates, whether decided

or in doubt as to their post-Haverford career, will do well to give this paper careful attention. Others will find in it a strong and thoughtful statement of an almost ideal educational system.

NO little delicacy is required to determine the scope and traits of literary college journalism. We speak not of the local college gossip or athletic news—items which of necessity demand a goodly share of space where the college in question can support but a single periodical, but of real literary attempts, the interest of which is entirely intrinsic, relying neither on local associations nor on grounds of sentiment. Such the average reader is apt to take far from seriously, so much so in fact as often to distort his views and mar the fairness of his criticism. He is exacting, proverbially ever in a hurry, and prone to a whim. A score of happy lines appealing to him momentarily will completely revolutionize his attitude.

This adaptation to a diversity of interests is then a prominent characteristic. Collegiate articles cannot conform to the canons of M. Taine. Obviously they are written to suit their prospective readers. So far, good. But readers demand amusement nowadays far more than intellectual stimulation. If for want of exertion they cannot laugh, they must at least smile, and violent mental activity is at a decided discount. Hence, with a deference that seems inclined to stoop, the editor conforms and permits the gay to outweigh the sober. And that ill-starred individual must indeed be clad in the *acs triplex* of imperturbability, if he withstand temptations to cater and to accommodate.

Noticeable too is the ambitiousness, often well-nigh reckless, of this literary genre. No monument of literature is so venerable as to defy imitation. No field, be it ever so novel, so sacred or so classic, can terrify or even dismay the rash aspirant. Behold, then the lit-

erary novice at work in his den! See him dash off a farcical quotation that would make Oliver Hereford famous, and immediately follow it with some Latin alcaeics "with apologies to Mr. Q. Horace." Watch him serve up a choice selection of Mr. Dooley's cleverest sentiments and as promptly turn to a Socratic dialogue as to the merits of cow-pox versus lock-jaw, or interpret Montaigne on the subject of golf! In a vain attempt to out-Kipling Kipling, he pens a tale that fairly bristles with adventure, of dervishes and lemurs and ghouls, and then, responding to the "categorical imperative" of the historical novel, he begins a serial story of blood and thunder, with the dramatic figure of the villain waving on high the bloody dagger, and thundering forth in stentorian tones, "To be continued in the next!"

Less striking perhaps than the college journalist's attempt to be funny, is his endeavor to be serious. Unevenness is here the rule. One essay may be in aim and treatment thoroughly masterly, while its fellow is woefully inadequate. While we would gladly judge by intentions, best interests do not permit of such indulgence. We must set the standard high. To avoid the commonplace, yet allow "reach to exceed" and determine "grasp," approximates the ideal; the former by insuring survival *as fittest*, the latter by applying the ultimate canon of literary art.

THE concert of the combined musical clubs before the holidays was more successful in every respect than either of its foregoers. Every branch of musical activity is now well organized and interest shows no sign of abatement. Few could be found who would not heartily agree with us that this is one of the most delightful of the subordinate interests of a college, and that its culmination on the evening of the twentieth was thoroughly enjoyable.

AFTER HAVERFORD—HARVARD.

IF the highest aim of every college is to give her graduates, not only the best intellectual equipment possible, but also so to mould their morals and their characters as to send them forth into the world fully and evenly developed men, then surely a study of the best methods to be used in securing that result becomes of the greatest interest and importance. And after all, is not this the real motive behind the best educational institutions to-day,—using the word educational in its broadest significance? To be sure, the college or the university sends her students forth with no other official guarantee than that of their intellectual fitness; but her unwritten and unspoken purpose is rather to stamp her graduates with a strong moral character. She stands for learning and for culture; but she also stands for that power and determination which shall be able and eager to resist temptation and to make this a better and a purer world. That is the real purpose and the meaning behind those oft repeated but impressive words of President Eliot, when on Commencement Day he confers upon the graduates of Harvard those diplomas which are to admit them, "as youths of promise, to the fellowship of educated men." What else can President Sharpless mean when he speaks of "the creation of a type of youthful manhood which is peculiarly 'Haverfordian,'" and writes boldly that "the purpose of a college is not to make money, but to make men of clear and vigorous intelligence, strong character and "Sensitive Conscience?" The college man when he leaves his alma mater is rarely a great or polished scholar; but he may be, and should be, a man in the best sense of the word.

It is far from the object of the writer of these few lines to claim that the average graduate of Haverford is not an all

round man. No one who has spent four of the best and happiest years of his life in the dear old college, "neath the scarlet and the black," would be willing or able to substantiate such an assertion as that. Yet surely, on the other hand, no Haverfordian would wish to say that his college has taught him all that can be learned, or that her life and methods have fully moulded and developed his character and aims. With him it must be rather a question of how far his circumstances and his time will permit him to continue his preparations for after life. Granting that he is able either with or without sacrifice, to afford an extra year or so in study at some other college or university, will the new methods of work and life which he may find in a place like Harvard compensate him for the additional time-sacrifice? Will they, aside from the actual intellectual and mental training which may be necessary to fit him for a professional or business career, give him enough additional knowledge of methods and men to enable him to cope more successfully with his future work?

Now are there not too many Haverford men who fail to appreciate the splendid opportunities and advantages which even a single year at a great university like Harvard affords? Either they imagine that they have learned all that is necessary at Haverford, or perhaps they have judged Harvard too hastily on a casual visit to Cambridge, it may be, with the cricket team. But this is hardly fair to either college. Harvard itself is so large an institution that it may truly be said to represent a bit of the world—all types of men, from the very good to the very bad, that one would be likely to meet with in after life—and is it therefore not unfair, impossible for an outsider to judge her by what he may chance to see during a few hours, or even a few days?

So these lines are written in the hope that by contrasting the methods used by the two institutions—a great university on the one hand and a small college on the other—in their efforts to discover the best means of preparing men for life, some fellow-Haverfordians may be able to judge more fairly of the merits of their great sister college in Cambridge.

Without doubt one of the first and most striking impressions which the graduate of a small college gets upon entering Harvard is the vast size of the university; of course such a contrast is altogether natural, and yet not even the most casual description of Harvard would be complete without mention of it. For the moment the new-comer feels overawed and almost lost in his strange surroundings. Instead of a half dozen college buildings situated in a suburban country district and a hundred and twenty-five odd students, he finds himself in the midst of a city of over ninety thousand inhabitants whose intellectual and social life centres about a great university with its half hundred halls, dormitories and club houses and its thousands of students. To make the contrast even greater, the Haverfordian who comes to Harvard, instead of being among a body of men half of whom, perhaps, he counts as friends and with almost all of whom he has a speaking acquaintance, must expect to wander among a vast throng of fellow-students most of whom he does not know even to speak to. Indeed the average Harvard Senior, who has already spent three years at the university, does not pretend to know by name the majority of his own classmates.

Naturally there is the same difference in proportions between the intellectual aims and equipments of the two colleges as in their life and external appearances. The large size of the Harvard faculty in the college department alone of course enables that university to offer a far wider choice in teachers

and studies than is possible in a small college like Haverford. Indeed, the Haverfordian entering the Senior class at Harvard is utterly dismayed when he picks up the catalogue of the university and perceives the vast number of elective courses from which he may make his choice. And if he be an ambitious student he will be strongly tempted to overload himself with work; or if he be that other kind of student—the kind “whose sense of truth grows dimmer and dimmer in the smoke of his cigarettes,” as Dean Briggs expresses it, and of which Harvard, as well as Haverford, certainly has her full quota,—he will probably be even more strongly tempted to elect “cinch” courses. But be this as it may, it nevertheless remains true that there is a vastly greater opportunity to study along those lines which one may choose, and, best of all, under the inspiration of proportionally a larger number of really great teachers, at Harvard than at Haverford.

So, too, the amount of individual liberty which the under-graduates at Harvard enjoys is almost unlimited. For, while a record of attendance at classes is taken and a man is liable to be summoned before the college authorities for any excessive abuse of privileges, still the upper classman is practically free to go where he pleases and do what he pleases. Harvard's whole system is thoroughly individualistic from beginning to end. A student when he enters her doors is assumed to be an honest man, able to take care of his own welfare. Consequently he may study or not, or attend lectures or not, as he desires,—provided always, however, that he passes his examinations satisfactorily.

Now let us see what this vast difference in size and methods between the two colleges really means. What results is it likely to achieve? What results does it achieve? For after all, these are the important questions.

First, then, no man whose character is still in process of formation can run

up against a bit of the world, as he surely does when he spends a year at Harvard, without being strongly influenced by the spirit and methods of his new surroundings,—a spirit and methods which, as I have tried to point out, are essentially different from those which prevail at Haverford. This is not saying that the new conditions are better or worse than the old, but simply that they are different. Hence, though the new-comer may be debarred by his athletic or social standing from admittance to that select and characteristic life which centres around the best clubs and fraternities, he cannot help—unless, indeed, he be wholly a recluse or a grind—coming in contact, more or less, with men in all walks of life. Or, even if he does give himself up largely to studies, he still cannot help catching some of the spirit of the world around him; for that spirit must surely, whether consciously or unconsciously, pervade not alone the athletic or club life of the university, but also the class-room. And what does this contact with a little corner of the world mean,—this contact with so many different types of men and character, with so many diverse lines of thought and methods, with so much that is both good and bad? And what will it all lead to? The answer is not uncertain: it means nothing more nor less than that the college student is getting a taste, and often a pretty strong one too, of what he must shortly face in after life; that he is but encountering the same opportunities and temptations, only on a smaller scale, that he must meet when he leaves college; and above all, that he is learning how to deal with men, how to distinguish the good from the bad, and how finally to acknowledge that his own ideas and methods and those of the small community in which he was brought up may not always be the right ones, or at least not the only ones.

Wherever and whenever a multitude of young men, eager, sympathetic, open-

hearted, come together they naturally teach one another. For, as Cardinal Newman has said, "the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting day by day."

In other words, the methods of work and of life which prevail in a large university like that of Harvard unconsciously, but almost inevitably, help to give a man that breadth of view, that fairness of judgment, which should be so valuable in all business and professional life. And such a breadth of view can obviously be imparted far better by a larger university than by a small college. Haverford, I believe, does her full share in this respect, but she cannot do it as well as Harvard.

One illustration of how this breadth of view may be cultivated in the everyday life of any Harvard student will suffice for many. At his "club table" in Memorial Hall last winter the writer was thrown in daily contact with twenty-one men; seven from the college department, of whom six were members of Senior class; three from the Graduate School; one from the Law School; nine from the Divinity School; and one a distinguished member of the Faculty, who is now President of the American Association for the advancement of science. The twenty students represented no less than ten different religious creeds, from Quakers to one studying for the Jesuit ministry. Truly a diversified array of men! But, excepting on the last point—religion,—our table might fairly be regarded as a typical one; and these same fellows had the opportunity of meeting and talking with one another at least three times a day. Surely the result of coming in contact with such a body of men as this, representing so many different types of character and so many different walks in life, speaks for itself. And it is much the same wherever one goes at Harvard, into whatever depart-

ment of life or work that is usually represented in a large university. If a man chances to join the boat clubs, and especially if he becomes a member of one of the club crews, which are now becoming such a popular form of amusement and exercise, he always has this splendid opportunity of meeting and talking with fellows of every stamp of character and ability.

Again, take the religious interests of the university, and the wholesome, manly life which they call forth. How often one hears from outsiders stern criticism of the spirit which this side of Harvard represents! Is not the religious life of the university, people constantly ask, dangerously broad? Are not the official regulations in these respects so lax and free that the students are encouraged to be irreligious rather than religious?

But such criticisms hardly seem to be well founded. To be sure, no student of Harvard is required to attend the morning services at the college chapel, or at the beautiful vesper services which are held there every Thursday afternoon from Thanksgiving till Easter. On Sundays also every man shifts for himself, and may or may not, as he pleases, attend church. Without doubt it is also true that there are many men at Harvard who spend four years there without so much as entering the chapel more than once or twice, or perhaps never at all. If therefore membership in some religious organization or attendance at church or chapel is the standard by which we are to judge of the spiritual welfare of the university, we may well agree with the critics in condemning the religious spirit of Harvard as dangerously lax and broad. But is it fair to use such a standard? Surely not, unless at least we apply at the same time many other tests. Every inducement is offered to encourage the students to attend the morning chapel services. Yet if the average Harvard undergraduate prefers rather to put his religion into works instead of words, why neces-

sarily condemn either him or the institution which grants this privilege? Is it not a hopeful and eminently healthful sign when we find many hundreds of Harvard men giving up several hours each week to various kinds of philanthropic work? Such helpful service is performed, as it should be, so quietly and unostentatiously that doubtless very many Harvard men do not themselves appreciate its sincerity and earnestness or the vast deal of it which is constantly going on under their own eyes. For my own part, I believe that never among any community of college men will there be found fellows more ready to give freely of their time or money in the interests of those less fortunate than themselves than at Harvard University.

These words may sound too strong, but they are not written without at the same time full acknowledgement of the many defects which the liberal system of a great university like that of Harvard must almost inevitably lead to. Most certainly the college, as a school for the moulding of the strongest, noblest character, must itself be an institution of integrity. If it would stand for a truth, whether of religion or of science or of daily contact between man and man, it must itself believe in it. And perhaps Harvard and Harvard men in their search for the highest truth advocate a breadth of view which is too broad—so broad, in fact, that it makes them intolerant of those who hold to narrower views. Perhaps, too, many Harvard men, in their just scorn of all that savors of hypocrisy, err in not taking a bolder and more open stand in matters of religious faith. For, as we all know, while there is a cant of religion, there may also be a cant of irreligion. Yet if Harvard errs in this respect, does she not also err on the right side? Indeed, anyone who has had the privilege of viewing the almost countless activities which centre around Phillips Brooks House, and the heroic ef-

forts there being made, not only by unknown students, but by at least a few of the leaders of the social and athletic interest of the college, can have little but praise and admiration for a system which encourages such a healthy growth in philanthropic activity and which lays those foundations of character that must hereafter show themselves in a braver, nobler and more useful citizenship.

Nor must the evident advantage of a small college community like Haverford over that of a large university be underrated in the opportunities which they afford of a closer personal contact between professor and student, both within and without the class room. Harvard must necessarily be weaker here; though even in this respect I believe the willingness and desire of many of the instructors to meet and talk with the students is greater than most of the latter imagine. In the matter, too, of unity and depth of class and college spirit Haverford certainly has a great advantage over Harvard. There is no use in denying the cliquishness of the life at Cambridge; yet here also the splendid opportunity which the new university club house, the Harvard Union, affords of a common meeting ground for graduates and undergraduates is already working a reform. The recent foot ball triumph over Yale may not have been due entirely to the Union; but there is certainly a new university spirit in the air at Harvard this year which the Union is largely responsible for, since

"Here, no bar of class or creed;
Here, no lines of club or breed;

Here, one common cry, god-speed
To every Harvard son."

These joyful words of Mr. Warren, read at the dedication of the new building seem likely at last to be realized; and if so a new fellowship and a new college spirit is bound to develop throughout the whole university.

In conclusion, it must be all too evident how futile it is for one who has spent but a single year at Harvard to attempt to give to outsiders any adequate idea of the life and methods of the great university. He can indeed but depict one little corner of a throbbing world as he has seen it with his own eyes. Yet he will feel more than satisfied if he shall have persuaded any of his fellow Haverfordians to consider more carefully and sympathetically the real advantages of an additional year's training at Harvard. Let them go to Cambridge, not as Freshmen, but as men who have already battled with the temptations of undergraduate life, so that they may be able to pick and choose the good from the bad. In other words, let our ambition always be, "First, Haverford,—then Harvard!"

The little Quaker college will ever be our first and dearest Alma Mater; but we can also gladly join in Dean Brigg's noble tribute to the larger university:—

"O thou whose chastening love hath taught
Our country's chosen youth,
Thou who hast led a nation's thought
In freedom and in truth,
Mother of learning and of grace,
We long to look upon thy face,
To gather all that now we deem
Thine own, into one face supreme—
The nobly living, nobly dead.
The glorious sons that thou hast bred."

F. R.C., Jr., 1900.

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GERMANY had passed through the terrible period of the Sturm- und Drang, when men, turning with disgust from the things of the past, which were already touched by decay, and finding nothing to attract their in-

tense imaginations and their pent-up mental energies, now bursting forth in search for fields of activity, directed their thoughts upon themselves and developed a morbidness, which caused the greatest number of suicides ever re-

corded in any age. From this dislike of anything pertaining to home, German culture, under the leadership of Winckelmann, Goethe and Schiller, turned with enthusiasm to the classic lore of Greece and Rome. Then followed another reaction, resulting in a return to the old Germanic literature, especially to that of the middle ages,—a movement headed by Tieck and the two Schlegels, who with their followers composed the Romantic school of Germany.

Goethe and Schiller not only passed their last days in the Romantic period, but they were the prime factors in introducing it. Turning away from the vulgarities of style practised by Iffland and Schröder, they failed to see the poetic possibilities in German life and flew to the farthest extreme of classicism. In their hands the Grecian gods and heroes, infused with life by Herder, became mere abstractions, representing some caprice or attribute of the human mind. Their immediate followers copied their follies, but, alas, not their wisdom. Not satisfied with a healthy free play of their imagination and phantasy, they wished to follow them as helplessly as the kitten chases the bounding ball. Feeling and passion were their highest standard of action, their *summum bonum* of conduct, and reason only existed as satire, the cold cynic, in whose very presence the warm poetic nature of man feels the death chill and shrivels up to nothing.

Rejecting reason, as they did, the lofty abstractions of Goethe and Schiller, in which reason was worked to the straining point, had no attractions for these dreamers. Shrinking from the light of Grecian art, the Romantics searched for their vague ideals in the dark dreamy realms of the Middle Ages, whither long before this attention had been directed through Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans" and "Wilhelm Tell," and whither under the oppression of Napoleon the nation looked for comfort. Says August Wilhelm Schlegel, "The

spirit of enlightenment, which has no respect whatever for darkness, is the most decided and most dangerous adversary of poetry." In trance-like vision they viewed the mighty panorama which the Middle Ages unfolded,—great lords and barons, ancient castles, wandering Minnesänger, knights and ladies, flashing arms in the tourney, Arthurian heroes, love and chivalry, and along side of these, the monks chanting their vespers, the host of saints, and the great cathedrals. Tieck thus sums up the ideal of the Romantic school:

"Mondbeglante Zaubernacht
Die den Sinn gefangen halt,
Wundervolle Marchenwelt,
Steig auf in der alten Pracht."

Those old times represented to them that ideal, social, and political life, in which men acted and thought alike. The Catholic church with its saints and passion plays, its æsthetic and poetic splendor, appealed to them more than their sense of liberty and drew many men into it. Their ideal was, in fact, to place mediæval life, with its good faith, simplicity, and poetic fervor right into the life of the nineteenth century. They had discovered, at last, the fountain of youth for the old, worn-out German muse.

The simplicity and naïveté of the Middle Ages, which sees no distinction between art and life, the real and the ideal, they never fully realized. At best they only affected it and what greater conventionality is there than affected simplicity? Their inspiration therefore was forced and only counterfeited life. They failed to see that the delightful childish grace of poetry in the infancy of the race, though it may be admired, yet defies imitation on the part of our more mature age. They never fully realized either the ecstasy of soaring on the wings of fancy utterly devoid of reason. Not only was it evident that they were not entirely free from this cumbersome faculty, but such men as Tieck, Novalis, the two Schlegels, and the

Grimm brothers evinced it to so remarkable degree that they have left valuable heritages of research in the fields of science, literature and art. Reason, like Truth, "crushed to earth shall rise again."

This period worked a great influence on science. The warm poetic sentiment robbed science of its coldness, which it possessed in the eighteenth century. Scientists cultivated an elegant and elevated style. They saw the poetic in science, which, however, militated against accuracy. It was at this time that Fichte worked out his idealistic philosophy—the dominancy of the ego or the subjective self in the conception of knowledge. The comparative and historical methods of research were introduced, especially in the realm of philology. The attention to the past led to the study of folk lore, poetry and ballads, which Herder had begun. The Grimm brothers were thus interested in philological research.

During the period, the story and the novel figured very largely in the world of literature. Wieland is the best representative of the epic but he only played at it in the Arthurian romances. Voss and Goethe worked up the idyl, Wieland in his "Agathon" originated the historical novel in Germany, for which Sir Walter Scott became the model. The novel, first classic, took on a chivalric tone, owing to the influence of Goethe's "Götz." Tieck, the two Schlegels, Novalis, and Fouqué, who were identified with the Romantic novel writers, aimed in their stories to give an interpretation, an idea of life. Afterwards there appeared stories in a lower level.—the robber and ghost stories, the seeds for which were sown by Schiller's "Geisterschar." Next the step from the sublime to the ridiculous became very easy, and the wave of humor and parody which swept over Germany drew in many a genius. Wieland imitated Don Quixote and Nicolai produced "die Freuden des jungen Werthers." The drama of the Romantic

school fell to a very low ebb, no great production having appeared since Schiller. A. W. Schlegel gave Shakspeare to Germany in the best translation which now exists. Kleist was the favorite dramatist of the time.

The thought and feeling of the time was just the soil in which lyric could flourish luxuriantly. Germany never produced a body of lyric poetry so rich, so diversified in individuality, material and form. We find depicted all the emotions of the human heart, from the outburst of spirits alive with the life-blood of spring to the elegiac strains of loneliness from the curse of deceived love to the breathings of patriotic sentiment or the lofty praises of the omnipotent Creator. The lyric of the Romantics is the expression of the activity and range of their phantasy through the realms of the past. But even lyric, which seems to be the embodiment of imagination and feeling, as nothing else is, cannot exist devoid of the rational nature, any more than the lark, which most delights to float in the ether, could keep from falling to the ground, did he disdain the hospitable shelter of "tree or brush or brier." Such poets as Goethe, Uhland and Heine therefore who most revolted from the absurdities of the Romantic school, reached the greatest perfection and power in lyric verse.

One cannot but feel sympathy for those men, who, perceiving that the rough, heavy realism of the eighteenth century was smothering out of the hearts of men all poetic and spiritual inspiration, saw the only salvation for the age in reviving the warmth of feeling and the simplicity of life of the Middle Ages. Standing on the threshold of our modern era, they tried to arrest the advance of civilization by making men to live again the childhood of the race. Overlooking, however, their absurdities and errors, which did harm to no one but themselves, we pay tribute to them for the lasting service which they have rendered to posterity.

CHARLES EVANS, 1902.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Too soon—oh how too soon!—the hand of
 Fate
 Seized him who sang so ardently our praise!--
 Him, whose chaste kindness in a few brief
 days
 Enriched a thousand hearts, nor stooped to
 hate
 The lowliest of earth's array. How great
 His soul! His mind was pure: his heart
 ablaze
 With that bright gleam of glory that displays
 The voice of Heaven bidding him create!
 The spirits of the world beyond are fair:
 They dwell in peace and sweet benevolence,
 And live in purity and kind content—
 What thanks we owe! that him they deigned
 to spare,
 For one short while, though in rude rever-
 ence
 He seemed to stay, but knew not his intent.
 E. H. B., '02.

A MUSICIAN'S JEALOUSY.

IT is Sunday in a peaceful old town in Northern Germany, many miles from the route of tourists. The quiet inhabitants have collected round the doors of the picturesque little church to gossip before the morning service. Soon, however, the deep tones of the organ warning that the hour of devotion draws near. As they slowly pass into the church, the attention of a few who linger without is attracted by two strangers plodding toward them, along the hot and dusty street. One is a white-haired man, his sweet and patient face stamped with the marks of acute suffering. His fellow traveler, a well-preserved woman whose cheerful countenance still retains traces of former beauty, supports him, as they slowly approach. Arriving at the church door, she pauses and noting his tired look, suggests to her companion that they enter to rest within. Feebly the man consents, and their entrance causes a flutter of excitement among the congregation, for visitors are rare indeed in this unfrequented spot, and many curious eyes are turned upon them as they seat themselves near the door.

The organist is playing a hymn

throughout which one particular note predominates, emphasized by its frequent repetition. As the music continues the old man grows deathly pale, clutches the bench and casts a terrified glance at the organist, while a pitiful moan escapes his lips. Then, as though unable to endure it longer, he staggers to his feet and with a piercing shriek elaps both hands to his ears and falls heavily to the floor.

In hurried confusion the people gather around the prostrate form. The woman has knelt by his side, calling his name in agonized tones. But he only cries faintly "Oh God! Stop that note!" And she alone understands. When they try to raise him, he is dead.

* * * * *

Fifty years ago, on a damp and foggy night, a young girl stepped from a carriage and passed into a brilliantly lighted foyer of the opera house in Berlin. Although several people bowed to her, she noticed none, but went at once to her box and sat far back, alone with her thoughts. It was some time before the beginning of the concert, but she did not heed the time. Jutta Verdries well knew that the events of this even-

ing would decide the question of her future happiness or misery. A multitude of doubts and fears whirled through her brain. Why had she risked so much on the caprice of chance? But then, two years ago, she did not know which one she loved. She was but seventeen at that time. How could she have been expected to decide such a question. But they had insisted, and oh, that wretched promise! Why had she been so weak as to say she would marry the one who first succeeded, who first became the leading violin in Professor Reinhart's orchestra? She ought to have known that she loved Max Obermann more, far more, than Cralo Fluery. But suppose poor Max is not well enough to play to-night, and Herr Fluery takes
* * * * *

"What is it, Jutta dear? What is worrying you? I have just seen Herr Obermann and though he looked very ill, he told me that his cough was better."

"Oh papa, then he is going to play to-night!"

Karl Reinhart for many years, had led the finest orchestra in Germany, and any one who could become his first violin was assured of success. This year especially there was an abundance of worthy applicants for the position. But after numerous trials, the number was sifted down to two, Max Obermann and Cralo Fluery. On the previous evening the final test had come, but so evenly were they matched that it seemed impossible to decide between them. However, preference had been given to Herr Obermann, and it was decided to try him for the first night, and if satisfactory, to retain him permanently.

A burst of applause greeted Professor Reinhart as he appeared on the stage, but Jutta's heart was not fluttering or her color rising on the director's account. The first violin looked up and recognized her. A happy smile illumined her features and her handkerchief fluttered an almost imperceptible greet-

ing. The sharp rap of the baton recalled Max to the work before him. Herr Fluery, who was sitting directly behind Max, had seen the smile and the greeting, and he bit his lip while an evil light flashed from his eye.

Why attempt to describe how Herr Obermann played that night? He seemed to possess the divine gifts of Orpheus himself, yet his inspiration was perhaps but the influence of the smallest of gods. The greatest enthusiasm followed his wonderful playing and his position seemed assured.

But what wild fancies surged meanwhile through Herr Fluery's excited mind as he muttered between his teeth, "Oh yes, dear Max, you are making a great success to-night, but what will people say when you do not appear tomorrow night or the night after, or the next, or ever again? There will be only one to take your place and I shall have my revenge. You will never taste the sweets of your success. To-night you will be in my power."

Scarcely had the final strains died away before the first to wring the hand of Max Obermann was Herr Fluery. He drew the violinist aside and said in a smooth voice, "My dear Max, your playing to-night has forced me to recognize that you have won and that I have lost everything dear to me, but to show you the sincerity of my friendship, I have prepared an informal reception at my house in your honor. Several musical people will be present and Fräulein Jutta is also coming. I will join you at once at the rear exit."

Max Obermann's cup of happiness seemed filled to overflowing; the one whom he had feared to lose as a friend had proved himself true. Soon he saw Herr Fluery approach and hastened to meet him with expressions of gratitude. Max seemed to tread on air while he linked his arm through that of his friend and was led rapidly away through the deserted streets. The poor fellow could

think of nothing but the prospect of seeing Fräulein Jutta and of obtaining that night her final consent. For had he not received a note, hastily written during the performance, confessing her love and asking to see him at once? He supposed that they would arrange at Fluery's for the meeting he so much desired. It was only when a violent fit of coughing had interrupted his reverie that he noticed they were in a narrow and unfamiliar alley near the river. For the first time his suspicions were aroused. "Where are we?" he cried anxiously.

"I am very sorry, Max, I intended to take a short cut through this part of the city, but I had forgotten about your cough. I am sure we had better turn back and let my guests be disappointed. Fräulein Jutta will not mind being without you to-night with such good company as Peuchert and Gross to entertain her."

"What! Are those two villains with her in your house? Do you mean to say that you did not intend to be there? Come! We must go on; this street must lead us out somewhere near your home." They splashed on through the mud and mist in silence, till Max stumbled over a heap of rubbish and once more hesitated.

"Come Max, let us return before it is too late. Your health is precious. We will go back. Besides, there are Peuchert and Gross to—" Enough! Max cried, a cough will not kill me."

"True, true, a cough will not kill you," Fluery muttered, as they hurried on again.

It was an intensely disagreeable night, for the drizzling rain chilled them to the bone and the mist, growing more and more dense, caused them to walk close together that they should not be separated in the darkness. After a long walk, however, they suddenly crossed a well known street to the home of Cralo Fluery. The door was unfastened and they entered a hallway darker than the night outside.

"What, no lights! My guests must be up-stairs."

"But where is Jutta?"

"Probably with Peuchert and Gross."

Rushing headlong up the steps, Max burst into the room above. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold, before a sharp blow from behind felled him unconscious to the floor. The heart that had prompted the blow was capable of much blacker deeds; Cralo Fluery was cunning enough to know that he could not kill a man as prominent as Max Obermann without being detected. And now as he looked down on the still form at his feet, his fiendish delight showed plainly on his dark features, for the plan to get rid of his rival was likely to succeed.

When Max recovered consciousness he found himself gagged and strapped in a large chair. In one corner a lighted candle stood, the rays of which enabled him dimly to discern the outlines of a large room destitute of other furniture. Facing him was an immense organ, apparently built in the wall. His eyes, still somewhat dazed from the effect of the blow he had received, were curiously attracted to a slow and regular motion of the pump at the side of the instrument. For a while, he could only wonder in a feeble way at the strange sight. At once the recollection of the night's events rushed like a whirlwind through his aching head. He had been enticed here and trapped by one whom he had thought his friend. The remembrance of the letter he had received that night caused him to groan aloud. He struggled fiercely with his bonds, till beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, but he was powerless to move. Nothing could be heard in the great, bare room but his own labored breathing. Thus he sat for many moments until a mocking chuckle from behind caused him to start and grow pale. Cralo Fluery walked across the room to the organ, and folding his arms viewed his captive with a satisfied smile.

"My dear friend, you have no idea how it pains me to be obliged to receive you in this inhospitable manner on your first visit to my house. But let us talk over a few matters of mutual interest. So Jutta is waiting for you, is she? I wonder what her thoughts will be when you fail to appear. It were a pity if tomorrow she should entertain the thought that you had deserted her."

During this torture, Max could only writhe, powerless to utter the hot reply called forth by Fluery's exultant words.

"Calm yourself," continued Fluery, his voice changing to sarcastic tones. "I shall say nothing more to excite you." He seated himself at the organ and his fingers ran lightly over the keys until they touched the deeper and more vibrating tones. Selecting five or six, which seemed to please his fancy, he faced Max and tried them in succession, pausing long on each. The deep and resonant tones possessed qualities which made Max shudder. Suddenly he began to divine the purpose of his enemy. Fluery had been watching his victim's face to note the effect of each tone. He now placed a small weight upon the key of his selection, and bowing low to Max, his face disfigured by a devilish grin, he left the room; the reverberating tone of the organ drowned the noise of the closing door.

The hours dragged by. The tone continued to resound throughout the room in piercing waves. The violinist's head, still smarting from the effects of the blow, was gradually seized by a regular throbbing, as though tossed back and forth on a rolling sea of sound. The pain increased until it seemed as though a band of red-hot needles had been pressed against his scalp. He longed to shriek out against the torture; to throw himself upon the grim instrument and tear the very keys from their sockets; he felt himself slowly going mad. His face grew purple in the fierce struggle to burst the bonds that held him. All at once, in the height of his agony, the

waves of sound seemed to pass onward, growing fainter and fainter in the distance, until all was blank.

The hours rolled by, until streaks of grey entered the chinks in the blinds and outshone the dim light of the candle. The break of dawn found Max still white and senseless, while the organ continued to send forth the undiminishing volume of sound. Soon, however, the eye-lids of the unconscious man fluttered and opened; a look of wonderment followed by horror overspread his features, and Max was wide awake. Cralo Fluery was watching him. "Ah, ha! I see you have been asleep. Dreaming of Jutta, I presume. I saw her last night. Your absence worried her, you may be assured. Professor Reinhart, too, was displeased with you for not attending the reception. Ha! Ha! Ha! What will they say to-night?"

During this speech Max, in whose face the look of horror had given place to despair, discovered that the gag had been removed from his mouth, leaving him free to speak. But so weak was he and so cruelly did the ceaseless tone of the organ effect him that he could not utter a word in response to Fluery's taunts.

Leaving the room, Fluery returned, after a short delay, with food and drink, which he placed on a stand at the prisoner's side, near enough for Max to reach it by bending his head. Then, going to the door, he called in parting. "I am going to Jutta now, so wish me luck, Adieu!" He waived his hand lightly and the door closed with a snap behind him.

All day long Max sat alone in the great room, with the horrible monotone of the organ grinding at the tissues of his brain. Added to the physical torture to which he was subjected was the mental agony caused by the thought that both he and Jutta were in the power of this villain. For would not Jutta attend the concert in the evening, and finding him still absent, believe in Cralo Fluery's

story of his desertion and plight her truth to him?

Twilight deepened, and night fell. The hour of the concert came; great scalding tears rolled down the cheeks of the unfortunate violinist. His head swam and the pain grew greater and greater; the power of human endurance had reached its limit; suddenly something snapped in his brain.

When Cralo Fluery returned after the concert, there was no light in the room. He carefully groped his way in the darkness until he stumbled against the chair. A succession of loud and shrill screams seemed to thrust him violently back. Unnerved for an instant, he rushed toward the door, pursued by peals of demoniac laughter so uncanny that its echoes followed him to the grave.

Once outside he paused, ashamed of his cowardice, for was this not the very thing for which he had planned? In the early morning he would turn Max loose to wander through the streets a raving maniac, for a man bereft of reason, like the dead, tells no tales. So Fluery turned away and set out with exultant tread on his way to see Jutta.

Many hours after Fluery's hurrying steps had awakened the echoes of the deserted street, a closed carriage rumbled over the uneven cobble-stones and halted before the musician's house. The driver opened the carriage door for an elderly gentleman of distinguished military bearing, who climbed the steps and sharply pulled the bell handle. Peal after peal rang through the building, but the summons remained unanswered. He was turning to descend when his ear caught a muffled noise coming from the interior of the dwelling. He listened attentively, and the sound being repeated, he tried the knob. It yielded without resistance. Before him yawned a dark and forbidding passage way. Hearing no repetition of the noise, he evidently decided it to be a creation of his fancy, for he closed the door. It hardly

shut behind him, however, before the sound was again heard; this time without doubt a human cry. Pausing a moment, the stranger ran down the steps to the carriage, and hastily whispering to his servant, retraced his steps and entered the hall, accompanied by the coachman. At these strange proceedings, Jutta's anxious face was pressed against the carriage window.

From the beginning Fluery's explanation of Max's mysterious conduct had not satisfied her. With a woman's intuition sharpened by the love she bore him, she soon suspected that Fluery was implicated in his disappearance. Her anxiety for him had grown so great that on this particular evening when Fluery called she determined to find out the truth. With a woman's ready wit she forced him almost unconsciously to disclose the fact that he knew where Max was hidden. At once, something seemed to warn her that he was being detained in Fluery's own house. Then acting on the impulses of the moment, she had persuaded her father to take her there; having first sent Fluery to a distant part of the city on some personal errand. And now pending events were fast confirming her suspicions.

The shrieks were now distinct, as the two men entered the hallway. Hurriedly groping their way up the narrow stairs, they paused on the landing. The deep tone of an organ now made itself heard, but the cries had ceased. With a lighted match in his hand, the gentleman tried the handle of the door from which the sound of the instrument seemed to come. It opened, revealing the interior of the room. The match dropped from his hand, as he staggered blindly against the wall. "Max Obermann!" was all he could gasp. Outside on the landing a light was struck, through which a young girl rushed, passed the two men; and with a great cry threw her arms wildly about the dim form in the chair. But there was more in her young heart than the mere im-

pulse of frantic grief. Undaunted by the sickening fact that not even one gleam of recognition shone from those vacant eyes, she gathered all her strength into one absorbing determination to win her loved one back to health and san-

ity. She would give up all else, would nurse him herself and with the prophetic certainty which only a woman possesses she knew that her efforts would not be fruitless.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

1901's Reunion.

THE first reunion of the class of 1901 was held at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, December 12th, at half-past seven o'clock. Thirteen members of the class were present, and enjoyed the pleasures of the occasion. As is the usual custom in such affairs the conversation had one underlying theme—the class of 1901. With such a broad subject to treat, the speeches too were varied and highly interesting. And each member present went away feeling "it was good for me to be there."

Toasts were responded to by A. R. Yearsley, W. E. Cadbury, G. J. Walenta, W. H. Wood and E. C. Rossmassler. Others present were: J. K. DeArmond, J. W. Cadbury, A. E. Freeman, Walter Mellor, Calvin C. Rush, W. W. Woodward, A. C. Tomlinson and Richard Patton, President.

Notes.

'64. Edward B. Taylor, who has been general manager of the Pennsylvania Company (the lines of the P. R. R. west of Pittsburg), has been elected Fourth Vice President of that company.

'76. The current issue of the Guilford Collegian has an article on the "Guilford Graded School," by L. L. Hobbs.

'86. Alfred M. Underhill, Jr., died at his home in Terre Haute, Ind., on the 17th of December. He was born on June 22, 1865, the son of Alfred A. and Mary G. Underhill. He entered the Sophomore class at Haverford in

1883 and graduated in 1886. At different times he was draughtsman on the Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburg, Assistant Engineer of the Pittsburg Division of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis; Assistant Engineer on the Chicago Division of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, Engineer Maintenance of Way on the Peoria Division of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis, and at the time of his death holding this latter position on the Vandalia, a Pennsylvania controlled road. He published in 1894 a lithographic map of the city of Logansport, Ind. In April 1897 he married Lillian V. Lemon, who survives him. The cause of his death was heart failure.

'87. Willis H. Hazzard is connected with the editorial department of D. Appleton & Company.

'87. Jesse E. Philips is at present an enthusiast on local history. He is still master of mathematics at Worcester Academy.

'92. The artistic work of Maxfield Parrish is of such uniform merit and so continually before the public eye in the current magazines and popular fiction that mention of each piece of work is superfluous. His illustrations of the L'Allegro in the Christmas Century are a marvel of modern printing.

'93. Walter W. Haviland has announced his engagement to Miss Olive Louise Robbins, of Winthrop, Me.

'96. Maurice J. Babb has resigned the Supervising Principalship of Oxford

school and is now instructor in Mathematics at State College, Pennsylvania.

'98. John G. Embree writes from San Jacinto Maslate, P. I., of his work among the natives under the Education Commission of the United States Government.

'01. William H. Kirkbride is in a broker's office at Minneapolis, Minn.

'01. William La C. Neilson is engaged in the steel business at Burnham, Pa.

'01. Frederick W. Sharp is in the employ of the Brush Creek Lumber Company, Dunlap, Pa.

President Sharpless is chairman and Philip C. Garrett, '51, and Rufus M. Jones, '85, are members of the committee appointed by the Peace Conference of Friends to prepare a message to President Roosevelt.

LECTURE.

ON Monday, November 25, the first of the series of Library Lectures was delivered by Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University. He said:

We are going to consider to-night a book, or rather a library of books, which we know so well that we don't know it at all. In Westminster Abbey, in the Poet's corner, the light falls "thro' storied windows richly dight" on Chaucer on the one side, and Longfellow on the other, the "Canterbury Tales," and the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and between them the entire message of England's song to the world. But we have another Abbey, older, richer, more sublime, containing in sixty-six small pamphlets the entire message of Israel. Here we have sermons, acrostics, parables, histories, sweet and tender idyls, moral essays, narratives, battle hymns, divine and awe-compelling rhapsodies, everything with the exception of the humorous element. The entire gamut of literature is run. To a believing soul the message of Israel is one vital to the life of the world; to any man who desires to be considered educated, it is indispensable. Ruskin says that his success he owed to the verses of the Bible, learned at his mother's knee. Tyndall confessed its power, Dana advised all young journalists to take it as a model of style. It is a hopeful sign that in colleges a larger place is being

given to a study of this wonderful piece of literature. For a man to be well educated now, he must be familiar with Isaiah and David and John, as well as with Dante and Homer and Shakespeare. Recently much alarm has been caused by the attack of the so-called "higher critics." Now we are coming to see that the essential message is untouched, that we simply cease to regard the Bible as a fetish, and study it intelligently. A most important point is Christ's attitude toward the Old Testament. If ever any one understood it He did with His pure soul. His strength unsapped by sin, His sight undimmed by evil. What did He think of the Old Testament? His speech was full of quotation from it. He used it as the means of deciding all puzzling questions. With it He repelled the subtle and insidious temptations of the Devil. His favorite phrases are, "Have ye not read—" "It is written—" But His was no slavish obedience. He often said, "It was said to them of old time—, but I say unto you—" He obeyed, not the letter, which killeth, but the spirit of the law. And there has been no truer obedience.

Now for us to get the real message, we must have some knowledge of the growth and structure of the Bible. We must not think, for instance, that the entire New Testament was written by one man, at one time. We must know

the circumstances and the conditions and the needs from which the Gospels and Epistles sprang. A lady told me that, though she had been teaching the Bible for twenty years, it had suddenly become a new book to her, since she learned to insert the Epistles in their proper places in the Book of Acts.

As for the Old Testament, it is not until we come clearly to see that is a progressive revelation of the Divine, that its meaning is in any wise clear to us. This accounts for the cruel deeds apparently sanctioned by Jehovah, in the early history of the Jews, and for the anthropomorphic ideas in the early books of the collection. The conceptions of Deity had first to be vivified; to purify it was a later task. Viewing the Old Testament in this light lends to the study of it a marvellous fascination.

Now we need the Old Testament to help us appreciate the beauties of Nature. The writers of the New Testament were too full of the importance of their message and the brevity of human life, to have any time for seeing the

beauty which does exist even in "this evil age." Prosaic America needs to see nature through the Bible, needs to realize how much of the Bible is sheer poetry, and how true poetry it is. Not only is it so that "God's in his heaven," but also that God's in his world.

Again, we need the Old Testament for training in civic duty. Patriotism is a virtue of the Old Testament, while the New is individualistic and personal in its teaching. Besides, it covers too short a space of time to show the rise and fall of government. But in the Old Testament we see the work of God in the life of a people. The book is full of democratic ideals. The great popular leaders of the United States have been men full of this portion of the Bible. And we need now young men full of it, for there is no better training for citizenship than a thorough knowledge of this mighty book, the record of the lives of the greatest travellers in the spiritual world.

CONCERT.

THE third annual concert of the combined Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs was held in Alumni Hall on December 20th. Railway wrecks and rumors of wrecks delayed slightly the hour of beginning, but the concert was more elaborate and more enthusiastically received than either of its predecessors. The original numbers drew forth loudest applause. Encores were refused, except in the case of soloists. The program:

PART I.

1. The Invincible EagleSousa
Mandolin and Banjo Club.
2. A Haverford Hymn
Glee Club
3. TraumereiSchumann
Mandolin Club and S. G. Spaeth, '05.
4. Crack of the Whip.....Henry
Banjo Club.
5. Vocal Solo—Bedouin Love Song...Pinsuti
D. B. Miller, '03.
6. (a.) When on the College Campus.....
Arranged

- (b.) Comic SongSelected
Glee Club
 7. (a.) Down de Lovers' Lane.....
(b.) Foxy QuillerDeKoven
Mandolin Club.
 - PART II.
 1. (a.) Ma Dandy Soldier CoonAccooe
(b.) Valse BleueMargis
Mandolin Club.
 2. (a.) SerenadeThompson
(b.) Don't I ThoughSelected
Glee Club
 3. Vocal Solo—
(a.) Orpheus with his Lute.....Sullivan
(b.) AbsenceLittle
D. B. Miller, '03.
 4. MedleyArranged
Banjo Club.
 5. Violin Solo—
(a.) Spinning SongG. Hollaender
(b.) WiegenliedHauser
S. G. Spaeth, '05.
 6. Haverford MedleyArranged
Glee Club
 7. For Dear Old Haverford..C. L. Seiler, '02
Mandolin and Banjo Club.
- MANDOLIN CLUB.—C. L. Seiler, '02, leader.
Mandolins, G. S. Garrett, '02; S. P. Jones, '02; A. G. H. Spiers, '02; E. E. Trout, '02; C. W. Stork, '02; J. B. Drinker, '03; W. M.

C. Kimber, '04; D. Folwell, '04; W. T. Hilles, '04; T. J. Megear, '04; G. K. Helbert, '04; N. L. Tilney, '05; E. C. Pierce, '05. Guitars, W. C. Longstreth, '02; E. P. West, '04; C. N. Sheldon, '04; E. P. Winslow, '05. Violins, A. S. Cookman, '02; W. W. Pusey, 2nd, '02; S. G. Spaeth, '05. Cornet, A. J. Phillips, '03. Drm'n, W. H. Grant, '02. Flute, H. H. Cookman, '05.

GLEE CLUB.—First tenors, W. W. Pusey, 2nd, '02; D. B. Miller, '03; A. J. Phillips, '03. Second tenors, A. S. Cookman, '02; R. M. Gummere, '02; A. C. Wood, Jr., '02; S. N.

Wilson, '03; S. C. Withers, '04. First basses, E. H. Boles, '02; W. P. Philips, '02; E. E. Trout, '02; J. K. Worthington, '03; H. Godshall, '05. Second basses, J. B. Haviland, '02; C. L. Seiler, '02; R. L. Simkin, '03; E. P. West, '04; R. G. Libbey, '05.

BANJO CLUB.—Banjeanrines, W. C. Longstreth, '02; C. N. Sheldon, '04; G. K. Helbert, '04. First banjo, A. G. H. Spiers, '02. Second banjos, W. T. Hilles, '04; G. Pierce, '03. Bass banjo, E. E. Trout, '02. Guitars, C. L. Seiler, '02; E. P. West, '04; E. F. Winslow, '05.

SKETCHES.

The Voice of Matrimony.

TWO souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one; this is my biographic sketch, which those may read who run. What a queer lot the mortal lot is anyhow! There are those who inquire: "Is marriage a failure?" Of course it's not; because if it were, the human heart, with its liabilities of unselfish devotion, tenderest sentiment, purest purpose, truest loyalty, noblest passion, and sublimest sacrifice, would be forced into bankruptcy, and the fathers, mothers and children would become homeless beggars. I'll admit I'm pretty hard sledding at times, and people do not find all their fancy painted, but I'm not in the paint and fancy business, and shouldn't be held responsible. Not everybody can grab me and put me on while running to catch a train; nor do I always agree to be a perfect fit when made to order, and why should I? Is there anything perfect that man has devised? If people aren't willing to risk something for big winnings, they'd better pass me and hunt for trouble elsewhere. I can be the greatest happiness or greatest misery on earth, according to how I am managed; and when people take me for all the money that's in it, they earn all they get. All the same I am a good thing; but being so good, I don't understand why they won't have me in Heaven, do you?

D. B. M., '03.

Symptoms.

Did you ever fall asleep, fancying a pair of big gray eyes were smiling at you in the moonlight, and wake in the morning to find these same gray eyes with their long drooping lashes waiting for you in every flash of the sun? If you have, look out, you've started! Have you ever by chance suddenly met this same girl of the big gray eyes in a crowd, and did you feel as though you were on an elevator dropping from the twenty-third floor? If you did, look out, you're going! Did you ever, with these same eyes smiling at you in reality, experience a sensation of complete recklessness so that you would not have cared if the whole universe were scattered in space if only you two went off on the same tangent. If you have, shout for help, you're gone!

J. B. D., '03.

The Plutocrat.

A millionaire was one evening walking along a stream some distance back of his country seat. He had just completed a deal whereby he had transferred a million or two of dollars from the public purse to his own. With an overpowering sense of his importance he began to soliloquize. "I am becoming a real power," he said to himself. "I control railroads; I fix the price of wheat and corn; I can change the whole aspect of the political situations. Rich and poor alike are at my mercy. I can

break huge business enterprises with as much ease as my servant girls break my Dresden and Sèvres ware. Many things depend absolutely on me." Just then, stepping too near the edge of the bank, he fell into the water, and before help could reach him he was drowned. When it was found his financial matters were all in good shape, the excitement caused by his death quickly subsided. The reporters of the New York World and Journal ceased their attempts to work up a murder case, and renewed

their attacks on Alger. The boards of directors of the various corporations with which he was connected sent resolutions of sympathy to his widow, and elected other men to fill the places he left vacant. His young and beautiful widow erected a handsome monument, wore black almost a year and then with the fortune he had left her purchased an English baronet and was known as Lady Harston ever after.

F. K. W., '99.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A. J. Phillips, '03, has been elected captain and O. E. Duerr, '03, manager of the foot ball team for the season of 1902. C. N. Sheldon, '04, was chosen assistant manager.

The Scientific Society was addressed on December 3rd by Prof. Edwards. He lectured on "Some modern applications of Electricity," illustrating the uses of electricity for heating and welding; also the Nernst lamp for lighting.

J. W. Reeder, '02, has been chosen captain of the track team for the spring of 1902.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association W. W. Pusey 2nd, '02, was elected manager of the track team.

Hon. Edmund Stanley, of Friends' University, of Wichita, Kan., addressed the undergraduates in collection on December 16th, speaking most favorably of the small college and its place in the making of our country.

A movement is on foot to include Association foot ball among the branches of Haverford athletics. Several practice games have been played with the team of the Merion Cricket Club and a fair number of men have indicated their desire to try for the team. R. M. Gummere, '02, has been chosen temporary captain and a schedule has been arranged as follows:

Jan. 4.—Germantown at Haverford.
Jan. 11.—Philadelphia at Wissahickon.
Jan. 18.—Belmont at Elmwood.
Jan. 25.—Merion at Haverford.
Feb. 1.—Philadelphia at Haverford.
Feb. 8.—Merion at Haverford.
Feb. 12.—Germantown at Germantown.
Feb. 15.—Belmont at Haverford.

This sport will be conducted solely on lines of recreation and exercise, and every tendency toward making a business of it will be at once discountenanced.

A. C. Wood, Jr., and R. M. Gummere represented Haverford at the annual meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Cricket Association on Dec. 24. The affairs of the association having been in a lax condition for the last few years, it was decided to set it upon a firm working basis, and a short and effective constitution was framed and rules formulated for this purpose. The cricket championship for the season of 1901 was officially awarded to the University of Pennsylvania. The following dates were agreed upon for the inter-collegiate matches next spring:

Friday, May 23—Harvard vs. University of Pennsylvania, probably at Manheim.
Saturday, May 24.—Harvard vs. Haverford, at Haverford.
Saturday, June 7.—University of Pennsylvania vs. Haverford, at Haverford.

C. C. Morris, '04, was elected secretary and treasurer of the association for the ensuing three years.

EXCHANGES.

THAT "the pen is mightier than the sword" was remarked by some very wise man years ago and by many less wise ones since. Substituting for sword the modern weapons of the gridiron, the truth of the statement is no whit diminished, as a modern instance will show. A decisive foot ball game was played between Harvard and Yale on the 23rd of November last but since that day a contest between the so-called comic papers of these two colleges has been going on with uninterrupted perseverance. The history of literature is not lacking in similar examples of verbal and poetic rivalry. The ancient amoebean pastoral where the swain which outsang his rival in devoted and sensuous praise of the coveted Phyllis won the prize; the contests in tragedy, which produced the works of that inimitable trio; the flytings of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors; the abusive contests prevalent among the Esquimaux, and finally in these latter days the humorous rivalry of our modern college journalism. See how the battle rages! Each side whets his wit to sharpness. The *Harvard Lampoon*, making a sally against the easy course through Yale, is parried with a remark by its opponent, *The Yale Record*, in regard to Boston and beans. Harvard answers by a pun on 22 to 0, and checks; whereat Yale compares Harvard to another place whose name begins with a rough breathing. So the duel is waged and will be waged till doomsday if pen, ink and paper fail not.

In looking over the Alumni Notes of some of the older colleges we find many of extreme antiquity. It seems as if these publications could not let their famous alumni rest peacefully even in their graves, but must constantly disinter them to public gaze. In view of these facts we congratulate ourselves that colleges are of such recent invention as to give this practice some limit.

Fancy for example reading this in a modern Alumni Column.

'60. The works of the late C. J. Caesar, who graduated from the College of Angurs in 60 B. C., have been recently translated into English, for sale by Hinds & Noble.

'1400 B. C. A statue of our alumnus Moses was on exhibition at the Pan-American Exposition. (The exact date of Moses' graduation from the Miss Pharaoh's School for youths is not exactly known but it is thought to have been during the reign of Thothmes III. in the 18th dynasty of Egypt when Meneptha built the temple of the Winged Crocodile.)

Surely the sciences of evolution, archaeology, ancient history and antiquarianism have more fitting places for study in a college than among the Alumni personals of its magazine!

An exchange defines a college paper as a publication to which one per cent. of the students subscribe and which ninety per cent. criticise.

A RURAL SCENE.

The herd is heard to low on high,
Mounting the mountain steep;
The weary shepherds hie below
To get a bit of sleep.

The little swallows gulp and choke
The early worm to swallow,
While penned within the barnyard pen,
The pensive piggies wallow.
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Some one complained that the locker combinations require too much manipulation. He forgot that one good turn deserves another.—Jester.

A cigarette is the cheroot of all evil.
—Sphinx.

"Heaven help the wretched Hottentots!"
The missionary said;
But the Hottentots all helped themselves
Soon after he was dead.
—*Lampoon*.

"One swallow cannot make a summer,"
A long forgotten poet sings.
But I have seen one small grasshopper
Make half a dozen springs. —*Ex.*

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THE HAVERFORDIAN



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIII, No. 9

FEBRUARY 1902

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXIII.

HAVERFORD, FEBRUARY, 1902.

No. 9.

The Haverfordian

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SCHELDOM must we record the sad coincidence of two deaths among our prominent alumni. Two, whom Haverford can ill spare, have this month been taken; Charles Roberts, '64, whose services to the college are told by President Sharpless, and Ernest F. Walton, '90, whose death in the New York railroad-tunnel disaster was particularly sad. We print full obituary notices elsewhere.

“FROM time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary” it has been customary for the retiring editors to issue forth from the sanctum with locks composed and goggles laid aside and, ad-

vancing to the journalistic foot-lights, to hold forth in a modest farewell panegyric or an autobiographical funeral oration, as circumstances might warrant. Whether its purpose be to draw the toga of oblivion over a multitude of short-comings or to lend color to post-humorous comments, the phenomenon is not a local one, for we have observed it widely among our literary brethren. Far be it from volume twenty-three of THE HAVERFORDIAN to show disrespect for hoary-headed tradition; but were even this restraint removed, fear of remorse at letting a golden chance slip by unseized, would lead us to conform.

Whence this wanton lust of pen and ink, this mad craving to see one's self in print, we shall not discuss. Whether Juvenal's "itch for writing" or the "resverie de se meler d'escrrire" of which Montaigne accuses himself, concerns us not. The convalescent refuses to meditate upon the origin of the malady in the grip of which he has writhed. Of the success of the year's efforts, our business manager knows better than we. The kind criticisms from delinquent subscribers which he confidentially shows us betimes, are so varied as to baffle conclusions. "Quot homines, tot sententiae," says Terence. We believe that he was a literary man.

Though adhering in the main to its conservative prospectus, the retiring board has made a few changes which it has no cause to regret. The size of the magazine has been kept at a minimum of twenty pages—a material increase over former volumes. Whether quality has kept pace, must be its own mouth piece. We are most conscious

of having re-established and maintained healthy alumni, cricket and exchange departments, and of adding stimulus to college verse. Support on the part of the alumni has been uniformly good, and of the undergraduates, of late really encouraging. This bodes no ill for the succeeding board! Not least proud are we of the social side of the board, which by judicious "feeding" and careful cultivation has developed from an embryonic state of passive harmlessness to a lively adolescence. While claiming no monopoly on suggestions for minimizing the discomforts of future boards, we feel sure that life would be sweetened by allotment of special editorial rooms (similar to those of other colleges) and that mutual pleasure and profit would be derived from a loose organization of editors, past and present. A minor suggestion is a book-plate, distinctive of the souvenir volume that annually finds its way to each editor's book shelf. These would add dignity as well.—But we must have done! The chill of passing time creeps upon us. The muse of inspiration withdraws her presence. The tremblings of the oracular tripod become less frantic. We hasten to fling aside our masks and hand in hand dash away "to-morrow to green fields and pastures new," leaving the *cantor* to dismiss you with his time-worn refrain: "Valete et plaudite."

AGAIN we see that perennial trouble manifesting itself in the life of the college, the difficulty of making students realize, if the phrase be permitted, that the harvest of college duties is plentiful, while the laborers are few. This is due either to a general tendency on the part of the average student to shirk the offices which of necessity present themselves for occupancy (we are referring only to those men who are capable of so doing), or else to a feeling that things may go on in the future as they have in the past, and the

main functions of the college may continue to be controlled by the few who are willing to undertake them. Here we clash with studies, and the cry is raised, "How many men of promise are yearly spoiled by excessive duties thrust upon them?" This is true, we are ready to admit, but does it not even further our argument? Will it not prove even more conclusively that if the greater number of students who are not particularly interested in any one line would put their shoulders to the wheel, it might move some distance through the miry problem in which we are now stuck? The Haverford standard of college ethics has always been high—let us raise it even further and at the same time do away with this great drawback to the exercise of those duties only for which different students are differently fitted.

WE are aware that a digest could be made of the exasperating things that befall a college man. Attribute it not to ignorance then that we enlarge the list. Marshal your anti-sympathetic forces at once, or they will be routed! The case lies thus and so. Friday noon has fought its way to the front of the calendar. Exit the mid-years! A line of hustling overcoats and swinging cases is betaking itself stationward. At the window appears a solitary face. Why? The professor, not content with a canonical examination has suggested that a thesis, lower limit twenty-five pages, upper limit—(here the printer says he ran out of numerals) would materially increase the term mark! Hinc illae lacrimae! Vanish, visions of home and happy days! The solitary one sets his teeth and murmurs a—hallelujah. By the way, we have yet to hear a Senior complain of the sentiment that attaches itself to finishing his last Mid-years.

THE NATIVE HUE OF RESOLUTION.

THEY say more traffic passes through Hamburg than through any other port in the world, after Liverpool and New York. She supplies not only Berlin, five hours distant, but scatters her wares through the breadth of Central and Eastern Europe. Her harbor, crowded with every class of shipping, bustling with commerce, flutters the artistic dilettante as much as it awakens dumb inward calculation in the Philistine breast. For a space of about three hours, measured by railroad time, as trains go in Germany, the Elbe-throat stretches down to the North Sea, and broadens into a dragon-like mouth six kilometers wide; and on the lower jaw, just where the white-teethed sand-dunes are fleshed in the ocean lies the growing town of Cuxhaven. And, as if to render the fangs even more poisonous and terrible than sandbars alone would be able to make them, the foresighted government has erected a fort to command the southern bank of the river from Otterndorf to Neuwerk, and to sweep the Holstein shore from Dicksand on the upper lip to Brunnsbüttel at the entrance to the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, which, for the present, cuts off Denmark from Germany.

But on this threatening late autumn day the potential works at Cuxhaven were not nearly in a state of being. Nothing but a newly-laid railroad track, some foundation-digging, and three corrugated-iron temporary buildings with the royal coat of arms over each doorway stood on this salient spot of North German soil. Off to the eastward stretched the long undulating sand-dunes; Ober-lieutenant Reiter, superintendent of the works, stood in the doorway of the office-shed, a pen in his hand, and with his eye followed their summits till he must squint to make

out the remoter crests. Nearer at hand he could see the dry grass blown over in graceful curves by the freshening west wind, and the gulls cried discordantly as they strained their powerful wings to beat out to sea in the face of the storm. The unending rout of dingy lighters from the ocean steamers too deep to go farther up the Elbe, of ocean tramps, and tows from Holland, excursion boats to Heligoland, fishing sloops and tugs squatting to the taffrail, was ever passing and repassing, with inky ribbons blown from their funnels and shredded into nothing up the river. There were none of your voluptuous cottony clouds lying comfortably on the Western horizon, but an ugly monotonous dull gray band, out of which the wind tore gauzy fragments with pointing fingers and drove them furiously overhead like a barepoled ship before a storm. Moreover, though it was in the middle of the forenoon, when the officer seated himself again at his table desk in the scantily-furnished little room he could just see to write, and the wind rattled over the roof-fluting like a miniature army, and played its danger calls under the eaves with unmistakable persistence.

To say that Bruno Reiter was consciously aware of any menace in his surroundings,—least of all that he would connect any such menace with his own fortunes,—would give grounds for questioning our belief in the solid directness of German character. Bruno had two fortifying motifs in his heart, and corresponding documentary evidence thereto, upon his person.

He finished reading a long detailed report of the work so far accomplished under his supervision during the preceding month at Cuxhaven, signed it, folded it carefully, indorsed it, and laid it right side up on the farther edge of

the table. Then from his right breast pocket he pulled out a brief order from his nominal Chief Overseer in Berlin. "On the twenty-ninth of November, at twelve o'clock, midday, you will have the kindness to tender your report to your successor Oberlieutenant Satzmann, and report to me the next day at noon." Welcome order: November in Cuxhaven is taken only with a sugar-coating of duty. He glanced at the clock; only eleven. And then, he gave his Kaiser-like moustache a few educational lifts and drew out of his inmost left breast-pocket the other piece of fortifying evidence. With his work faithfully done, its responsibility almost given over, let the wind howl never so threateningly under the sills, Brun Reiter held now in his hand a charm to close the ears and open the heart.

If you would read clearly the luminous thoughts of the man sitting there in the dingy room by the North Sea, put yourselves into the breast of a vigorous young man whom the army has saved from a probable course of idle dissipation and ruin. While studying tactics and fortifications in Berlin he lived in a pension, and in the pension he met the charming young German girl who intended to be a singer. Two short months of rather bashful coquetry and then an order to the works at Cuxhaven gave him time to think it over. She was tall and slender with light hair, blue eyes, and a perfect profile; when she smiled he smiled too, but when she was grave he could not find a trace of a clue as to whether she was angry or pleased or indifferent; or whether he should go or stay. He usually stayed after dinner as long as she did, and left soon after her—never before—with a heartfull of elation—or dejection. Everyone could see that they were a great deal together, but he never could make out whether, on the whole, that happened because he was so attentive or because she also contrived. After

meals she usually remained in the room or went into the parlor, and of course he went too; but then it generally seemed that she did so because the others did, and not from any thought of him—as for inviting him by a nod or a gesture—never—; however when the others gradually disappeared they were left together. Yes, he was pretty sure she liked him a little; but then, some days she was painfully cool. Every road he walked seemed to have a fork.

Oh, Bruno, didn't you know that a lover's life is one of tremendous hopes and annihilating fears; a day through a magnifying glass? Will you forever make dragons of your little errors and raise a hand-touch to a paradise? Poor palpitating man. The world but takes a superficial glance, and says, "She loves him," or "She loves him not," but the wretch upon the rack feels the hot and cold drops and knows not till he confesses, whether his fate be death or life.

The lady is in Berlin; her form will not be silhouetted in the doorway against the grim western sky, but Bruno lying back in his chair holds her letter in his hand and paints his closed eyelids with her graceful figure.

"..... My teacher is a dear old man, and all his pupils love him. He is so kind: I am afraid he thinks I will never be a very good singer, but doesn't like to tell me so. The other day when I was discouraged because I couldn't place my voice in the nose so well as I did the time before, and began to cry, he put his hand affectionately on my shoulder and said, 'my dear, your voice is not so large and strong as some, but it is one of the sweetest I have ever trained, and you can reach a higher note than any woman in Berlin.'

"That was so lovely of him; but I still fear he has his doubts of me. Sing I must; it is so far the chief interest I have in life. I give my first concert on Wednesday next in the Beethoven Saal, and do you pray for my success.

But, you know, there are so many new singers coming on all the time; so many succeed and far more fail. My disappointment would be fearful.

"I felt a foretaste of it one day lately as I went into the Hochschule to see Professor Joachim, and the candidates for admission were coming down stairs from their examinations. It's terribly hard to get in; they take only three new scholars a year; and most of these candidates, little boys half starved, with sunken eyes, long uncombed hair, and ragged coats; middle-aged, and even one or two elderly men hugging their violin cases or their music books, trooped down and out with the tears standing in their eyes....."

Bruno: "So she's going to give a concert in the Beethoven Saal; no, she's given it by this time," raising up and looking at the note. "Yes, to-day is Friday; she gave it Wednesday. And I have seen no newspaper for half a week! Success? What will she do if it failed? It must have been a success, or I would have felt it." A stronger gust lifted the corner of the roof and let it fall with a bang, but his thoughts had flowed on undisturbed. "Yes, the first day you came to the pension with your mother, you said little, for they were talking all around you, but I was watching you. You looked sad, or unwell, I thought, and then your mother went home, and you fell ill. Poor girl. Even while I was choosing the roses to send you I felt a little too forward, but then your note was so appreciative and I prayed that night for your quick recovery.

"You seemed so shy, so bashful at the table; but then that delicious evening, when for the first time we sat together alone upon the great trunk in the dim hall, and your hand was an electric shock when you put it on my face, and we exchanged hopes and fears and aspirations all in one short hour.

"But the 'dear old professor;' he never appreciated his privileges when

he laid his hand on your shoulder; it was no more to him than if he touched a piece of furniture; but to me that would have been as Parsifal's feelings when for the first time he saw the Holy Grail. Every time that you have put your hands on me I have been afraid to move, much more to touch you; except that evening we came home from Potsdam together, because you were tired and the rest wanted to stay longer. And then you were frightened. But we had been alone in the train, and you tickled my face with pine sprig, and when I sat down close by you you moved away a trifle, but when I went over to the other side you came over too, looked out of the window and sat down by me. Then in the carriage your hand slid down on to my palm, and stayed there till I seized it and whispered some silly words and you snatched it away. Dear girl; is there not a little tenderness in your heart for me? My right arm is strong, and I long to throw it around you and hold up the other against the world."

The windows were rattling with the increasing violence of the gale. The gulls gave up trying to make an offing and whirled back and down into a lee on the beach by the sand hills. Bits of dry sea-weed spun through the air to fall into the marshes among the lowland wind mills. No longer the gracefully bending shoregrass on the dune-crests, but the straight-blown hair of a storm-beaten mariner when he clings to the fore-top and makes out the inevitable breakers. And the wind itself hurled blast after blast of cutting sand against the panes, and whistled terrifying notes upon the angles of the tiny office. The poor little building seemed destined to follow the gulls, and the grass, and the wind.

And Bruno is now striding up and down the room. "But Lucia, you put me off; your letter is halfwarm; you begin and end with 'honored' and 'respectfully.' I am no Emperor; leave that to others; I have been a month here, with-

out seeing you;—only your photograph—and one letter,—an answer to mine. I cannot live forever without you; give me but a chance to do anything for you;—I'll take it. I'll do it. But to hang forever between yes and no, in nice discrimination of every word and act; now to feel my blood boil and my heart pound upon my breast as though it would burst through, and then to have it shrink and shrink and shrivel up within me, and the cold drops well out upon my forehead is more than man can bear. You were not merely playing with me? No, I know you too well to believe that. And you carried it too far to go back. You have made me yours, and you are all for me. I feel it. Oh, for a goad to spur me over the hazards you have set. If you were in need of help, how I would come and stand before you. Oh, if you were in danger, Lucia!"

As Reiter shouted these words a shriek of the storm ushered Lieutenant Satzmann into the room.

Before the door was closed again; before the flying papers had settled into various postures on the floor; before the newcomer had gotten over the rather unpleasant reception of a mighty fist shaken almost in his face, Bruno had regained enough shame-faced composure to salute the officer and offer him the other chair.

"Thank you," replied Satzmann, as he took off his sword and coat. "I suppose you were practicing oratory as a counter-irritant to the lovely weather outside. I could hardly walk from the village here; took me twenty minutes." Looking around him, "Well, I don't envy myself a bit in taking your place."

"There's certainly nothing much to do," returned Bruno, hardly recovered from the sudden interruption of his soliloquy.

"No amusements in the village I suppose, in winter, at any rate."

"Not a thing," absently, and then

"Have you been to any concerts in Berlin lately?"

"Concerts? No, I don't go in for them very much,—they're very tiresome, to my mind. Schubert palls on me, and Richard Strauss is all the rage just now, but he has no melody,—spurns it—and the harmony,—well, altogether, he goes over my head with his trying for effect without cause, or rather, he goes through it and gives me a headache. But, by the way, if you want relief, there are some very good things at the Wintergarden now: some wonderfully clever acrobats and singers, an American with trained dogs, very amusing. He comes out elegantly dressed, light colored frock coat, and all that, whistles to his dogs, and they come running out on the stage. One poor little puppy ran over the footlights and fell into the orchestra. They play tunes: he stands them in a row before a line of bells and each strike his note in turn. Everybody exclaims 'wonderful!' but they don't see him prodding them from the rear with his walking-stick. The public is easily deceived you know. I think we officers learn to see things as they are behind the deception; don't you find it so?"

"Yes. But you said there were some singers there; what kind of a place is it really?" asked Reiter eagerly. "To admit the truth, I've never been inside, though I've often heard of it."

"Never been to the Wintergarden?" incredulously, with a long stare. "Heavens! it's part of an officer's education," with a laugh. "It's the best known vaudeville hall in Berlin. But if you really want to know, I can outline it for you. Imagine a room about one hundred yards long and fifty wide; a stage at the middle of one side; the centre of the hall filled with chairs as in the parquet of the opera house; and everywhere else, chairs and tables. It's in the Central Hotel you know, and there's a half raised balcony along the side oppo-

site the stage for the hotel guests. The roof is arched like a barrel, painted blue, and set with hundreds of incandescent lights. The beer glasses clinking in their holders on the chairs and a dense light blue atmosphere of smoke rising to the artificial stars completes the picture frame and gives you the treatment. Then paint in the audience from the family of burghers to the single tourist, the officer to the messenger boy and you have the background. The hurrying waiters with their handfuls of beer glasses throw side light; but the foreground of course is in the high light on the boards. French ballets, American acrobats, negro strong-men, singers of all kinds, from the passé opera singer to the musical curiosity with the highest voice in the world." Bruno raised his head from his hands. "A soubrette from Paris, in very meagre garments, sang a lot of soubrette songs. Her voice was fearfully harsh, and coarse—as fitted her repartée between the ditties. She was encored of course; such things always are.

"I tell you the Wintergarden is a good deal lower than angels: it's a couple of steps below the opera, and two or more below the concert. It's a discouraging sign when a singer must sign a Wintergarden contract; as a rule they do it only if their trial concert fails, or something of that sort happens. Well, the soubrette came just before the trained-dog man,—no, there was a singer between; a young girl, tall and fair. I felt rather sorry for her. The program read, 'The audience is urgently requested not to smoke while Fräulein Dings—I forgot her name—sings, as her voice is very delicate; but, Lord bless you, the smoke kept on going up just as thick as before.'

"You put your cigar out, of course?" savagely.

"No, certainly not; no one else did, and she sang just the same: something from Delibes, and Cavalleria Rusticana;

she was said to reach the highest note of the piano-forte."

Bruno started, but controlled himself, and snatched the penholder out of the brush to conceal his emotion. It might not be Lucia after all; he would hope against it till certain.

Satzmann went on without noticing, "She seemed a good deal embarrassed, or rather, scared,—stage fright, I imagine. But the funny thing about her was that she didn't wear a décolletée dress, and looked perfectly innocent. She seemed so out of place, as if she'd happened in there by mistake—. That was a devil of a blow just then; but what's the matter with you? Do you think the shanty's going to blow away, or don't you like my story?"

"Go on!" cried Reiter, crushing the penholder to bits in his right hand, and dashing his left through his hair, while he stared at Satzmann with livid eyes. "What is her name? Quick!" forgetting everything in his fear.

"Lucia Something or other,—I don't remember—" Bruno sprang with one bound from his chair to the coat rack, and was at the door in an instant.

"But hold on," cried the other, "if you rush out now I shall have to report you; it lacks yet four minutes of the hour, and the regulations are strict."

Bruno backed up against the door with a crash, very limp and wretched, his eyes fixed on the officer's face. "Brace up," cried the latter, who was not such a bad fellow when once brought into contact with the fundamental sufferings of humanity. "Sit down again, and I'll tell you more that will be of value to you." Bruno obeyed like a collie. "When the clock strikes you can go, and if you run at top speed, with this wind to help you, you may catch the twelve five train which lands you in Hamburg at three-ten. Then you can't get one to Berlin before three-quarters to five and you come into the Lehrter Station at five minutes past

nine. As I remember it, the girl you take such an interest in sang about half-past, so if you hurry, you can get there in time to hear her."

"Hear her?" interrupted Reiter; "She shall never sing there again; Lucia singing in the Wintergarten! There's been some mistake; they got her into it before she knew what it was." He was recovered now, and began to stamp about the room in a fever of impatience. The clock hand hung back from the zenith as if the raging wind was beating against it.

Satzmann pulled a dubious face: "I didn't suppose it was so bad as that; really in love? Let me take another look at a man of these days who is really in love," screwing round in his chair.

But Bruno was in no word for joking; his face was working and his hands quivered. "Take your report," he said excitedly, as the clock seemed to shudder, and crushed the paper into Satzmann's hand.

The other seized the thing and pressed the hand not unkindly. "But to think of a man being in such a state over a woman. Well, I hardly blame you; she certainly looked attractive,—so entirely different from the run,—and when she

came out for the second time and bowed and took the flowers, it seemed—"

"Flowers," broke in Reiter, "Who gave her flowers?"

"Oh, I don't know; some young rake or other is after—"

It was not finished. The clock drew a deep breath and began. Before the second stroke Reiter had burst the door open and was ten three-yard leaps on the road to the station, the storm driving him like a war horse.

Satzmann watched him till his flying coat had melted into the gray mid-day mist, then he collected the scattered papers and sat down in a deep study. "Who would have thought it possible? In these days."

There is really nothing more to tell. In Berlin? Yes; at twenty minutes past nine a carriage drove furiously up to the Wintergarten; and a few moments later the same vehicle drove away from that place,—but not furiously. And in the Wintergarten? Well; the under-dressed French soubrette shrieked a few extra songs with appropriate smirks to the men, and the over-elegant American merely whistled his curs upon the stage five minutes earlier than usual.

LES FACHEUX.

NEVER can Molière's star more honestly be said to have been in the direct ascendant towards the zenith of popular applause than at the time he composed "les Fâcheux" in 1661. His peregrinations among the provinces of the langue d'oc but a fading memory of three years standing, his fame as a writer of comedy thoroughly established by the unparalleled successes that had attended "les Précieuses Ridicules" and "l'école des Maris," his position dignified by the royal permission to make use of the hall of the Palais-Royal, his domestic affairs—the proverbial calm before the storm; Mo-

lière's cup was already running over when the climax came in the shape of a request from the King to prepare an entirely new comedy for the fêtes de Vaux, only fourteen days off.

It was natural that the son of the valet Poquelin should be elated at the request. We can excuse the exuberance of flattery that bursts forth in the dedicatory "épître au roi." "I had a joy in obeying your commands," he writes, "that was worth more to me than Apollo and all the muses, and I imagine that I should be capable of executing an entire comedy, were I inspired by similar commands." The preface that fol-

lows is of a still loftier tone and becomes even patronizing. Molière's subsequent career does not indicate that his head was turned, but his language is certainly extravagant: "Never was undertaking on the stage so precipitate as this one; and it's something entirely new, I fancy, for a comedy to be conceived, written, learned, and produced within two weeks." The correctness of this lively statement we refuse to discuss. We have no doubt that rival claimants could be dragged in by the score, both previous (which would be fair) and subsequent (which would be obviously unfair) to the year of our Lord 1661 when "les Fâcheux" appeared. Molière's achievement was a real triumph, though his maturity of years should have made him less susceptible to the intoxication of success.

In casting about for the wherewithal to comply with the royal summons, it was natural that he should select some phase of contemporary society to satirize. He was already at home in this field. To it were due the two brilliant successes already achieved,—"*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," a virulent attack on affectation, developed possibly from Rabelais' famous *sortie* with the Limousin, and "*L'école des Maris*," a less direct but decisive invasion of current ideas, so elegantly imitated in Beaumarchais' "*Barbier de Séville*."

This time he chooses *le fâcheux*, the bore, "whose number," he says, "is large both at court and in town," and he goes to the classics for his type. Well may Molière boast: "I have no longer to study Plautus and Terence and pick over the fragments of Menander: I have but to study the world!" And well may La Fontaine write of him to his friend Maucroix,

"Il ne faut pas
Quitter la nature d'un pas."

Molière does borrow liberally from the writers of Rome, and here it is in the famous ninth satire of Horace—the

same Horace whom he prides himself on being able to quote—that we find the *ur*-type of the parasite, the hanger-on, the bore.

Who has not read how the illustrious favorite of Maecenas went walking on the *via Sacra*, of his greeting as "the dearest fellow in the world," of his laughable endeavors to rid himself of his persecutor while, as he graphically tells, the sweat kept trickling to the bottoms of his heels? "*Les Fâcheux*" is a hasty elaboration of Horace's bore. Its plot, as in the best of Molière's work is nowhere intricate. Very briefly it is the tale of a marquis, who while attempting to advance his suit for a maiden, meets in succession a pretended acquaintance, a poetaster, a duelist without the necessary second, a loser at piquet, two quarrelsome lovers in quest of a judge to decide between their respective conceptions of love, an unfortunate hunter, an impossible petitioner, an idiotic fortune schemer, and an intrusive second, not to be denied the privilege of courtesy in a hypothetical duel. Not the least exasperating is Eraste's own valet, who upon his appearance persists in minutely inspecting his master, much to that worthy gentleman's disgust, and in making him ready for his mistress' gaze. The irony of his consolation is exquisite, where he croaks after the first adventure.

"Ce sont chagrins mêlés aux plaisirs de la vie."

Even merrier is the inimitable scene where the "valet incommode" consumes well-nigh two columns of pica in delivering the laconic message of his lady fair. "The deuce with your digressions," cuts in Eraste. The irrepressible one attempts to quote Seneca as authority for moderation of the passions and extoller of patience. "Seneca is a fool in your mouth," growls the unfortunate master. "Well, then to satisfy you—but there's a bug in your hair * * *," and so it goes, the happy sally alternat-

ing with the never-failing repartee. The sparks of humor become to the reader an undulating glow, so rapidly do they succeed one another in flashing upon his mind.

Though one of his earlier attempts, Molière shows himself already an artist in employing clever devices for heightening the effect of his fun. He can exaggerate charmingly, as in the case of the theatrical up-start, who slams his chair down in *such* a conspicuous place that his back hides three-fourths of the parterre from the stage. If the occasion calls for it, he can be thoroughly absurd, as where Eraste declares that "it rains fâcheux here on all sides." Caritidès falls little short of a modern foible when he reproaches the persecuted one for failure to receive callers,

"Car vous dormez toujours, ou vous êtes en ville."

A curious anecdote tells how Louis did the poet the honor of collaborating with him on this farce. At the close of the first performance he said to Molière, pointing out M. de Soyecourt, a most estimable character but a pitiless talker; "There's a magnificent specimen that you haven't copied yet." In twenty-four hours the scene of the hunter was finished and played before the court at the second performance. We do not look in vain for the effect of this and similar patronage in the play itself. Eraste warns the duelist that "Our King is not a picture monarch, he knows how

to make the greatest in the state obey, and it's my opinion that he acts as a worthy potentate." We like to believe that this reprimand of the dueist expresses Molière's personal attitude toward that practice.

"Les Fâcheux" is a feather rather than a scourge. It tickles but does not lash. Imagine Juvenal writing on a similar theme! It is essentially a *pièce d'occasion*, an impossible farce, according to M. Faguet, "nothing but a dramatic portrait." Yet Molière, like Shakespere, is conforming to the canon announced later by Hennequin in writing for his auditors and catering to popular (as well as regal) taste, while sustaining a high standard of literary excellence. La Fontaine testifies to this when he writes:

"Cet écrivain par samaniere
Charme 'a present toute la cour."

Only on these grounds and on considerations of haste can we excuse the abrupt and puerile ending of the play. Invention and plot are otherwise highly artistic. Molière's own criticism is his best defense:

"It is not my design," he says, "to examine now whether all this might have been better, and whether all those who have been amused by it, have laughed according to the unities. I rely on the decision of the multitude, and I find it as difficult to attack a work which the public approves, as to defend one which it condemns."

A MOSAIC OF VERSE.

Love and I.

In this pleasant month of May
Love and I are roaming,
Roaming over dales and hills,
Roaming amid rocks and rills,
Lingering where our fond heart thrills,
Love and I are roaming.

On a silent August day
Love and I are strolling,
Strolling in the sun-clad fields,
Strolling where the thicket yields,
Staying where the woodbine shields,
Love and I are strolling.

On a brown October day
Love and I are straying,
Straying where our heart believes
Aught from nature it receives;
Trailing thro' the crisp, sere leaves,—
Love and I are straying.

On another bright May day
Love and I are roaming,
Chanting each our sweetest lays,
Singing in each other's praise,
Meditating future days,
Love and I are roaming.

E. H. B., '02.

Envoi.

O had I but Shelley's perfect grace
 And Browning's delving thought,
 And had I the ease the Cavaliers
 At times to their writings brought,
 No book like this to you I'd send
 Though beautiful these songs may be;
 But with the power of all combined
 I'd write on tensely, vervefully.
 In long swelling lines, like murmur of pines
 Or the heave of our deep-breathing sea,
 Like the beat of the hours as they pass in
 the night,
 Like arpeggios struck in a boat out of sight
 By finger tips gliding in harmony light
 To a song of soft melody.
 Yet this as I cannot hope to do,
 Whene'er you read these pages through,
 And find a thing which pleases you,—
 A thing that rings out pure and true.—
 Then take it, dear, as though 'twere mine
 For did you all such things combine
 'Twould barely speak my thoughts of you.
 A. G. H. S., '02.

Song.

Call me not cruel
 Alone though I sail
 Where the salt sea-foam drips high;
 Where the hurricane's hiss
 And the wild waves' kiss
 Mingle a lullaby.

Bid me not stay
 When I soar away—
 In my dream-barque course the skies:
 Where the meteors sleep
 At the golden peep
 That heralds the full moon's rise.

Thine eye is the star
 Whose gleam from afar
 The mariner spies with glee.
 Thy love is the wing,
 Though the poet may sing,
 Will speed him back to thee.

Bion Fragment VI.

If my ditties should be fair,
 Which the Muses gave me.
 They alone shall glory share;
 (If my ditties should be fair.)
 They alone shall gain my care,
 They alone can save me,
 If my ditties should be fair,
 Which the Muses gave me.

What will longer labor gain
 If these be not pretty?
 Surely then my life is vain,
 (What will longer labor gain?)
 Leaving field and flocks, I'd fain,
 Seek the crowded city.
 What will longer labor gain
 If these be not pretty?

H. J. C., '03.

Danae and Perseus.

(Simonides xxxvii)

Simonides. Danae and Perseus.
 The winds were raging in angry fray,
 And the fierce waves beat on the carven
 chest
 Where Danae's cheeks were wet with the
 spray,
 And the salt drops fell on the babe at her
 breast.

"My child," she said, "whom I clasp so
 warm,
 Thou dost not heed the lashing storm;
 But sleep'st serene in thy tossing bed,
 While the hungry waves curl over thy
 head,
 How gently thou breathest, thou dreamest
 how free,
 Wrapped in thy robes of porphyry."

"Oh, that thou could'st our danger know,
 That the roar of the waters might come to
 thine ear!
 Then thou would'st share in thy mother's
 woe.
 But no, my words thou dost not hear."

"Sleep on, my child, and sleep, my care,
 Jove, reverse thy stern decree,
 For I have made an impious prayer.
 Almighty Father, pardon me."

C. W. S., '02.

To B——

'Tis the blossom of thy heart, Love,
 Thy soul that taketh me;
 And the flower of thy youth, Love,
 That draws my heart to thee:
 For thy sweetness and perfection
 And the graces of thy form
 Are a myriad of blessings
 That more praise thee, than adorn.
 E. H. B., '02.

Music.

How music thrills
 As forth it trills
 From birds' or ladies' throats;
 And how it fills
 The silv'ry rills
 With bubbling liquid notes,
 Now soft and still,
 Now sharp and shrill
 As down the stream it floats.

How now it swells
 And how it dwells
 In old pines' lofty tops;
 As now it wells
 O'er hills and fells
 And on the mountain tops;
 And sinks and swells
 And lingering dwells
 Till with the wind it drops.

H. G. C., '05.

Anacreon IV.

Cupid, so seeming innocent,
 Heeding not my suppliant cry,
 Urge me not so; you can not know
 That 'tis my heart strings you drive me by.
 C. W. S., '02.

A Buffet From Fortune.

I'd like to court the Muses nine,
 And touch the founts of story,
 To illustrate the aged saw
 How Fortune, with capacious paw
 Bestows an ill-earned glory.

For now on lucky me she smiles,
 And now on lucky you.
 Sometimes she gives a hearty grip,
 Sometimes a haughty finger-tip,
 Sometimes a frown or two.

From A to Z I'd crammed my brain
 With knowledge and with gas;
 I'd studied up, I'd studied down,
 I'd chased up trots through all the town
 And never fussed a lass.

My rival never touched a book
 Nor even turned a page;
 Although he conjured every art
 Sweet maiden clutches held his heart
 And fanned his noble rage.

Exams. flew past, Minerva frowned,
 And scolded laughing Venus.
 He was a fusser true and tried,
 And I a bookworm soaked and dyed;
 Thus stood the case between us.

The Prof. bestowed a quiet smile:
 "Your work, my friends, has been
 Of such a quality that I
 In common honesty must try
 On Sophs. to vent my spleen.

"A slight formality I give—
 A page of sight translation."
 The fusser cast his eyes to Heaven.
 The student tried his wrath to heaven,
 Escaping condemnation.

And thus we see in every phase,
 For sweetness masks a sting.
 And when the voice of wisdom cries,
 Don't heed its petty, quibbling lies;
 Just do the other thing!

R. M. G., '02.

Eclipse (Pindar CXLII).

God, who from the depth of night
 Drew the sun's effulgent light,
 Now casts a dire, portentous shade
 Over the splendour himself has made.
 C. W. S., '02.

Macaronic.

A bachelor tristosus
 Was very soliturus
 Until a maid formosus
 Came under his noturus.
 Her hair was beautiosus,
 Her eyes were amaturus,
 Her cheek voluptuosus;
 Her dimples delecturus.

The two were sitting closus
 One summer warm nocturus;
 A latriciniosus
 And dulcis osculurus!
 Around her mediosus
 He circumambiturus;
 And matrimoniosus
 Is in the near futurus.

D. L. B., '04.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Editor of The Haverfordian:

DEAR SIR,—

ALTHOUGH familiar with many of your readers, I seldom reveal my identity more than Her Majesty the Queen Infanta with four-teen names, but like a graphophone I repeat what I have received from others. I therefore take advantage of the hospitality of your columns to break my antediluvian silence.

In my former transmigratory state, (for I am a sincere follower of Socrates.) I was a tall and stately pine of the pri-

meval forest. At last the day of judgment came and I was squared up for lumber. Now like "Gallia omnis" I am divided into three parts, two of which the faculty inhabit, and may be seen "through a glass darkly." I am bounded on the east by the dining halls of Circe, a land literally flowing with milk and honey and raining down bread from Heaven. To the south lies the torrid zone of the radiator. To the west stands the sacred fane of Dusterpe, the Muse (or better, Fate) of Mathematics, and Cocytus, the River

of Wailing, spanned by the "pons asinorum" that divides the sheep from the goats.

From this coign of vantage, I make my observations of college life with its daily routine of toil and pleasure. Thrice a day do the students of this institution partake of the plenteous feast spread within. From the timid Freshman, who arrives promptly at 7.15 a. m., to the strenuous Junior who dashes by at 7.59, they pass in continuous procession. At two other periods of the day do they congregate in large masses in the hallway. Anxiously they scan the face of the clock. They arrange themselves in a seething body of longitudinal wave motion, opposite the entrance to the land of promise. The great clock strikes; the bell claps; the door flies open and they devour peacefully the fat of the lamb. "And having laid aside their desire for meat and drink" they issue forth, once more to pursue the worship of Athena.

At all periods of the day I am subject to the scrutiny of these gentlemen and their attentions are not always the politest. Sometimes they stare at me with a bluntness which would bring a blush to the Great Stone Face. Sometimes they even swear at me, giving voice to words that should not be uttered. Again they laugh in my face with almost temerity. But though the wicked triumph over me, yet will I not be disconsolate. For they frequently prick me with pins, tacks and other instru-

ments, tortures more awful than the penances of a psychology student testing the localizing power of his skin, or of an early riser trying to keep awake in a college lecture. And they fasten to me unsightly tags and pieces of paper inscribed with curious hieroglyphs, that "those who run may read." And herein likewise is the saying fulfilled which saith, "Reading they shall read and not decipher, or understand. For behold this people are waxed of a scrawly and illegible handwriting" for that the Freshman saith again "Of taking many notes there is no end, and if thou diligently consider the place of the exquisite, vertical orthography, it is no more."

And these notices are often permitted to remain to my disfigurement for months and years together, until their refrain becomes as monotonous as the college glee club. For instance, "Who-soever shall appropriate to himself of the sugar from the table, even $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$ verily he shall repent thereof at his leisure for twenty-five cents, five nickels or a quarter of a dollar shall be charged upon the bill."

Therefore I say unto you that dwell in the high places of Haverford: An evil generation seeketh after a sign, but there shall no sign be given you save only once semi-occasionally as it is written, "There is nothing new under the sun" or on

Your much bored friend,

The College Bulletin Board.

A GERMAN WORK SHOP.

THE German youth, until he is done with the Gymnasium or Realschule, is called a boy and treated accordingly. When he assumes the toga virilis and enters the university he becomes a student and his work is then, for the first time, dignified by the name of study. To study is the synonym for a university career. True there is

another side to German student life, suggested by the mug, the pipe and the rapier, but this, if we may read the signs of the times, is a diminishing leature and need not concern us here.

Until he begins work on his thesis, perhaps in his third year, the student divides his time between hearing lectures and working for the Seminar.

Most readers of THE HAVERFORDIAN know something of the importance of the latter. It is here that a man really comes in touch with his instructor. Here the order of the lecture room is reversed. The student presents the results of his private efforts which are reviewed by the professor and criticised before the class—not always, perhaps, a pleasant process (cf. the probings of the immortal "gadfly of Athens,") but no doubt stimulating and profitable. To do such work as is required of a German student implies access to a completely equipped laboratory. As to books he is like the Roman of the "intoni Catonis" period.

"Privatus illis census erat brevis commune magnum," with special emphasis on commune magnum. Hence the seminary library becomes the work shop of the student. Let us take a peep at the interior of one of these working libraries,—that, for example, of the classical seminary. To this, the members, perhaps forty in number, have access at any reasonable hour of the day or night, and take personally from the shelves the books they need, which, however, must be used in the room and may not be taken away.

We climb to the third story of a plain, brick building and, through a dingy coat-room, enter a long, box-shaped chamber, lighted by windows on one side. Every available inch of wall space from floor to ceiling is filled with books except which there is nothing to delight the eye. A single bust perched high aloft is the only attempt to relieve the more than Spartan simplicity. But the completeness of the library itself quite redeems the artistic defects of its setting.

The center of the room is occupied by a long table, originally of pine—now of ink. The chairs on either side are of the Haverford dining-room type. From ten to twenty men, among them one or two graduates of Princeton, are working. Each with from two to a

dozen books before him.

Etiquette demands that we greet the company when we enter and likewise when we withdraw. The peremptory chorus of grunts received from the busy workers in response suggests that this custom, so excellent in itself, were under the circumstances "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

Ladies are noticeable here by their absence, such a feature of German university life have they become. It is said that they are not welcomed at Halle in the department of philology, although, in certain other departments, they are correspondingly conspicuous. There is no more striking evidence of the change that has come over Germany in the last decade than the row of ladies' hats in front of a lecture-room in the university of Berlin. Such a spectacle and the contemplation of the proposed tariff reform are disturbing to one's notions of the fixity of German ideas.

Apropos of ladies' hats, the authorities here were, recently, much moved by the receipt of a communication from Russia, addressed to the "Rector des Damens Universitats zu Halle, aS." It was not so much the bad German that scandalized them as the revelation shimmering through it that in one quarter of the world Halle is known, or misknown, as a university for women.

But to return to our seminary library and take our leave. The stove in the corner with the primitive coal scuttle beside it, the curious stove pipe which, to give radiating surface and economize costly fuel, is coiled like a rattle-snake in six yards of folds, to strike a hole in the chimney two yards distant, the light, poor by night and poorer by day, the stuffy atmosphere, the floor seldom "swept and garnished" are features which leave much to be desired; but then the books are there, and there to be used, and books cover a multitude of sins.

S. K. G.

Halle, aS., 12-8-1901.

A CLUSTER OF MEMORIES.

I N these matter-of-fact days, the elves and fairies have a hard time of it.

They are utterly banished from the city by the goblins Selfishness and Greed; but in a few quiet, untroubled spots in the country, they still appear to childish fancies, and frolic as of old. Of all their favorite haunts, the one I know best is an old colonial country-seat; and this is the way I first became acquainted with it.

When I was about twelve years old, I met Eleanor Davenport at dancing class. I was strangely attracted to her; and we soon became friends, and danced with each other most of the time. I was a solitary boy, shy of the other fellows, passionately fond of reading, and given to day dreaming. I would look forward all the week to seeing Eleanor, and my very soul would throb as the happy hour drew near. When I reached the dancing hall, I watched for her in a quiver of expectation and, the moment she entered, oblivious of everything else, I hastened to meet her and was always received with a glad smile. We then sat or danced together in a little dream world of our own, and exchanged the deepest confidences with perfect frankness.

As my fascination grew, I found it intolerable to live through a whole week without being near Eleanor, so I found out where she lived and rode over there, one afternoon, on my bicycle. Then for the first time I saw the place, which I learned to know so well afterwards. It was a little aside from the general line of traffic, on a lonely turn-pike; a plain, comfortable house with generous grounds, where gloomy oaks and elms alternated with open glades and sunny hillsides. I dared not venture in; but I rode by many times and looked lovingly up to see if I could spy my little fairy, flitting like a dryad among the great trees. I knew, even

then, that the place was enchanted.

At last, my courage came; I asked permission to call, which was graciously given; and one day in May I boldly entered the hallowed precincts and asked for Miss Eleanor Davenport. I was ushered into a dark parlor; but in a few moments Eleanor came tripping down the stairs and took me into the garden. And such a garden as it was! There was an elf in every poppy. We could not see him, but we knew he was there; for, every time he danced, the flower nodded reluctantly. When a rabbit started off beneath our feet, we knew it was really a brownie come to play with us. We strolled up and down between the boxwood hedges, admiring in turn the daffodils, the marigolds and all the different roses; Eleanor gave me a moss rose, I have it still. Then we walked through the woods, and down the meadow to the brook, where the garrulous water-spirits were romping. Such a day! It seemed a golden age of happiness, but it was over at last.

Our friendship grew, and I came often. Years passed, but we were unchanged to one another, save that we talked more of the future. Then I went to college and saw less of Eleanor, while she, too, found new interests. Finally, one autumn day, after being away all summer. I called again on Eleanor. I felt strange myself; and, when Eleanor came down, she too was altered, I knew not how. She was more dignified; and although cordial, she was less unrestrained than she used to be. Diffidently, I proposed a walk. Eleanor stopped to adjust her hat, while I put on my new overcoat; we were changed. Then we sauntered out again over the familiar paths. How short the distances seemed! And the elves, was it too cold for them? However it might be, they had certainly gone; and it was no use pretending, even if we had wished to.

I looked at the girl by my side; I had never before noticed that she was very beautiful. Then a queer feeling came into my throat, I was giddy, I could not speak; and, observing Eleanor, I

saw that her bosom was heaving. It suddenly came to me like a revelation, that, while the old fairies had gone forever, a spirit mightier than them all had come to sway her life and mine.

SKETCHES.

A Memorable Afternoon.

IT rained. The heavens were covered in every direction with a driving cloud-rack whence the rain came in long, stabbing spears mingling with spray as our steamer smashed her blunt bows into the great, gray-bearded seas. Off to leeward the scud was tearing, contrasting strongly with the black hollows and hills which rushed ceaselessly and sullenly upon us from the mist-shrouded Atlantic. It was cheerless upon deck. Few people were there who could move away and our little group was practically alone as it stood in the lee of the wheel-house and gazed upon the roaring elements. Up swung the reeling bow as it mounted the flank of a great wave; up and up till it swayed drunkenly toward the pitiless, gray sky, and then—down with a sickening rush that made the brain reel and the heart flutter, down into the boiling hollow till, with a shock which made every part of the ship cry out for mercy, it struck the on-rushing wall of water and vanished in a hissing sheet of spray which shot high over the funnel, while the solid green roared aft along the decks making the men run for the life-lines. So the wild day passed and wore into the wilder night. Days followed when the storm was more severe, but not one of our group will ever forget that hour of old Ocean's wrath. A. C. W., Jr., '02.

When the Squall Strikes.

Of all the cloud effects that adorn a summer sky—and nature in her usual lavish way has certainly provided no small variety—there are none grander

or more majestic than that of a gathering squall. Perhaps the contrast of the scene is the most striking thing. The sun still shines brightly, and those great fluffy gentle clouds float lazily in the blue heavens, in fact the face of nature seems far too smiling to even think of frowning. And yet look at that wicked little black cloud in the North. Larger and larger, blacker and angrier it grows till suddenly a blasting flash of lightning and the far off growling, reverberating thunder show into what a passion it has worked itself. Now on and on it sweeps, widening and spreading, till the whole sky is covered with those ominous blue black clouds. Then like a blow of a lion's paw the storm strikes. The wind howls round the house. The rain hurls itself against the window panes. Flash upon flash of lightning glares in the darkness. Crash upon crash of thunder shakes the universe. And then it is gone as quickly as it came, and the sun peeps out pleasantly from behind the clouds again as though smiling at your awe-struck faces.

E. W. E., '02.

Explained at Last.

These two had been skating all afternoon on "Paradise," under those most favorable circumstances, good ice and few onlookers. Moreover she knew how to skate. On one who has visited Smith college in spring or summer, without the host of young girls to put life into the landscape, the possibilities of "Paradise" Lake for romance can not fail to make an impression. Let us fol-

low these two as they skate along. You will cry shame I know, but I mean at a respectful distance. They seem to be talking little but saying much in few words, an art not acquired at college. With rythmical swing they speed over the glazed surface, where none have preceded them right into the cove. She presses his strong supporting hands when time and again the ice gives a warning cry. Darkness conceals the college buildings as in a haze of fading memory; the boat house stealthily vanishes from a scene of natural harmony. The skaters, neither cold nor weary are constrained by darkness to retrace their silvery way. Their skates are off: the day is done and naught remains of play. "You must remain to supper in the Lawrence and take a later train," she urges as they pass up the hill toward the college. "Your stay has been so short." "Impossible, quite impossible. You know one can never be as happy as one wants to be." They have reached the door by this time, good byes alone unsaid. Gently he stoops over and kisses her, saying, "I shall count the days until your coming home Christmas, sister dear."

A. G. D., '03.

Defeat.

Most of us were feeling rather unsteady that wild morning. For two days the Pennland had been plunging and wallowing through a steadily increasing North Atlantic gale which prostrated the more sensitive at the very outset on which, little by little, began to tell on those who had come thus far with colors flying. As the hours passed we rose uneasily, one after the other, from our steamer chairs and walked to and fro upon the blustery deck, dodging as the hissing sheets of spray swept aft, trying all the while to keep all trace of the dread of what was to come, from our faces. We even chaffed one another and scouted the bare possibility of sickness, but the jests were rather empty and sounded almost pathetic coming as they did

from lips that were well-nigh colorless. The luncheon gong sounded. We heaved heavy sighs, clinched our teeth and descended into the region of horror. Oh! it was a delicious luncheon! There was set before us a concoction, bearing the brief but suggestive title, "sea pie." It rose a veritable mountain having for its base masses of gamy beef; above these a huge roll of soggy crust drenched with a substance closely resembling dish-water, but mis-called gravy and lastly, oh! crowning joy, upon the giddy summit there lay a heap of onions redolent with all the "Sabian odors from the spicy shores of Araby the blest." We took one look, drew one long breath and fled.

A. C. W., Jr., '02.

A Sensible Conversation.

"Now don't let's be silly," said Ethel as she settled herself in the stern of the boat. "A strange proposal," I rejoined, "just as if we had not been talking all morning about Shakspeare and the musical glasses." "O, yes, I know," this with a bewitching pout, "and that's why I want to talk about something really sensible. Now this time you are not to mention books, plays, society, politics or religion." "All right," I agreed resignedly. "My, but you're cross!" exclaimed Ethel cheerfully. "When you feel that way just look at me," I looked, the cure was complete. "You are irresistible, Ethel," I said. "You look even lovelier now than you did last night in your pink gown." "O, goodness! no." "But I didn't know you men noticed dresses," she continued. "I always notice becoming ones," I assured her, "and, as for yours, I always think the one you are wearing is the prettiest." "I do like a man with nice brown arms," remarked Ethel irrelevantly. I looked at mine involuntarily, they had a good coat of tan. On we rowed pleasantly until it was time to return. "There!" said Ethel, triumphantly as she stepped lightly ashore, "that's what I call a sensible conversation."

C. W. S., '02.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Obituary.

ERNEST F. Walton, a member of the class of 1890, was killed in the collision of trains in the tunnel of the N. Y. Central R. R. in New York City on the morning of January 8th, 1902.

Mr. Walton, after leaving Haverford, traveled in the West and was engaged in engineering. In 1893 he became interested in the bicycle business in New York and subsequently in the brokerage business, being, at the time of his death, a member of the firm of DeCoppet & Doremus, and of the New York Stock Exchange. In 1894 he married Miss Blanche Wetherill, of Philadelphia, who, with two children, survives him.

When at Haverford, Mr. Walton was especially interested in track athletics and he was the leading spirit among the undergraduates in the movement which resulted in the building of the track which now encircles the foot ball field and it was in recognition of his work in this connection that the name of "Walton Field" was given to it by the Board of Managers in March, 1900.

He had been for several years president of the permanent organization of the class and the success of the annual reunions and dinners which have been held each year since the class graduated has been due, in large measure, to his interest and energy.

His loyalty to Haverford was deep rooted and both the college and the class have lost a warm friend and a faithful supporter.

J. M. S., '90.

Notes.

'76. Frank H. Taylor has been recently made Second Vice President and General Manager of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, New York. This is an advance in rank from that of Fourth Vice President, in which position he had charge of the Selling Department. His headquarters

are in Pittsburg. He has also been elected to the Board of Directors of the Provident, Life and Trust Company, of Philadelphia.

'82. It is announced that George A. Barton, professor of Biblical Language and Literature in Bryn Mawr College, has been appointed director of the American School for Oriental Research in Palestine, and is released for the next collegiate year to have charge of this work.

'87. Alfred C. Garrett has recently been giving a course of lectures on "The Holy Spirit" in Friends' Twelfth Street Meeting House, Philadelphia.

'88. Joseph E. Johnson, Jr., has announced his engagement to Miss Margaret Hill Hilles, of Wilmington, Del.

ex-'91. We have recently received a very favorable review from the Baltimore *Morning Herald* in regard to the work of Edward A. Valentine, sometime a student at Haverford. He has collected into a little volume entitled "The Ship of Silence," a number of his best poems that have appeared in various magazines. The criticism speaks very highly of Mr. Valentine's wide range of themes and exalted treatment.

'93. John Roberts has announced his engagement to Miss Grace Palmer, of Little Falls, N. Y. He is at present stationed at Utica, N. Y., in the employ of the signal department of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

'96. On December 27th, 1901, T. Harvey Haines and Miss Rachel A. Russell were married at Coleraine, O. They will reside at 368 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Ex-'98. John S. Jenks, Jr., has announced his engagement to Miss Isabelle F. G. Morton, of Philadelphia, Pa.

FACULTY DEPARTMENT.

(Conducted by President Sharpless.)

THE college has lost one of its best friends by the death of Charles Roberts, of the class of 1864, for about 30 years, secretary of the corporation and president of the Alumni Association. The mention of these facts conveys but a slight idea of the services rendered. He was a frequent and liberal donor of money, a most careful scrutinizer of all measures relating to the college, and more valuable than all, a lover of his alma mater with an intensity which permitted nothing, that he could prevent, being done to her injury and dishonor. He watched her progress with appreciative interest and always demanded that she should in her development remain true to her high ideals and honorable history.

As a man of public spirit he was an example to us all. His eighteen years in the Common Council of Philadelphia was a record of absolute devotion to the good of the city and of stainless and unambitious service. No bad measure escaped his adverse vote and no good one failed to find him on record in its favor. He studied his subject and finally became so valuable for work which no one else could or would do that he was retained by the unanimous vote of his ward and the approbation of the

whole city. His antiquarian researches had given him a background and he knew very well the high character and conspicuous services of the men who had constituted that body in its better days. Almost alone he represented that class in many councils and the good he has done in construction and prevention will probably never be known.

Some thought him brusque and severe, but this was because they did not know him. To his friends he was always warm and tender and to his opponents always generous and fair, and no one ever approached him openly and kindly who did not receive a gracious response.

His scholarly work, more especially in the line of historical and antiquarian investigation was extensive and most reliable, and his collection of manuscripts, old printed matter and pictures is probably better than any other private collection of the city. They relate largely to American History and the Society of Friends, though there are rich treasures in other fields. This combination of devotion to high ideals, public spirit and scholarship is unusual and ought to be a model for many Haverfordians.

I. S.

LECTURE.

ON Thursday evening, January 9th, a lecture was delivered in Alumni Hall by Ellis Yarnall on "Books and Personal Recollections." Mr. Yarnall spoke as follows:

I hope to give you to-night some memories of my travels in England, and of English men of letters. It was nearly fifty years ago when first I visited England, and I have crossed the ocean since then forty times. It seems as if I were an illustration of a remark of Emerson, that the object of education in

America was to fit one for travel in Europe. The ostensible object of my trips was business in Liverpool. But I kept so constantly wandering into the country of Wordsworth and Coleridge that a lady once asked me if all my Liverpool business was in the lake country!

Forty years ago I met three men in England who have since attained great prominence, William Edward Foster and John Coleridge and Matthew Arnold. I met the latter at the table of Coleridge. I was deeply impressed with his

exquisite manner and gentle courtesy. Coleridge's rise in political life was a steady and consistent one. He became the Queen's Counsellor, and then stood for Parliament. He was defeated. This contest cost him £1500. Finally he was elected. Gradually he rose, till he was Lord Chief Justice of England. Frequently he spoke of his wish to visit America. "Well, why don't you?" said a friend. Lord Coleridge said that this reminded him of a story. A man, asked Sheldon, if he had confidence to lend him a guinea. Sheldon said he had confidence enough, but he hadn't the guinea.

I once heard Professor Huxley lecture in London, and I was very anxious to become acquainted with him. You can then imagine my delight at receiving

from Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, an invitation to dinner to meet Sir William Thompson and Professor Huxley. I entered the learned doctor's drawing room. Leaning against the mantel was an unknown gentleman. I approached him and we entered into conversation. Presently Dr. Jowett entered and introduced us. I had been talking to the great Huxley without being aware of it!

Many stories were told of him about Oxford. One time a young man came to him and said (wishing to impress the Doctor with his independence of thought), "Dr. Jowett, I have never been able to convince myself of the existence of God." "You will convince yourself by seven o'clock to-night," replied the Doctor, "or leave college."

HAVERFORD-COLUMBIA GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

THE Third Annual Gymnasium Exhibition with Columbia University was held in the Haverford gymnasium on Saturday evening, January 18th. Favorable weather and a large audience added inspiration to the performers. The entire friendliness of the exhibition (scoring having no place) contributed largely to the enjoyment of the evening. Financially the efforts of the committee were well repaid. The numbers were as follows:

PART I.

Music—Haverford College Mandolin Club.

1. Parallel BarsColumbia
J. C. Smallwood, 1903. S.; C. Eastmond, 1901 C.; O. Pullich, Jr., 1902. C.; Osborne, Benham.
2. Horizontal BarHaverford
S. P. Jones, '02; A. G. H. Spiers, '02; O. E. Duerr, '03; A. G. Dean, '03; C. C. Morris, '04.
3. Wrestling DrillColumbia
4. High Horse LeapingHaverford
H. L. Balderston, '02; E. W. Evans, '02; R. Pearson, '05; Priestman, '05; Ritts, '05; F. Winslow, '03; A. G. Hopkins, '05; H. Jones, '05; A. S. Cookman, '02.

5. TumblingColumbia
Osborne, Swart, Duncombe, McLintock.
6. Flying RingsHaverford
O. E. Duerr, '03; C. C. Morris, '04; A. G. Dean, '03; J. R. Thomas, '04.
7. Side HorseColumbia
Smallwood, Rigby, Eastmond, Benham.

PART II.

Music—Haverford College Mandolin Club.

1. Parallel BarsHaverford
G. S. Garrett, '02; J. S. Fox, '02; A. G. Dean, '03; C. R. Haig, '04; G. H. Thomas, '02; S. Brown, '02, captain.
2. Flying RingsColumbia
V. de la M. Earle, 1903, captain; Eastmond, Smallwood, Swart, Benham.
3. First and Second Team Pyramids.....
Haverford!
4. Fencing ContestColumbia
R. Seikel, G. Bojus.
5. Fancy Club Swinging.....Haverford
W. P. Phillips, '02; N. A. Scott, '02; J. J. Barclay, '02; A. S. Cookman, '02; A. G. H. Spiers, '02; B. Lester, '04; S. C. Withers, '04; G. Peirce, '03; H. J. Cadbury, '03; T. S. Downing, '04; W. P. Bonbright, '04; S. N. Wilson, '03.
6. Horizontal BarColumbia
Earl Eastmond, Pullich, Rigby, Smallwood, Benham.
7. TumblingHaverford

COLLEGE NOTES.

ON the evening of December 4th a meeting of the Classical Club was held in the chemical lecture room, and the annual election of officers took place. Dr. Mustard was elected president and H. J. Cadbury, '03, secretary, for the ensuing year. Members of the council chosen were, R. M. Gummere, '02, H. A. Dominovich, '03, and C. N. Sheldon, '04. The business of the meeting being at an end, Dr. Ebeling gave an interesting talk on Athens and the Acropolis, accompanied by lantern slides. He began with views of outlying scenery and buildings, and gradually worked up to the Acropolis. A vote of thanks was extended to Dr. Ebeling at the close of the evening.

An unusually attractive athletic schedule for Haverford has recently been issued by J. F. Gray, 11th above Chestnut, Philadelphia. The managers have arranged for the following:

Saturday, January 18—Columbia University-Haverford Annual Gymnasium Exhibition, at Haverford.

Monday, February 3—Knickerbocker Club, Annual Amateur Athletic Meet, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Saturday, March 1—Rutgers-Haverford Annual Gymnasium Contest, Haverford.

Wednesday, March 5—Lehigh University-Haverford Gymnasium Contest, at South Bethlehem, Pa.

Saturday, March 8—University of Pennsylvania-Haverford Gymnasium Meet, Witherspoon Hall, Philadelphia.

Saturday, March 21—Intercollegiate Gymnasium Meet, Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

Wednesday, April 9—Class Relay Race, at Haverford.

Saturday, April 12—Inter-Class Athletic Trials, at Haverford.

Saturday, April 19—Princeton Handicap Athletic Meet, at Princeton.

Friday, May 9—Inter-Class Athletic Finals, at Haverford.

Saturday, May 17—Lehigh University-Haverford Athletic Contest, Haverford.

Saturday, May 31—Annual Meet of I. C. A. A. A. at Mott Haven.

J. K. Worthington, '03, has again lent his piano to the college associa-

tion and has placed it in the gymnasium.

In order to promote the interests of physical training and to use to the best advantage her new gymnasium, Haverford will hold an in-door meet on Friday evening, the twenty-first of February. The leading preparatory schools of Philadelphia, New York and the Eastern section of the Middle Atlantic States have been invited to send a limited number of contestants. The College and Alumni will entertain the visiting representatives and, when so desired by the schools, pay the travelling expenses of three men (including master if desired.) Alumni and interested friends may obtain tickets without charge from W. C. Longstreth, Manager.

The newly organized association football team is meeting with success in its matches. Four games have so far been played, as follows:

Jan. 4—Haverford 2, Germantown 0.

Jan. 18—Haverford 0, Belmont 7.

Jan. 25—Haverford 2, Merion 1.

Feb. 8—Haverford 2, Merion 0.

The musical association is planning to give a series of concerts early in April. Manager Longstreth is arranging for dates in West Chester, Germantown and Wilmington.

For the first time in the history of the college all four classes conduct their mid-year and final examinations on the basis of the honor system established by the class of 1900. The faculty has just accepted the system as drafted by the Freshman class. They have elected on their Committee of Five: Evans, chairman, H. W. Jones, Ritts, Scull and Spaeth.

President Sharpless addressed the Y. M. C. A. on January 8th, A. G. Scattergood, '98, on the 11th, and Dr. Floyd Tompkins on February 5th.

EXCHANGES.

THE use of quotations in college papers falls into four distinct types somewhat as follows: First, quotations, properly designated, are inserted in the text of original articles with the avowed object of explaining and expressing an appropriate thought. Secondly, they are similarly used but without quotation marks. This is the theft, euphemistically called plagiarism. The third use is similar to the first two, in that its prime object is to pad the paper, but it does so more openly. Where this method is in vogue every page is begun by a brave headline beneath which an original article extends half to two-thirds way down the page. Then from a handy list of permanent quotations, which the editor keeps in print, he clips the number of ems required to fill up the page and pastes them on the "dummy."

The fourth class we have saved to the last as being the most remarkable. We think it is the *College Student* that has shown us this typographical curio. In this paper the printer for lack of better severatives has set up in fantastic type a number of simple quotations which he inserts between the articles. Thus as the unwary reader gasps in excitement through the crisis of some murder story, he is likely to be bluntly confronted by the tame aphorism that

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of
Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Or, again, we see a foot ball report made to support the literary tone of the paper by being flanked with such sentiments as "Ex nihilo nihil fit" and "The still, sad music of humanity." This reminds us of a restaurant in a nearby city where one reads on the fine frescoed panels along the walls this legend: "Home, Sweet Home. Watch your hat and coat; the management is not re-

sponsible for them. For all the world's a stage. We get our water from Crystal Spring, &c," and shows us that the indiscriminate use of quotations in a restaurant as in a college paper is ineffectual and oftentimes ludicrous.

—

For several months we have been gaping in almost tetanic (see Century Dictionary) wonder as to how a certain editorial crept into the *Columbia Jester*, such that the editors of that journal felt it necessary to have a little piece of paper printed, disavowing its sentiments and pasted upon the original editorial, thereby arousing every reader's curiosity to soak their little paper off and see what awful words of treason it concealed. Those so-called comic papers do get off funny things sometimes.

—

The November issue of one of our contemporaries has recently come to hand but we have fortunately forgotten just which one.

—

We are interested to see our Alumni Notes appearing in the columns of our exchanges, though due credit for their source is not given even when they are inserted into the paper bodily without change. In one paper published by a preparatory school near by, over half of the Alumni Notes are taken from the HAVERFORDIAN, but the editor has partially disguised them by verbal changes.

—

With this issue the present board gets their pictures taken and are dismissed with a stick of candy each. So the ex-man says adieu to the other ex-men with whom he has exchanged compliments and the readers he has exasperated for many moons (thirteen to be astronomically exact). This same unknown quantity (for x seems to be very prominent; why not y), takes his exit and becomes the ex-Ex-man.

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